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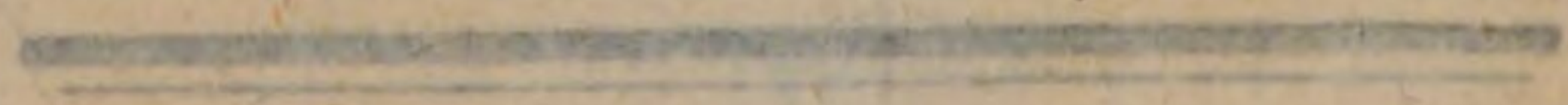
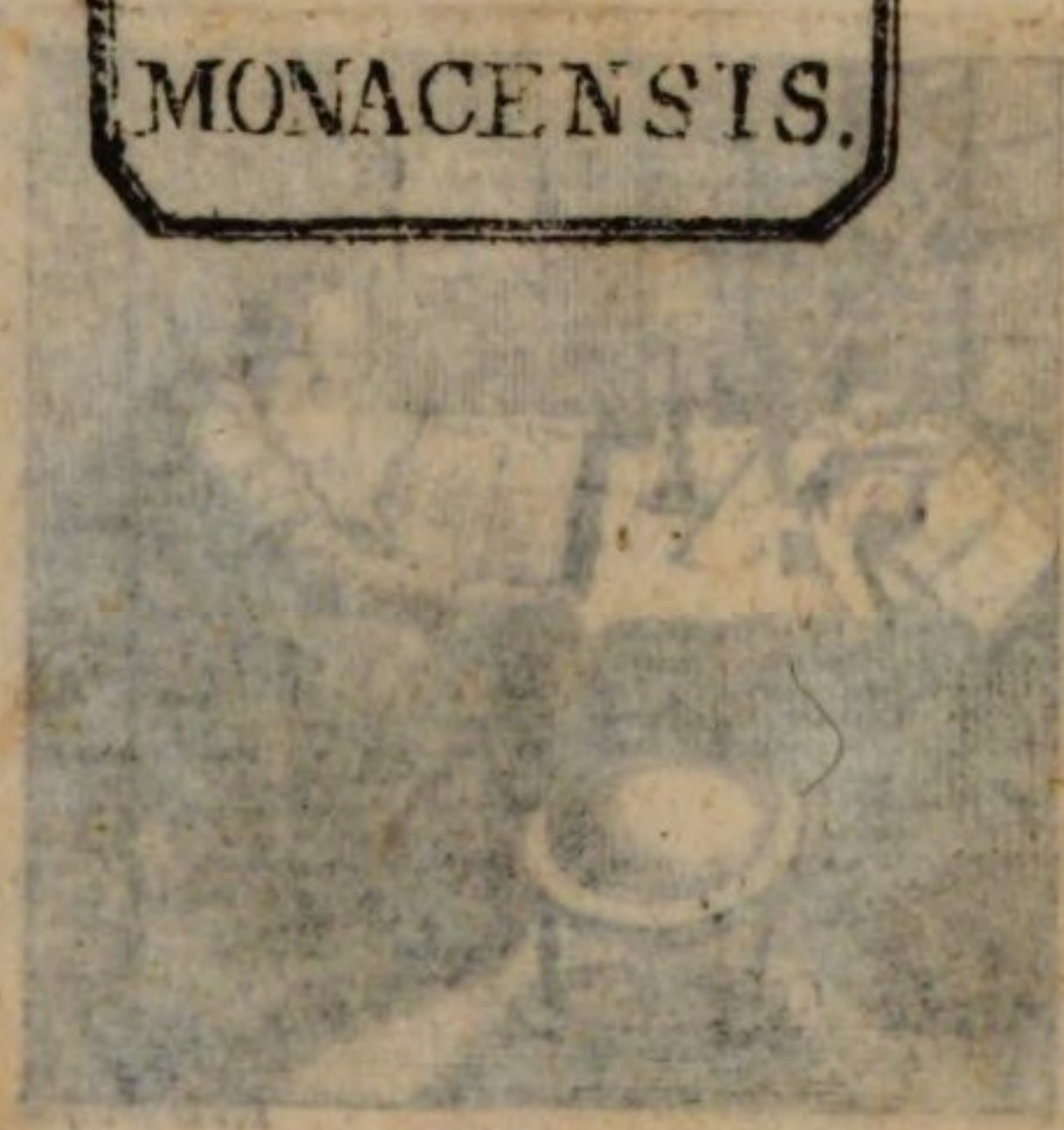
A
COLLECTION
OF
NEW PLAYS
BY
SEVERAL HANDS
VOL. III.



ALTENBURGH.
Printed for GOTTL. EMAN. RICHTER.
MDCCLXXVIII.

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C O N T E N T S.

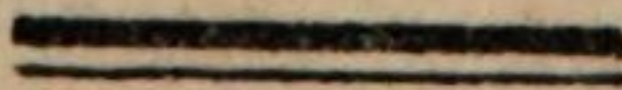
The JEALOUS WIFE, a Comedy.

The FASHIONABLE LOVER, a Comedy, by Richard Cumberland.

The LYING VALET, a Comedy, by Garrick.

The IRISH WIDOW, a Comedy.

BON TON; or HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS, a Comedy.



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The Jealous Wife, a Comedy.

The Fashionable Lover, a Comedy, by Richard Cumberland.

The Lying Vallet, a Comedy, by Garrick.

The Irish Widow, a Comedy.

Tom Toun; or, High Life above Stairs, a Comedy.

—————

THE
JEALOUS WIFE,
A
COMEDY.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

OAKLY,	Captain O' CUT-
Major OAKLY,	TER,
CHARLES,	PARIS,
RUSSET,	WILLIAM,
Sir HARRY BE-	JOHN,
AGLE,	TOM,
Lord TRINKET,	Servant to Lady
	FREELOVE.

WOMEN.

Mrs. OAKLY,	HARRIOT,
Lady FREELOVE,	TOILET,
CHAMBERMAID.	

T H E
J E A L O U S W I F E,

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Room in OAKLY'S House.*

Noise heard within.

Mrs. Oakly, **D**ON'T tell me—I know it
[*within.*] **D**is so—It's monstrous, and
I will not bear it.

Oak. [*within.*] But, my Dear!—

Mrs. Oak. Nay, nay, etc.

[*Squabbling within.*]

Enter Mrs. OAKLY, with a Letter,
OAKLY following.

Mrs. Oak. Say what you will, Mr. Oakly,
you shall never persuade me, but this is
some filthy Intrigue of yours.

Oak. I can assure you, my Love!—

Mrs. Oak. Your Love!—Don't I know
your—Tell me, I say, this Instant, every
Circumstance relating to this Letter.

Oak. How can I tell you, when you
will not so much as let me see it?

Mrs. Oak. Look you, Mr. Oakly, this
Usage is not to be borne. You take a

4 THE JEALOUS WIFE.

Pleasure in abusing my Tenderneſs and ſoft Diſpoſition.—To be perpetually running over the whole Town, nay the whole Kingdom too, in purſuit of your Amours!—Did not I diſcover that you was great with Mademoiſelle, my own Woman?—Did not you contract a ſhameful Familiarity with Mrs. Freeman?—Did not I detect your Intrigue with Lady Wealthy?—Was not you——

Oak. Oons! Madam, the Grand Turk himſelf has not half ſo many Miſtreſſes—You throw me out of all Patience—Do I know any body but our common Friends?—Am I viſited by any body, that does not viſit you?—Do I ever go out, unleſs you go with me?—And am I not as conſtantly by your Side, as if I was tied to your Apron Strings?

Mrs. Oak. Go, go, you are a falſe Man——Have not I found you out a thouſand Times? And have not I this Moment a Letter in my Hand, which convinces me of your Baſeneſs?——Let me know the whole Affair, or I will——

Oak. Let you know? Let me know what you would have of me—You ſtop my Letter before it comes to my Hands, and then expect that I ſhou'd know the Contents of it.

Mrs. Oak. Heaven be praiſed! I ſtopt it.—I ſuſpected ſome of theſe Doings for
ſome

some Time past—But the Letter informs me who she is, and I'll be revenged on her sufficiently. Oh, you base Man, you!

Oak. I beg, my Dear, that you would moderate your Passion!—Shew me the Letter, and I'll convince you of my Innocence.

Mrs. Oak. Innocence!—Abominable!—Innocence!—But I am not to be made such a Fool—I am convinced of your Perfidy, and every sure that——

Oak. 'Sdeath and Fire! your Passion hurries you out of your Senses.—Will you hear me?

Mrs. Oak. No, you are a base Man; and I will not hear you.

Oak. Why then, my Dear, since you will neither talk reasonably yourself, nor listen to Reason from me, I shall take my Leave till you are in a better Humour. So, your Servant! [Going.

Mrs. Oak. Ay, go, you cruel Man!—Go to your Mistresses, and leave your poor Wife to her Miseries.—How unfortunate a Woman am I!—I could die with Vexation.—

[Throwing herself into a Chair.

Oak. There it is—Now dare not I stir a Step further—If I offer to go, she is in one of her Fits in an Instant—Never sure was Woman at once of so violent and so delicate a Constitution?—What shall I

6 THE JEALOUS WIFE.

say to sooth her?—Nay, never make Thyself so uneasy, my Dear——Come, come, you know I love You. Nay, nay, you shall be convinced.

Mrs. Oak. I know you hate me; and that your Unkindness and Barbarity will be the Death of me. [Whining.

Oak. Do not vex yourself at this Rate—I love you most passionately—Indeed I do—This must be some Mistake.

Mrs. Oak. O, I am an unhappy Woman! [Weeping.

Oak. Dry up thy Tears, my Love, and be comforted!——You will find that I am not to blame in this Matter—Come, let me see this Letter.——Nay, you shall not deny me. [Taking the Letter.

Mrs. Oak. There! take it, you know the Hand, I am sure.

Oak. To Charles Oakly, Esq; [Reading.]—Hand! 'Tis a Clerk-like Hand, indeed! a good round Text! and was certainly never penned by a fair Lady.

Mrs. Oak. Ay, laugh at me, do!

Oak. Forgive me, my Love, I did not mean to laugh at thee——But what says the Letter?——[Reading.]—*Daughter eloped—You must be privy to it—Scandalous—Dishonourable—Satisfaction—Revenge um, um, um—injured Father.*

HENRY RUSSET.

Mrs.

Mrs. Oak. [*Rising.*] Well, Sir—You see I have detected you——Tell me this Instant where she is concealed.

Oak. So—so—so———This hurts me———I'm shock'd——— [*To himself.*

Mrs. Oak. What are you confounded with your Guilt? Have I caught you at last?

Oak. O that wicked Charles! To decoy a young Lady from her Parents in the Country! The Profligacy of the young Fellows of this Age is abominable.

[*To himself.*

Mrs. Oak. [*Half aside and musing*] Charles!—Let me see!——Charles!—No!—Impossible.—This is all a Trick.

Oak. He has certainly ruined this poor Lady. [*To himself.*

Mrs. Oak. Art! Art! all Art!—There's a sudden Turn now!—You have ready Wit for Intrigue, I find.

Oak. Such an abandoned Action!—I wish I had never had the Care of him.

[*To himself.*

Mrs. Oak. Mighty fine, Mr. Oakly!—Go on Sir, go on!—I see what you mean.——Your Assurance provokes me beyond your very Falshood itself.—So you imagine, Sir, that this affected Concern, this flimsy Pretence about Charles, is to bring you off.—Matchless Confidence!—But I am armed against every Thing.—I am

8 THE JEALOUS WIFE.

prepar'd for all your dark Schemes: I am aware of all your low Stratagems.

Oak. See there now! Was ever any Thing so provoking? To persevere in your ridiculous——For Heaven's Sake, my Dear, don't distract me. When you see my Mind thus agitated and uneasy, that a young Fellow, whom his dying Father, my own Brother, committed to my Care, should be guilty of such enormous Wickedness; I say, when you are witness of my Distress on this Occasion, how can you be weak enough and cruel enough to——

Mrs. Oak. Prodigiously well, Sir! You do it very well.—Nay keep it up, carry it on, there's nothing like going through with it.—O you artful Creature! But, Sir, I am not to be so easily satisfied.—I do not believe a Syllable of all this——Give me the Letter—[*Snatching the Letter.*]——You shall sorely repent this vile Business, for I am resolved that I will know the Bottom of it. [Exit.

OAKLY, *Solus.*

Oak. This is beyond all Patience.—Provoking Woman!—Her absurd Suspicions interpret every Thing the wrong Way. She delights to make me wretched, because she sees I am attached to her, and converts my Tenderness and Affection into the Instruments of my own Torture.—
But

But this ungracious Boy!—In how many Troubles will he involve his own and this Lady's Family—I never imagin'd that he was of such abandon'd Principles.—O, here he comes!

Enter Major OAKLY, and CHARLES.

Char. Good morrow, Sir!

Maj. Good-morrow, Brother, good-morrow!—What! you have been at the old Work, I find. I heard you—ding! dong! i'faith!—She has rung a noble Peal in your Ears.—But how now? Why sure you've had a remarkable warm Bout on't. —You seem more ruffled than usual.

Oak. I am, indeed, Brother!—Thanks to that young Gentleman there.—Have a Care Charles! you may be called to a severe Account for this.—The Honour of a Family, Sir, is no such light Matter.

Char. Sir!

Maj. Hey-day! What has a Curtain-Lecture produced a Lecture of Morality? What is all this?

Oak. To a profligate Mind, perhaps, these Things may appear agreeable in the Beginning —But don't you tremble at the Consequences?

Char. I see, Sir, that you are displeased with me, but I am quite at a Loss how to guess at the Occasion.

Oak.

Oak. Tell me, Sir!—Where is Miss Harriot Ruffet?

Char. Miss Harriot Ruffet!—Sir—Explain.

Oak. Have not you decoy'd her from her Father?

Char. I!—Decoy'd her—Decoy'd my Harriot!—I would sooner die than do her the least Injury.—What can this mean?

Maj. I believe the young Dog has been at her, after all.

Oak. I was in Hopes, Charles, you had better Principles. But there's a Letter just come from her Father——

Char. A Letter!—What Letter? Dear Sir, give it me.—Some Intelligence of my Harriot, Major!——The Letter, Sir, the Letter this Moment, for Heaven's Sake!

Oak. If this Warmth, Charles, tends to prove your Innocence——

Char. Dear Sir, excuse me——I'll prove any Thing—Let me but see this Letter, and I'll——

Oak. Let you see it?——I could hardly get a Sight of it myself.—Mrs. Oakly has it.

Char. Has she got it?—Major, I'll be with you again directly. [Exit hastily.

Maj. Hey-day! The Devil's in the Boy! What a fiery Set of People! By my Troth, I think the whole Family is made up of nothing but Combustibles.

Oak.

Oak. I like his Emotion. It looks well. It may serve too to convince my Wife of the Folly of her Suspicions. Wou'd to Heav'n I cou'd quiet them for ever!

Maj. Why pray now, my dear naughty Brother, what heinous Offence have you committed this Morning? What new Cause of Suspicion?—You have been asking one of the Maids to mend your Ruffle, I suppose, or have been hanging your Head out of Window, when a pretty young Woman has past by, or——

Oak. How can you trifle with my Distresses, Major?—Did not I tell you it was about a Letter?

Maj. A Letter!—Hum—A suspicious Circumstance to be sure!—What, and the Seal a True-Lover's Knot now, hey! or an Heart transfixt with Darts; or possibly the Wax bore the industrious Impression of a Thimble; or perhaps the Folds were lovingly connected by a Wafer, pricked with a Pin, and the Direction written in a vile Scrawl, and not a Word spelt as it should be; ha! ha! ha!

Oak. Pooh! Brother——Whatever it was, the Letter, you find, was for Charles, not for me——This outrageous Jealousy is the Devil.

Maj. Mere matrimonial Blessings and domestick Comfort, Brother! Jealousy is a certain Sign of Love.

Oak.

Oak. Love! it is this very Love that hath made us both so miserable—Her Love for me has confined me to my House, like a State Prisoner, without the Liberty of seeing my Friends, or the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper; while my Love for her has made such a Fool of me, that I have never had the Spirit to contradict her.

Maj. Ay, ay, there you've hit it; Mrs. Oakly would make an excellent Wife, if you did but know how to manage her.

Oak. You are a rare Fellow, indeed, to talk of managing a Wife——A debauch'd Batchelor——A rattle-brain'd, rioting, Fellow——who have pick'd up your Common-place Notions of Women in Bagnios, Taverns, and the Camp; whose most refined Commerce with the Sex, has been in order to delude Country Girls at your Quarters, or to besiege the Virtue of Abigails, Milliners or Mantua-maker's Prentices.

Maj. So much the better!—So much the better! Women are all alike in the main, Brother, high or low, married or single, Quality or no Quality. I have found them so, from a Duchess down to a Milkmaid.

Oak. Your savage Notions are ridiculous. What do you know of a Husband's Feelings?—You, who comprise all your Qualities in your *Honour*, as you call it!

it!—Dead to all Sentiments of Delicacy, and incapable of any but the grossest Attachments to Women.—This is your boasted Refinement, your thorough Knowledge of the World! While, with regard to Women, one poor Train of Thinking, one narrow Set of Ideas, like the Uniform of the Regiment, serves the whole Corps.

Maj. Very fine, Brother!—There's Common-place for you with a Vengeance. Henceforth, expect no Quarter from me.—I tell you again and again, I know the Sex better than you do. They all love to give themselves Airs, and to have Power:—Every Woman is a Tyrant at the Bottom. But they cou'd never make a Fool of me.—No, no! No Woman should ever domineer over me, let her be Mistress or Wife.

Oak. Single Men can be no Judges in these Cases.—They must happen in all Families.—But when Things are driven to Extremities—To see a Woman in Uneasiness—A Woman one loves too—One's Wife—Who can withstand it?—You neither speak nor think like a Man that has lov'd, and been married, Major!

Maj. I wish I could hear a married Man speak my Language—I'm a Batchelor, it's true; but I am no bad Judge of your Case for all that. I know yours and Mrs.
Oakly's

Oakly's Disposition to an Hair. She is all Impetuosity and Fire.—A very Magazine of Touchwood and Gunpowder.—You are hot enough too upon Occasion, but then it's over in an Instant. In comes Love and conjugal Affection, as you call it;—that is, mere Folly and Weakness—And you draw off your Forces, just when you shou'd persue the Attack, and follow your Advantage. Have at her with Spirit, and the Day's your own, Brother!

Oak. I tell you, Brother, you mistake the Matter. Sulkiness, Fits, Tears!—These, and such as these, are the Things which make a feeling Man uneasy. Her Passion and Violence have not half such an Effect on me.

Maj. Why, then, you may be sure, she'll play that upon you, which she finds does most Execution. But you must be Proof against every Thing. If she's furious, set Passion against Passion; if you find her at her Tricks, play off Art against Art, and foil her at her own Weapons. That's your Game, Brother!

Oak. Why, what wou'd you have me do?

Maj. Do as you please, for one Month, whether she likes it or not; and, I'll answer for it, she will consent you shall do as you please all her Life after.

Oak. This is fine talking. You do not consider the Difficulty that—

Maj.

Maj. You must overcome all Difficulties. Assert your Right boldly, Man! Give your own Orders to Servants, and see they observe them; read your own Letters, and never let her have a Sight of them; make your own Appointments, and never be persuaded to break them; see what Company you like; go out when you please; return when you please, and don't suffer yourself to be call'd to account where you have been. In short, do but shew yourself a Man of Spirit, leave off whining about Love and Tenderness, and Nonsense, and the Business is done, Brother!

Oak. I believe you're in the Right, Major! I see you're in the Right. I'll do't, I'll certainly do't.—But then it hurts me to the Soul, to think what Uneasiness I shall give her. The first Opening of my Design will throw her into Fits, and the Pursuit of it perhaps may be fatal.

Maj. Fits! Ha! ha! ha!——Fits!——I'll engage to cure her of her Fits. Nobody understands Hysterical Cases better than I do: Besides, my Sister's Symptoms are not very dangerous. Did you ever hear of her falling into a Fit, when you was not by?——Was she ever found in Convulsions in her Closet?——No, no, these Fits, the more Care you take of them, the more you will increase the Distem-

Distemper: Let them alone, and they will wear themselves out, I warrant you.

Oak. True—Very true—You're certainly in the Right—I'll follow your Advice. Where do you dine To-day? I'll order the Coach, and go with you.

Maj. O brave! Keep up this Spirit, and you're made for ever.

Oak. You shall see now, Major! Who's there? [*Enter Servant.*] Order the Coach directly. I shall dine out To-day.

Serv. The Coach, Sir!—Now? Sir!

Oak. Ay, now immediately.

Serv. Now? Sir!—The—the—Coach! Sir!—That is—my Mistress—

Oak. Sirrah! Do as you're bid. Bid them put to this Instant.

Serv. Yes—yes, Sir—Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Oak. Well, where shall we dine?

Maj. At the St. Alban's, or where you will. This is excellent, if you do but hold it.

Oak. I will have my own Way I am determined.

Maj. That's right.

Oak. I am Steel.

Maj. Bravo!

Oak. Adamant.

Maj. Bravissimo!

Oak. Just what you'd have me.

Maj.

Maj. Why, that's well said. But will you do it?

Oak. I will.

Maj. You won't.

Oak. I will. I'll be a Fool to her no longer.—But hark-ye, Major! my Hat and Sword lie in my Study. I'll go and steal them out, while she is busy talking with Charles.

Maj. Steal them! For Shame! Prithee take them boldly, call for them, make bring them to you here, and go out with Spirit, in the Face of your whole Family.

Oak. No, no——You are wrong——Let her rave after I am gone, and when I return, you know, I shall exert myself with more Propriety, after this open Affront to her Authority.

Maj. Well, take your own Way.

Oak. Ay, ay——Let me manage it, let me manage it. [*Exit.*

Major OAKLY, solus.

Maj. Manage it! Ay, to be sure, you're a rare Manager! It is dangerous, they say, to meddle between Man and Wife. I am no great Favourite of Mrs. Oakly's already; and in a Week's Time I expect to have the Door shut in my Teeth.

Enter CHARLES.

How now, Charles, what News?

Char. Ruin'd and undone! She's gone, Uncle! My Harriot's lost for ever.

Maj. Gone off with a Man?——I thought so: they are all alike.

Char. O no! Fled to avoid that hateful Match with Sir Harry Beagle.

Maj. Faith, a Girl of Spirit!—Joy! *Charles*, I give you Joy; she is your own, my Boy!—A Fool and a great Estate! Devilish strong Temptations!

Char. A Wretch! I was sure she wou'd never think of him.

Maj. No! to-be-sure! Commend me to your Modesty! Refuse Five Thousand a Year, and a Baronet, for pretty Mr. Charles Oakly! It is true, indeed, that the Looby has not a single Idea in his Head, besides a Hound, a Hunter, a five-barred Gate, and a Horse Race: But then he's rich, and that will qualify his Absurdities. Money is a wonderful Improver of the Understanding.——But whence comes all this Intelligence?

Char. In an angry Letter from her Father.——How miserable I am! If I had not offended my Harriot, much offended her by that foolish Riot and Drinking at your House in the Country, she wou'd certainly at such a Time have taken Refuge in my Arms.

Maj.

Maj. A very agreeable Refuge for a young Lady to be sure, and extremely decent!

Char. I am all Uneasiness. Did not she tell me, that she trembled at the Thoughts of having trusted her Affections with a Man of such a wild Disposition?—What a Heap of Extravagancies was I guilty of!

Maj. Extravagancies with a Witness! Ah, you silly young Dog, you wou'd ruin yourself with her Father, in spite of all I cou'd do. There you sat, as drunk as a Lord, telling the old Gentleman the whole Affair, and swearing you would drive Sir Harry Beagle out of the Country, though I kept winking and nodding, pulling you by the Sleeve, and kicking your Shins under the Table, in Hopes of stopping you, but all to no Purpose.

Char. What Distress may she be in at this Instant! Alone and defenceless!—Where? Where can she be?

Maj. What Relations or Friends has she in Town?

Char. Relations! Let me see.—Faith! I have it.—If she is in Town, ten to one but she is at her Aunt's, Lady Freeloze's. I'll go thither immediately.

Maj. Lady Freeloze's! Hold, hold, Charles —Do you know her Ladyship?

Char. Not much; but I'll break through all Forms, to get to my Harriot.

Maj. I do know her Ladyship.

Char. Well, and what do you know of her?

Maj. O nothing!—Her Ladyship is a Woman of the World, that's all—She'll introduce Harriot to the best Company.

Char. What do you mean?

Maj. Yes, yes, I wou'd trust a Wife, or a Daughter, or a Mistress with Lady *Freelove*, to be sure!—I tell you what, Charles! you're a good Boy, but you don't know the World. Women are fifty Times oftner ruined by their Acquaintance with each other, than by their Attachment to Men. One thorough-paced Lady will train up a thousand Novices. That Lady *Freelove* is an arrant——By the Bye, did not she, last Summer, make formal Proposals to Harriot's Father from Lord *Trinket*?

Char. Yes! but they were received with the utmost Contempt. The old Gentleman, it seems, hates a Lord, and he told her so in plain Terms.

Maj. Such an Aversion to the Nobility may not run in the Blood. The Girl, I warrant you, has no Objection. However, if she's there, watch her narrowly, Charles! Lady *Freelove* is as mischievous as a Monkey, and as cunning too.—Have a Care of her. I say, have a Care of her.

Char.

Char. If she's there, I'll have her out of the House within this Half Hour, or set Fire to it.

Maj. Nay, now you're too violent.—Stay a Moment, and we'll consider what's best to be done.

Re-enter OAKLY.

Oak. Come, is the Coach ready? Let us be gone. Does Charles go with us?

Char. I go with you!——What can I do? I am so vext and distracted, and so many Thoughts croud in upon me, I don't know which Way to turn myself.

Mrs. Oak. [*within.*] The Coach!——Dines out!——Where is your Master?

Oak. Zouns! Brother, here she is!

Enter Mrs. OAKLY.

Mrs. Oak. Pray, Mr. Oakly, what is the Matter you cannot dine at Home To-day?

Oak. Don't be uneasy, my Dear!——I have a little Business to settle with my Brother; so I am only just going to Dinner with him and Charles to the Tavern.

Mrs. Oak. Why cannot you settle your Business here as well as at a Tavern? But it is some of your *Ladies* Business, I suppose, and so you must get rid of my Company——This is chiefly your Fault, Major Oakly!

Maj. Lord! Sister, what signifies it, whether a Man dines at home or abroad?

[*Cooly.*
—*Mrs. Oak.* It signifies a great deal, Sir! And I don't chuse——

Maj. Phoo! Let him go, my dear Sister, let him go! He will be ten times better Company when he comes back. I tell you what, Sister——You sit at home till you are quite tired of one another, and then you grow cross, and fall out. If you wou'd but part a little now and then, you might meet again in good Humour.

Mrs. Oak. I beg, Major Oakly, that you wou'd trouble yourself about your own Affairs; and let me tell you, Sir, that I——

Oak. Nay, do not put thyself into a Passion with the Major, my Dear!—It is not his Fault; and I shall come back to thee very soon.

Mrs. Oak. Come back!——Why need you go out?—I know well enough when you mean to deceive me: For then there is always a Pretence of dining with Sir John, or my Lord, or Somebody; but when you tell me, that you are going to a Tavern, it's such a barefac'd Affront——

Oak. This is so strange now!——Why, my Dear, I shall only just——

Mrs. Oak. Only just go after the Lady in the Letter, I suppose.

Oak.

Oak. Well, well, I won't go then.—
Will that convince you?—I'll stay with
you, my Dear!—Will that satisfy you?

Maj. For Shame! Hold out,
if you are a Man. *Apart*

Oak. She has been so much *between*
vext this Morning already, I must *Oakly.*
humour her a little now. *and the*

Maj. Fie! fie! Go out, or *Major.*
you're undone.

Oak. You see it's impossible—
[*To Mrs. OAKLY.*] I'll dine at home with
Thee, my Love.

Mrs. Oak. Ay, ay, pray do! Sir!—
Dine at a Tavern indeed! [*Going.*

Oak. [*Returning.*] You may depend on
me another Time, Major.

Maj. Steel and Adamant!—Ah!

Mrs. Oak. [*Returning.*] Mr. Oakly!

Oak. O my Dear! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Major OAKLY, and CHARLES.

Maj. Ha! ha! ha! There's a Picture of
Resolution. There goes a Philosopher for
you! Ha! Charles!

Char. O Uncle! I have no Spirits to
laugh now.

Maj. So! I have a fine Time on't, be-
tween you and my Brother. Will you
meet me to Dinner at the St. Alban's by
Four? We'll drink her Health, and think
of this Affair.

T O A *B 4* *Char.*

Char. Don't depend on me. I shall be running all over the Town in Pursuit of my Harriot. I have been considering what you have said, but at all Events I'll go directly to Lady Freelove's. If I find her not there, which Way I shall direct myself, Heaven knows.

Maj. Hark'ye, Charles! If you meet with Her, you may be at a Loss. Bring her to my House. I have a snug Room, and——

Char. Phoo! prithee, Uncle, don't trifle with me now.

Maj. Well, seriously then, my House is at your Service.

Char. I thank you; But I must be gone.

Maj. Ay, ay, bring her to my House, and we'll settle the whole Affair for you. You shall clap her into a Post-Chaise, take the Chaplain of our Regiment along with you, wheel her down to Scotland, and when you come back, send to settle her Fortune with her Father: That's the modern Art of making Love, Charles!

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE *a Room in the BULL and GATE INN.*

Enter Sir HARRY BEAGLE, and TOM.

Sir Harry. **T**EN Guineas a Mare, and a Crown the Man? Hey, Tom!

Tom. Yes, your Honour.

Sir H. And are you sure, Tom, that there is no Flaw in his Blood?

Tom. He's as good a Thing, Sir, and as little beholden to the Ground, as any Horse that ever went over the Turf upon four Legs. Why, here's his whole Pedigree, your Honour!

Sir H. Is it attested?

Tom. Very well attested: It is signed by Jack Spur, and my Lord Startall.

[*Giving the Pedigree.*]

Sir H. Let me see—[*Reading*—*Tom come tickle me* was out of the famous Tantwivy Mare, by Sir Aaron Driver's Chesnut Horse White Stockings. White Stockings his Dam, was got by Lord Hedge's South Barb, full Sister to the Proserpine Filley, and his Sire Tom Jones; his Grandam was the Irish Duchefs, and his Grandfire 'Squire Sportly's Trajan; his great

great Grandam, and great, great, Grandam, were Newmarket Peggy and Black Moll, and his great Grandfire, and great great Grandfire, were Sir Ralph Whip's Regulus, and the famous Prince Anamaboo.

his

JOHN † SPUR,
Mark.

STARTALL.

Tom. All fine Horses, and won every Thing! A Foal out of your Honour's Bald-faced Venus, by this Horse, would beat the World.

Sir H. Well then, we'll think on't.—
But pox on't, Tom, I have certainly knock'd up my little roan Gelding, in this damn'd wild-goose Chace of threescore Miles an end.

Tom. He's deadly blown to be sure, your Honour; and I am afraid we are upon a wrong Scent after all. Madam Harriot certainly took a-croofs the Country, instead of coming on to London.

Sir H. No, no, we trac'd her all the Way up—But d'ye hear, Tom, look out among the Stables and Repositories here in Town, for a smart Road-Nag, and a strong Horse to carry a Portmantua.

Tom. Sir Roger Turf's Horses are to be sold—I'll see if there's ever a tight Thing there—But I suppose, Sir, you would have

have one somewhat stronger than Snip——
I don't think he's quite enough of a Horse
for your Honour.

Sir H. Not enough of a Horse! Snip's a
powerful Gelding; Master of two Stone
more than my Weight. If Snip stands
sound, I would not take a hundred Gui-
neas for him. Poor Snip! Go into the
Stable, Tom. See they give him a warm
Mash, and look at his Heels and his Eyes.
—But where's Mr. Ruffet all this while?

Tom. I left the Squire at Breakfast on a
cold Pigeon-Pye, and enquiring after Ma-
dam Harriot in the Kitchen. I'll let him
know your Honour wou'd be glad to see
him here.

Sir H. Ay, do: But hark'ye Tom, be
sure you take Care of Snip.

Tom. I'll warrant your Honour.

Sir H. I'll be down in the Stables my-
self by and by. [*Exit Tom.*]

Sir HARRY solus.

Let me see——Out of the famous
Tantwivy by White Stockings: White
Stockings his Dam, full Sister to the Pro-
serpine Filley, and his Sire—Pox on't, how
unlucky it is, that this damn'd Accident
shou'd happen in the Newmarket Week!
——Ten to one I lose my Match with
Lord Choakjade, by not riding myself, and
I shall have no Opportunity to hedge my
Bets

Bets—neither—What a damn'd Piece of Work have I made on't!—I have knock'd up poor Snip, shall lose my Match, and as to Harriot, why, the Odds are that I lose my Match there too——A skittish young Tit! If I once get her tight in hand, I'll make her wince for it.——Her Estate join'd to my own, I would have the finest Stud, and the noblest Kennel in the whole Country——But here comes her Father, puffing and blowing, like a broken-winded Horse up Hill.

Enter RUSSET.

Rus. Well, Sir Harry, have you heard any Thing of her?

Sir H. Yes, I have been asking Tom about her, and he says you may have her for Five Hundred Guineas.

Rus. Five Hundred Guineas! How d'ye mean? Where is she? Which Way did she take?

Sir H. Why first she went to Epsom, then to Lincoln, then to Nottingham, and now she is at York.

Rus. Impossible! She could not go over half the Ground in the Time. What the Devil are you talking of?

Sir H. Of the Mare you was just now saying you wanted to buy.

Rus. The Devil take the Mare!——
Who wou'd think of her, when I am
mad

mad about an Affair of so much more Consequence?

Sir H. You seem'd mad about her a little while ago. She's a fine Mare, and a Thing of Shape and Blood.

Ruf. Damn her Blood!——Harriot! My dear provoking Harriot! Where can she be? Have you got any Intelligence of her?

Sir H. No, Faith not I: We seem to be quite thrown out here——But however I have ordered Tom to try if he can hear any Thing of her among the Ostlers.

Ruf. Why don't you enquire after her yourself? Why don't you run up and down the whole Town after her?——T'other young Rascal knows where she is, I warrant you——What a Plague it is to have a Daughter! When one loves her to Distraction, and has toil'd and labour'd to make her happy, the ungrateful Slut will sooner go to Hell her own Way——But she *shall* have him——I will make her happy, if I break her Heart for it—A provoking Gipsy!—To run away, and torment her poor Father, that doats on her!—I'll never see her Face again—Sir Harry, how can we get any Intelligence of her? Why don't you speak? Why don't you tell me?——Zouns! You seem as indifferent as if you did not care a Farthing about her.

Sir

Sir H. Indifferent! You may well call me Indifferent——This damn'd Chace after her will cost me a Thousand——If it had not been for her, I wou'd not have been off the Course this Week, to have sav'd the Lives of my whole Family——I'll hold you Six to Two that——

Ruf. Zouns! Hold your Tongue, or talk more to the Purpose——I swear, she is too good for you——You don't deserve such a Wife——A fine, dear, sweet, lovely, charming Girl!——She'll break my Heart.——How shall I find her out?——Do, prithee, Sir Harry, my dear honest Friend, consider how We may discover where She is fled to.

Sir H. Suppose you put an Advertisement into the News-papers, describing her Marks, her Age, her Height, and where she stray'd from. I recover'd a bay Mare once by that Method.

Ruf. Advertise her!——What! Describe my Daughter, and expose her in the Public Papers, with a Reward for bringing her home, like Horses, stolen or stray'd!——Recover'd a bay Mare!——The Devil's in the Fellow!——He thinks of nothing but Racers, and bay Mares, and Stallions.——'Sdeath! I wish you——

Sir H. I wish Harriot was fairly pound-ed. It wou'd save Us both a deal of Trouble.

Ruf.

Ruf. Which way shall I turn myself!
 ——I am half-distracted.——If I go to
 that young Dog's House, he has certainly
 conveyed her somewhere out of my Reach.
 ——If she does not send to me To-day,
 I'll give her up for ever——Perhaps
 though, she may have met with some Ac-
 cident, and has nobody to assist her.——
 No, she is certainly with that young Ras-
 cal.—I wish she was dead, and I was dead
 ——I'll blow young Oakly's Brains out.

Enter TOM.

Sir H. Well, Tom, how is poor Snip?

Tom. A little better, Sir, after his
 warm Mash: But Lady, the Pointing Bitch
 that followed you all the Way, is deadly
 Foot-sore.

Ruf. Damn Snip and Lady!—Have you
 heard any thing of Harriot?

Tom. Why I came on Purpose to let
 my Master and your Honour know, that
 John Ostler says as how, just such a Lady,
 as I told him Madam Harriot was, came
 here in a four-wheel Chaise, and was
 fetch'd away soon after by a fine Lady in
 a Chariot.

Ruf. Did She come alone?

Tom. Quite alone, only a Servant-
 Maid, please your Honour.

Ruf. And what Part of the Town did
 They go to?

Tom.

Tom. John Ostler says as how, They bid the Coachman drive to Grosvenor Square.

Sir H. Soho! Pufs——Yoics!

Ruf. She is certainly gone to that young Rogue——He has got his Aunt to fetch her from hence——Or else she is with her own Aunt, Lady Freelove——They both live in that Part of the Town. I'll go to his House, and in the mean while, Sir Harry, You shall step to Lady Freelove's. We'll find Her, I warrant You. I'll teach my young Mistress to be gadding. She shall marry you To-night. Come along, Sir Harry, come along! We won't lose a Minute. Come along!

Sir H. Soho! Hark forward! Wind 'em and cross'em! Hark forward! Yoics! Yoics! [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to OAKLY'S——*Mrs.*

OAKLY *sola.*

Mrs. Oak. After all, that Letter was certainly intended for my Husband. I see plain enough They are all in a Plot against Me. My Husband intriguing, the Major working him up to affront me, Charles owning his Letters, and so playing into each other's Hands.——They think me a Fool I find——But I'll be too much for Them yet——I have desired to speak with Mr. Oakly, and expect him here immediately.

mediately. His Temper is naturally open, and if he thinks my Anger abated, and my Suspicions laid asleep, he will certainly betray himself by his Behaviour. I'll assume an Air of Good-humour, pretend to believe the fine Story they have trumped up, throw him off his Guard, and so draw the Secret out of him.—Here He comes.—How hard it is to dissemble one's Anger! O, I cou'd rate him soundly! But I'll keep down my Indignation at present, though it choaks me.

Enter OAKLY.

O my Dear! I am very glad to see You. Pray sit down. [*They sit.*] I longed to see You. It seemed an Age till I had an Opportunity of talking over the silly Affair that happened this Morning. [*Mildly.*

Oak. Why really, my Dear——

Mrs. Oak. Nay, don't look so grave now. Come—It's all over. Charles and You have cleared up Matters. I am satisfied.

Oak. Indeed! I rejoice to hear it. You make me happy beyond my Expectation. This Disposition will insure our Felicity. Do but lay aside your cruel unjust Suspicion, and we shou'd never have the least Difference.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed I begin to think so. I'll endeavour to get the better of it.

And really sometimes it is very ridiculous. My Uneasiness this Morning, for Instance! ha! ha! ha! To be so much alarmed about that idle Letter, which turned out quite another Thing at last.—Was not I very angry with You? ha! ha! ha!

[*Affecting a Laugh.*]

Oak. Don't mention it. Let Us both forget it. Your present Chearfulness makes Amends for every thing.

Mrs. Oak. I am apt to be too violent:——I love you too well to be quite easy about you. [*Fondly.*]—Well—no Matter—What is become of Charles?

Oak. Poor Fellow! He is on the Wing, rambling all over the Town in Pursuit of this young Lady.

Mrs. Oak. Where is he gone, pray?

Oak. First of all, I believe, to some of her Relations.

Mrs. Oak. Relations! Who are they? Where do they live?

Oak. There is an Aunt of her's lives just in the Neighbourhood; Lady Freeloze.

Mrs. Oak. Lady Freeloze! Oho! Gone to Lady Freeloze's, is he?—And do you think he will hear any thing of her?

Oak. I don't know; but I hope so with all my Soul.

Mrs. Oak. Hope! with all your Soul! Do you hope so? [*Alarmed.*]

Oak.

Oak. Hope so! Yes—yes—Why don't you hope so? [Surprised.]

Mrs. Oak. Well—yes—[Recovering.]—O ay, to be sure. I hope it of all Things. You know, my Dear, it must give Me great Satisfaction, as well as yourself, to see Charles well settled.

Oak. I should think so; and really I don't know where he can be settled so well. She is a most deserving young Woman, I assure you.

Mrs. Oak. You are well acquainted with her then?

Oak. To be sure, my Dear! After seeing her so often last Summer at the Major's House in the Country, and at her Father's.

Mrs. Oak. So often!

Oak. O ay, very often——Charles took Care of that—Almost every Day.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed! But pray—a—a—a—I say,—a—a— [Confused.]

Oak. What do you say? My Dear!

Mrs. Oak. I say—a—a—[Stammering.] Is she handsome?

Oak. Prodigiously handsome indeed.

Mrs. Oak. Prodigiously handsome! And is she reckoned a sensible Girl?

Oak. A very sensible, modest, agreeable young Lady as ever I knew. You would be extremely fond of her, I am sure. You can't imagine how happy I was in her Company. Poor Charles! She soon

made a Conquest of him, and no Wonder. She has so many elegant Accomplishments! such an infinite Fund of Chearfulness and Good-humour! Why, she's the Darling of the whole Country.

Mrs. Oak. Lord! you seem quite in Raptures about her.

Oak. Raptures!——Not at all. I was only telling you the young Lady's Character. I thought you wou'd be glad to find that Charles had made so sensible a Choice, and was so likely to be happy.

Mrs. Oak. O, Charles! True, as you say, Charles will be mighty happy.

Oak. Don't you think so?

Mrs. Oak. I am convinc'd of it. Poor Charles! I am much concern'd for him. He must be very uneasy about her. I was thinking whether We cou'd be of any Service to him in this Affair.

Oak. Was you? my Love! That is very good of you. Why, to be sure, we must endeavour to assist him. Let me see! how can we manage it? Gad! I have hit it. The luckiest Thought! And it will be of great Service to Charles.

Mrs. Oak. Well, what is it? [*Eagerly.*]——You know I wou'd do any Thing to serve Charles, and oblige you. [*Mildly.*]

Oak. That is so kind! Lord, my Dear, if you wou'd but always consider Things in this proper Light, and continue this
amiable

amiable Temper, we shou'd be the happiest People——

Mrs. Oak. I believe so: But what's your Proposal?

Oak. I am sure you'll like it.—Charles, you know, may perhaps be so lucky as to meet with this Lady.——

Mrs. Oak. True.

Oak. Now I was thinking, that he might, with your Leave, my Dear——

Mrs. Oak. Well!

Oak. Bring her home here——

Mrs. Oak. How!

Oak. Yes, bring her home here, my Dear!—It will make poor Charles his Mind quite easy; and you may take her under your Protection, till her Father comes to Town.

Mrs. Oak. Amazing! This is even beyond my Expectation.

Oak. Why!——What!——

Mrs. Oak. Was there ever such Assurance? Take her under my Protection! What! Wou'd you keep her under my Nose?

Oak. Nay, I never conceiv'd—I thought you wou'd have approv'd——

Mrs. Oak. What! make me your convenient Woman!——No Place but my own House to serve your Purposes?

Oak. Lord, this is the strangest Misapprehension! I am quite astonished.

Mrs. Oak. Astonished? Yes——confused, detected, betrayed by your vain Confidence of imposing on me: Why, sure you imagine me an Idiot, a Driveller. Charles, indeed! Yes, Charles is a fine Excuse for you. The Letter this Morning, the Letter, Mr. Oakly!

Oak. The Letter! Why sure that——

Mrs. Oak. Is sufficiently explained. You have made it very clear to me. Now I am convinced. I have no Doubt of your Perfidy. But I thank you for some Hints you have given me, and you may be sure I shall make Use of them: Nor will I rest, till I have full Conviction, and overwhelm you with the strongest Proofs of your Baseness towards me.

Oak. Nay but——

Mrs. Oak. Go, Go! I have no Doubt of your Falshood: Away! [*Exit Mrs. Oak.*]

OAKLY, *solus.*

Was there ever any Thing like this? Such unaccountable Behaviour! Angry I don't know why! Jealous of I know not what! Pretending to be satisfied merely to draw me in, and then creating imaginary Proofs out of an innocent Conversation!——Hints!——Hints I have given her!——What can she mean?——

TOILET

TOILET *crossing the Stage.*

Toilet! where are you going?

Toilet. To order the Porter to let in no Company to my Lady to-day. She won't see a single Soul, Sir! [*Exit.*

Oak. What an unhappy Woman! Now will she sit all Day feeding on her Suspicions, till she has convinced herself of the Truth of them.

JOHN *crossing the Stage.*

Well, Sir, what's your Business?

John. Going to order the Chariot, Sir! —My Lady's going out immediately. [*Exit.*

Oak. Going out! What is all this?— But every way she makes me miserable. Wild and ungovernable as the Sea or the Wind! Made up of Storms and Tempests! I can't bear it: And one way or other I will put an End to it. [*Exit.*

SCENE *Lady FREELOVE'S.*—

Enter Lady FREELOVE with a Card—
Servant following.

L. Free. [*Reading as she enters.*—“And
“will take the Liberty of waiting on her
“Ladyship *en Cavalier*, as he comes from
“the Menége.” Does any body wait that
brought this Card?

Serv. Lord Trinket's Servant is in the Hall, Madam.

L. Free.—My Compliments, and I shall be glad to see his Lordship.—Where is Miss Ruffet?

Serv. In her own Chamber, Madam.

L. Free. What is she doing?

Serv. Writing, I believe, Madam.

L. Free. Oh! ridiculous!—Scribbling to that Oakly, I suppose. [*Apart.*—Let her know I shou'd be glad of her Company here. [*Exit Servant.*

Lady FREELOVE Sola.

It is a mighty troublesome Thing to manage a simple Girl, that knows nothing of the World. Harriot, like all other Girls, is foolishly fond of this young Fellow of her own chusing, her first Love, that is to say, the first Man that is particularly civil, and the first Air of Consequence which a young Lady gives herself. Poor silly Soul!—But Oakly must not have her positively. A Match with Lord Trinket will add to the Dignity of the Family. I must bring her into it. I will throw her into his Way as often as possible, and leave him to make his Party good as fast as he can. But here she comes.

Enter HARRIOT.

Well! *Harriot*, still in the Pouts! Nay, prithee, my dear little run-away Girl, be
more

more chearful! Your everlasting Melancholy puts one into the Vapours.

Har. Dear Madam, excuse me. How can I be chearful in my present Situation? I know my Father's Temper so well, that I am sure this Step of mine must almost distract him. I sometimes wish that I had remained in the Country, let what would have been the Consequence.

L. Free. Why, it is a naughty Child, that's certain; but it need not be so uneasy about Papa, as you know that I wrote by last's Night Post to acquaint him that his little lost Sheep was safe, and that you are ready to obey his Commands in every Particular, except marrying that Oaf, Sir Harry Beagle.—Lord! Lord! What a Difference there is between a Country and Town Education! Why, a London Lass would have jumped out of a Window into a Gallant's Arms, and without thinking of her Father, unless it were to have drawn a few Bills on him, been an hundred Miles off in nine or ten Hours, and perhaps out of the Kingdom in twenty-four.

Har. I fear I have already been too precipitate. I tremble for the Consequences.

L. Free. I swear, Child, you are a downright Prude. Your Way of talking gives me the Spleen; so full of Affection, and Duty, and Virtue, 'tis just like a Funeral

neral Sermon. And yet, pretty Soul! It can love.—Well, I wonder at your Taste; a sneaking simple Gentleman! without a Title! And when to my Knowledge you might have a Man of Quality To-morrow.

Har. Perhaps so. Your Ladyship must excuse me, but many a Man of Quality would make me miserable.

L. Free. Indeed, my Dear, these antediluvian Notions will never do now a-days; and at the same Time too, those little wicked Eyes of yours speak a very different Language. Indeed you have fine Eyes, Child! and they have made fine Work with Lord Trinket.

Har. Lord Trinket! [*Contemptuously.*]

L. Free. Yes, Lord Trinket: You know it as well as I do, and yet, you ill-natured Thing, you will not vouchsafe him a single Smile. But you must give the poor Soul a little Encouragement, prithee do.

Har. Indeed I can't, Madam, for of all Mankind Lord Trinket is my Aversion.

L. Free. Why so? Child! He is counted a well bred, sensible, young Fellow, and the Women all think him handsome.

Har. Yes, he is just polite enough to be able to be very unmannerly with a great deal of good Breeding; is just handsome enough to make him most excessively vain of his Person; and has just Reflection enough to finish him for a Coxcomb;

Quali-

Qualifications, which are all very common among those whom your Ladyship calls Men of Quality.

L. Free. A Satirist too! Indeed, my Dear, this Affectation fits very awkwardly upon you. There will be a Superiority in the Behaviour of Persons of Fashion.

Har. A Superiority, indeed! For his Lordship always behaves with so much insolent Familiarity, that I shou'd almost imagine He was solliciting me for other Favours, rather than to pass my whole Life with him.

L. Free. Innocent Freedoms, Child, which every fine Woman expects to be taken with her, as an Acknowledgment of her Beauty.

Har. They are Freedoms, which I think, no innocent Woman can allow.

L. Free. Romantick to the last Degree! — Why you are in the Country, still, Harriot!

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. My Lord *Trinket*, Madam!

[*Exit* Servant.]

L. Free. I swear now I have a good Mind to tell him all you have said.

Enter

Enter Lord TRINKET, in Boots, &c. as from the Riding-House.

Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant.

L. Trinket. Your Ladyship does me too much Honour. Here I am *en bottine* as you see,—just come from the Menége. Miss Ruffet, I am your Slave. I declare it makes me quite happy to find you together. 'Pon Honour, Ma'am [*to Harriot.*] I begin to conceive great Hopes of you: and as for you, Lady Freelove, I cannot sufficiently commend your Assiduity with your fair Pupil. She was before possess'd of every Grace that Nature cou'd bestow on her, and No-body is so well qualified as your Ladyship, to give her the Bon Ton.

Har. Compliment and Contempt all in a Breath! My Lord, I am obliged to you. But waving my Acknowledgments, give me leave to ask your Lordship, whether Nature and the Bon Ton, as you call it, are so different, that we must give up one in order to obtain the other?

L. Trink. Totally opposite, Madam. The chief Aim of the Bon Ton is to render Persons of Family different from the Vulgar, for whom indeed Nature serves very well. For this Reason it has, at various Times, been ungentleel to see, to hear, to walk, to be in good Health, and to have twenty other horrible Perfections of Nature.

Nature. Nature indeed may do very well sometimes. It made you, for Instance, and it then made something very lovely, and if you wou'd suffer us of Quality to give you the Ton, you would be absolutely divine: But now—me—Madam—me——Nature never made such a Thing as me.

Har. Why, indeed, I think your Lordship has very few Obligations to her.

L. Trink. Then you really think it's all my own? I declare now that is a mighty genteel Compliment. Nay, if you begin to flatter already, you improve a-pace. 'Pon Honour, Lady Freelove, I believe we shall make something of her at last.

L. Free. No Doubt on't. It is in your Lordship's Power to make her a complete Woman of Fashion at once.

L. Trink. Hum! Why ay——

Har. Your Lordship must excuse me. I am of a very tasteless Disposition. I shall never bear to be carried out of Nature.

L. Free. You are out of Nature now, *Harriot!* I am sure no Woman but yourself, ever objected to being carried among Persons of Quality. Wou'd you believe it? My Lord! here has she been a whole Week in Town, and wou'd never suffer me to introduce her to a Rout, an Assembly, a Concert, or even to Court, or to the Opera; nay, wou'd hardly so much
as

as mix with a living Soul that has visited me.

L. Trink. No Wonder, Madam, you do not adopt the Manners of Persons of Fashion, when you will not even honour them with your Company. Were you to make one in our little *Coteries*, we shou'd soon make you sick of the Boors and Bumpkins of the horrid Country. By the bye, I met a Monster at the Riding-House this Morning; who gave me some Intelligence, that will surprise you, concerning your Family.

Har. What Intelligence?

L. Free. Who was this Monster, as your Lordship calls him? A Curiosity, I dare say.

L. Trink. This Monster, Madam, was formerly my Head Groom, and had the Care of all my Running Horses, but growing most abominably surly and extravagant, as you know all those Fellows do, I turned him off; and ever since my Brother Slouch Trinket has had the Care of my Stud, rides all my principal Matches himself, and——

Har. Dear my Lord, don't talk of your Groom and your Brother, but tell me the News. Do you know any Thing of my Father?

L. Trink. Your Father, Madam, is now in Town. This Fellow, you must know,
is

is now Groom to Sir Harry Beagle, your sweet rural Swain, and informed me, that his Master, and your Father, were running all over the Town in quest of you; and that he himself had Orders to enquire after you; for which Reason, I suppose, he came to the Riding-House Stables to look after a Horse, thinking it, to be sure a very likely place to meet you. Your Father perhaps is gone to seek you at the Tower, or Westminster-Abbey, which is all the Idea he has of London; and your faithful Lover is probably cheapning a Hunter, and drinking strong Beer at the Horse and Jockey in Smithfield.

L. Free. The whole Set admirably disposed of!

Har. Did not your Lordship inform him where I was?

L. Trink. Not I, 'pon Honour, Madam: That I left to their own Ingenuity to discover.

L. Free. And pray, my Lord, where in this Town have this polite Company bestowed Themselves?

L. Trink. They lodge, Madam, of all Places in the World, at the Bull and Gate Inn in Holborn.

L. Free. Ha! ha! ha! The Bull and Gate! Incomparable! What, have they brought any Hay or Cattle to Town?

L. Trink.

L. Trink. Very well, Lady Freelove, very well, indeed!—There they are, like so many Graziers; and there, it seems, they have learnt that this Lady is certainly in London.

Har. Do, dear Madam, send a Card directly to my Father, informing him where I am, and that your Ladyship wou'd be glad to see him here. For my Part, I dare not venture into his Presence, till you have in some Measure pacified him; but for Heaven's Sake desire him not to bring that wretched Fellow along with him.

L. Trink. Wretched Fellow! Oho! *Courage*, Milord Trinket! [*Aside.*]

L. Free. I'll send immediately. Who's there?

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. [*Apart to L. Freelove.*] Sir Harry Beagle is below, Madam.

L. Free. [*Apart to Serv.*] I am not at Home.—Have they let him in?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

L. Free. How abominably unlucky this is! Well, then shew him into my Dressing Room. I will come to him there.

[*Exit Servant.*]

L. Trink. Lady Freelove! No Engagement, I hope. We won't part with you, 'pon Honour.

L. Free.

L. Free. The worst Engagement in the World. A Pair of musty old Prudes! Lady Formal and Miss Prate.

L. Trink. O the Beldams! As nauseous as *Ipecacuanha*, 'pon Honour.

L. Free. Lud! lud! What shall I do with them? Why do these foolish Women come troubling me now? I must wait on them in the Dressing-Room, and you must excuse the Card, Harriot, till they are gone. I'll dispatch them as soon as I can, but Heaven knows when I shall get rid of them, for they are both everlasting Gossips; though the Words come from her Ladyship one by one, like Drops from a Still, while the other tiresome Woman overwhelms us with a Flood of Impertinence. Harriot, you'll entertain his Lordship till I return. [Exit.

L. Trink. Gone!—'Egad, my Affairs here begin to grow very critical,——the Father in Town!—Lover in Town!—Surrounded by Enemies!——What shall I do?——[to Harriot.] I have nothing for it but a Coup de Main. 'Pon Honour I am not sorry for the coming in of these old Tabbies, and am much obliged to her Ladyship for leaving us such an agreeable *Tête-à-Tête*.

Har. Your Lordship will find me extremely bad Company.

L. Trink. Not in the least, my Dear! We'll entertain ourselves one Way or other, I'll warrant you.—'Egad, I think it a mighty good Opportunity to establish a better Acquaintance with you.

Har. I don't understand you.

L. Trink. No:—Why then I'll speak plainer.—[*Pausing and looking her full in the Face.*] You are an amazing fine Creature, 'pon Honour.

Har. If this be your Lordship's polite Conversation, I shall leave you to amuse yourself in Soliloquy. [*Going.*]

L. Trink. No, no, no, Madam, that must not be. [*Stopping her.*] This Place, my Passion, the Opportunity all conspire—

Har. How, Sir! you don't intend to do me any Violence.

L. Trink. 'Pon Honour, Ma'am, it will be doing great Violence to myself, if I do not. You must excuse me. [*Struggling with her.*]

Har. Help! help! murder! help!

L. Trink. Your yelping will signify nothing; No body will come. [*Struggling.*]

Har. For Heaven's Sake!—Sir! My Lord!—[*Noise within.*]

L. Trink. Pox on't, what Noise?—Then I must be quick. [*Still struggling.*]

Har. Help! murder! help! help!

Enter

Enter CHARLES hastily.

Char. What do I hear? My Harriot's Voice calling for Help? Ha! [*Seeing them.*] Is it possible? Turn, Ruffian!——I'll find you Employment. [*Drawing.*]

L. Trink. You are a most impertinent Scoundrel, and I'll whip you through the Lungs, 'pon Honour.

[*They fight, Harriot runs out screaming Help! &c. Then*

Enter Lady FREELove, Sir HARRY BEAGLE, and SERVANTS.

L. Free. How's this?——Swords drawn in my House!——Part them——[*They are parted.*] This is the most impudent Thing.

L. Trink. Well, Rascal, I shall find a Time, I know you, Sir!

Char. The sooner the better, I know your Lordship too.

Sir H. I'faith, Madam, [*To L. Free.*] We had like to have been in at the Death.

L. Free. What is all this? Pray, Sir, what is the Meaning of your coming hither to raise this Disturbance? Do you take my House for a Brothel? [*To Charles.*]

Char. Not I, indeed, Madam! But I believe his Lordship does.

L. Trink. Impudent Scoundrel!

L. Free. Your Conversation, Sir, is as insolent as your Behaviour. Who are you? What brought you here?

Char. I am one, Madam, always ready to draw my Sword in Defence of Innocence in Distress, and more especially in the Cause of that Lady I delivered from his Lordship's Fury; in Search of whom I troubled your Ladyship's House.

L. Free. Her Lover, I suppose, or what?

Char. At your Ladyship's Service; tho' not quite so violent in my Passion as his Lordship there.

L. Trink. Impertinent Rascal!

L. Free. You shall be made to repent of this Insolence.

L. Trink. Your Ladyship may leave that to me.

Char. Ha! ha!

Sir H. But pray what is become of the Lady all this while? Why, Lady Freelove, you told me she was not here, and, I faith I was just drawing off another Way, if I had not heard the View-Hollow.

L. Free. You shall see her immediately, Sir! Who's there?

Enter SERVANT.

Where is Miss Ruffet?

Serv. Gone out, Madam.

L. Free. Gone out! Where?

Serv. I don't know, Madam: But she ran down the back Stairs crying for Help, crossed the Servants Hall in Tears, and took a Chair at the Door.

L. Free.

L. Free. Blockheads! To let her go out in a Chair alone!——Go, and enquire after her immediately. [*Exit Servant.*

Sir Har. Gone! What a pox had I just run her down, and is the little Puffs stole away at last?

L. Free. Sir, if you will walk in [*To Sir Har.*] with his Lordship and me, perhaps you may hear some Tidings of her; though it is most probable she may be gone to her Father. I don't know any other Friend she has in Town.

Char. I am heartily glad she is gone. She is safer any where than in this House.

L. Free. Mighty well! Sir.——My Lord! Sir Harry!——I attend you.

L. Trink. You shall hear from me, Sir!
[*To Charles.*

Char. Very well, my Lord!

Sir H. Stole away!——Pox on't——
stole away. [*Exeunt Sir H. and L. Trink.*

Manent CHARLES and Lady FREELOVE.

L. Free. Before I follow the Company, give me Leave to tell you, Sir, that your Behaviour here has been so extraordinary——

Char. My Treatment here, Madam, has indeed been very extraordinary.

L. Free. Indeed!——Well——No Matter——Permit me to acquaint you, Sir, that there lies your Way out, and that the greatest
Favour

Favour you can do me, is to leave the House immediately.

Char. That your Ladyship may depend on. Since you have put Miss Ruffet to flight, you may be sure of not being troubled with my Company. I'll after her immediately—I can't rest till I know what is become of her.

L. Free. If she has any Regard for her Reputation, she'll never put herself into such Hands as your's.

Char. O, Madam, there can be no Doubt of her Regard to that, by her leaving your Ladyship.

L. Free. Leave my House.

Char. Directly.—A charming House! and a charming Lady of the House too! Ha! ha! ha!

L. Free. Vulgar Fellow.

Char. Fine Lady! [Exeunt severally.]

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE *Lady* FREELOVE'S

Enter Lady FREELOVE, *and Lord*
TRINKET.

Lord Trink. *D*Oucement, Doucement, my
dear Lady Freelove!—
Excuse me! I meant no Harm, 'pon
Honour.

L. Free. Indeed, indeed, my Lord
Trinket, this is absolutely intolerable.
What, to offer Rudeness to a young Lady
in my House! What will the World say
of it?

L. Trink. Just what the World pleases.
——It does not signify a Doit what They
say.——However I ask Pardon; but,
'Egad, I thought it was the best Way.

L. Free. For Shame, for Shame, my
Lord! I am quite hurt at your Want of
Discretion. Leave the whole Conduct of
this Affair to me, or I'll have done with
it at once. How strangely you have acted!
There I went out of the Way on purpose
to serve you, by keeping off that Looby
Sir Harry Beagle, and preventing Him or
her Father, from seeing the Girl, till we
had some Chance of managing her Our-
selves.

selves —— And then you chose to make a Disturbance, and spoilt all.

L. Trink. Devil take Sir Harry, and t'other Scoundrel too! —— That they shou'd come driving hither just at so critical an Instant! —— And that the wild little Thing shou'd take Wing, and fly away the Lord knows whither!

L. Free. Ay! —— And there again you was indiscreet past Redemption. To let her know, that her Father was in Town, and where he was to be found too! For there I am confident she must be gone, as she is not acquainted with one Creature in London.

L. Trink. Why a Father is in these Cases the *Pis-aller* I must confess. 'Pon Honour, Lady Freelove, I can scarce believe this obstinate Girl a Relation of yours. Such narrow Notions! I'll swear, there is less Trouble in getting ten Women of the *Prémier* Volée, than in conquering the Scruples of a silly Girl in that Stile of Life.

L. Free. Come, come, my Lord, a Truce with your Reflections on my Niece! Let us consider what is best to be done.

L. Trink. E'en just what your Ladyship thinks proper. —— For my Part I am entirely *dérangé*.

L. Free. Will you submit to be governed by me then?

L. Trink.

L. Trink. I'll be all Obedience—
Your Ladyship's Slave, 'pon Honour.

L. Free. Why then, as this is rather an ugly Affair in regard to Me, as well as your Lordship, and may make some Noise, I think it absolutely necessary, merely to save Appearances, that you shou'd wait on her Father, palliate Matters as well as you can, and make a formal Repetition of your Proposal of Marriage.

L. Trink. Your Ladyship is perfectly in the right.——You are quite *au fait* of the Affair. It shall be done immediately, and then your Reputation will be safe, and my Conduct justified to all the World.——But shou'd the old Rustick continue as stubborn as his Daughter, your Ladyship, I hope, has no Objections to my being a little *ruse*, for I must have her, 'pon Honour.

L. Free. Not in the least.

L. Trink. Or if a good Opportunity should offer, and the Girl should be still untractable.——

L. Free. Do what you will, I wash my Hands of it. She's out of my Care now, you know.——But you must beware your Rivals. One, you know is in the House with her, and the other will lose no Opportunities of getting to her.

L. Trink. As to the fighting Gentleman, I shall cut out Work for him in his own Way.

Way. I'll send him a *petit Billet* to-morrow Morning, and then there can be no great Difficulty in outwitting her Bumkin Father, and the Baronet.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Captain 'O Cutter to wait on your Ladyship.

L. Free. O the hideous Fellow! The Irish Sailor-Man, for whom I prevailed on your Lordship to get the Post of a Regulating Captain. I suppose he is come to load me with his odious Thanks. I won't be troubled with him now.

L. Trink. Let him in, by all Means. He is the best Creature to laugh at in Nature. He is a perfect Sea-Monster, and always looks and talks as if he was upon Deck. Besides, a Thought strikes me. —He may be of Use.

L. Free. Well——send the Creature up then. [Exit Servant.
But what fine Thought is this?

L. Trink. A *Coup de maitre* 'pon Honour! I intend——but hush! Here the Porpus comes.

Enter Captain 'O CUTTER.

L. Free. Captain, your Humble Servant! I am very glad to see you.

'O Cut. I am much oblaged to you, my Lady! Upon my Conscience, the Wind favours

favours me at all Points. I had no sooner got under Way to tank your Ladyship, but I have born down upon my noble Friend his Lordship too. I hope your Lordship's well.

L. Trink. Very well, I thank you, Captain!——But you seem to be hurt in the Service: What is the Meaning of that Patch over your right Eye?

'O Cut. Some advanced Wages from my new Post, my Lord! This Pressing is hot Work, tho' it entitles us to no Smart-money.

L. Free. And pray in what perilous Adventure did you get that Scar, Captain?

'O Cut. Quite out of my Element, indeed my Lady! I got in an Engagement by Land. A Day or two ago I spied three stout Fellows, belonging to a Marchant-man. They made down Wapping. I immediately gave my Lads the Signal to chase, and we bore down right upon them. They tacked, and lay to. We gave them a tundering Broadside, which they resaved like Men; and one of them made use of small Arms, which carried off the weathermost Corner of Ned Gage's Hat; so I immediately stood in with him, and raked him, but resaved a Wound on my starboard Eye, from the Stock of the Pistol. However, we took them all, and they now lie under the Hatches, with
fifty

fifty more, a-board a Tender off the Tower.

L. Trink. Well done, noble Captain! ——— But however you will soon have better Employment, for I think the next Step to your present Post, is commonly a Ship.

O Cut. The sooner the better, my Lord! Honest Terence 'O Cutter shall never flinch I warrant you; and has had as much Seen-Sarvice as any Man in the Navy.

L. Trink. You may depend on my good Offices, Captain! ——— But in the mean Time it is in your Power to do me a Favour.

'O Cut. A Favour! my Lord! your Lordship does me Honour. I would go round the World, from one End to the other, by Day or by Night, to sarve your Lordship, or my good Lady here.

L. Trink. Dear Madam, the luckiest Thought in Nature! [*Apart to L. Free.*]

—— The Favour I have to ask of you, Captain, need not carry you so far out of your Way. The whole Affair is, that there are a Couple of impudent Fellows at an Inn in Holborn, who have affronted me, and you wou'd oblige me infinitely, by pressing them into his Majesty's Service.

L. Free. Now I understand you. ——— Admirable! [*Apart to L. Trink.*]

'O Cut.

'O *Cut.* With all my Heart, my Lord, and tank you too, fait. But, by the bye, I hope they are not Housekeepers, or Freemen of the City. There's the Devil to pay in meddling with them. They boder one so about Liberty and Property, and Stuff. It was but t'other Day that Jack Trowser was carried before my Lord Mayor, and lost above a Twelvemonth's Pay, for nothing at all—at-all.

L. Trink. I'll take Care you shall be brought into no Trouble. These Fellows were formerly my Grooms. If you'll call on me in the Morning, I'll go with you to the Place.

'O *Cut.* I'll be with your Lordship, and bring with me four or five as pretty Boys as you'd wish to clap your two lucking Eyes upon of a Summer's Day.

L. Trink. I am much obliged to you. But, Captain, I have another little Favour to beg of you.

'O *Cut.* Upon my Shoul, and I'll do it.

L. Trink. What, before you know it?

'O *Cut.* Fore and Aft, my Lord!

L. Trink. A Gentleman has offended me in a Point of Honour——

'O *Cut.* Cut his Troat.

L. Trink. Will you carry him a Letter from me?

'O *Cut.*

'O *Cut.* Indeed and I will: And I'll take you in Tow too, and you shall engage him Yard-arm and Yard-arm.

L. Trink. Why then, Captain, you'll come a little earlier To-morrow Morning than you proposed, that you may attend him with my *Billet*, before you proceed on the other Affair.

'O *Cut.* Never fear it, my Lord!——Your Sarvant!——My Ladyship, your humble Sarvant!

L. Free. Captain yours! Pray give my Service to my Friend Mrs. 'O Cutter. How does She do?

'O *Cut.* I tank your Ladyship's Axing——The dear Crature is purely right and well.

L. Trink. How many Children have you, Captain?

'O *Cut.* Four, and please your Lordship, and another upon the Stocks.

L. Trink. When it is launched, I hope to be at the Christening. I'll stand God-father, Captain!

'O *Cut.* Your Lordship's very good.

L. Trink. Well, you'll come To-morrow.

'O *Cut.* O, I'll not fail, my Lord! Little Terence 'O Cutter never fails, fait, when a Troat is to be cut. [*Exit.*

L. Free. Ha! ha! ha! But sure you don't intend to ship off both her Father and her Country Lover for the *Indies*?

L. Trink.

L. Trink. O no! Only let them contemplate the Inside of a Ship for a Day or two.

L. Free. Well, but after all, my Lord, this is a very bold Undertaking. I don't think you'll be able to put it in Practice.

L. Trink. Nothing so easy, 'pon Honour. To press a Gentleman—a Man of Quality—one of us—would not be so easy, I grant you. But these Fellows, you know, have not half so decent an Appearance as one of my Footmen: And from their Behaviour, Conversation and Dress, it is very possible to mistake them for Grooms and Ostlers.

L. Free. There may be something in that indeed. But what Use do you propose to make of this Stratagem?

L. Trink. Every Use in Nature. This Artifice must at least take them out of the Way for some Time, and in the meanwhile Measures may be concerted to carry off the Girl.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mrs. Oakly, Madam, is at the Door, in her Chariot, and desires to have the Honour of speaking to your Ladyship on particular Business.

L. Trink. Mrs. Oakly! What can that jealous-pated Woman want with you?

L. Free.

L. Free. No Matter what.—I hate her mortally.—Let her in. [*Exit* Servant.

L. Trink. What Wind blows her hither?

L. Free. A Wind that must blow us some good.

L. Trink. How?—I was amazed you chose to see her.

L. Free. How can you be so slow of Apprehension?—She comes you may be sure on some Occasion relating to this Girl: In order to assist young Oakly perhaps, to soothe me, and gain Intelligence, and so forward the Match; but I'll forbid the Banns, I warrant you.—Whatever she wants, I'll draw some sweet Mischief out of it.—But away! away!—I think I hear her—slip down the back Stairs—or, stay, now I think on't, go out this Way,—meet her—and be sure to make her a very respectful Bow, as you go out.

L. Trink. Hush! here she is.

Enter Mrs. OAKLY.

[*L. Trinket bows, and Exit.*

Mrs. Oak. I beg Pardon for giving your Ladyship this Trouble.

L. Free. I am always glad of the Honour of seeing Mrs. Oakly.

Mrs. Oak. There is a Letter, Madam, just come from the Country, which has
occa-

occasioned some Alarm in our Family. It comes from Mr. Ruffet——

L. Free. Mr. Ruffet!

Mrs. Oak. Yes, from Mr. Ruffet, Madam! And is chiefly concerning his Daughter. As she has the Honour of being related to your Ladyship, I took the Liberty of waiting on You.

L. Free. She is indeed, as you say, Madam, a Relation of mine! but after what has happened, I scarce know how to acknowledge her.

Mrs. Oak. Has she been so much to blame then?

L. Free. So much? Madam?——Only judge for yourself.——Though she had been so indiscreet, not to say indecent in her Conduct, as to elope from her Father, I was in Hopes to have hush'd up that Matter, for the Honour of our Family.——But she has run away from Me too, Madam!——Went off in the most abrupt Manner, not an Hour ago.

Mrs. Oak. You surprise me. Indeed her Father, by his Letter, seems apprehensive of the worst Consequences.—But does your Ladyship imagine any Harm has happened?

L. Free. I can't tell——I hope not——But indeed she is a strange Girl. You know, Madam, young Women can't be too cautious in their Conduct. She is, I

am sorry to declare it, a very dangerous Person to take into a Family.

Mrs. Oak Indeed! [*Alarmed.*

L. Free. If I was to say all I know!

Mrs. Oak. Why sure your Ladyship knows of nothing that has been carried on clandestinely between Her and Mr. Oakly. [*In Disorder.*

L. Free. Mr. Oakly!

Mrs. Oak. Mr. Oakly—no, not Mr. Oakly—that is, not my Husband—I don't mean Him—not him—but his Nephew—
young Mr. Oakly.

L. Free. Jealous of her Husband!——
So! So! Now I know my Game. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Oak. But pray, Madam, give me Leave to ask, was there any Thing very particular in her Conduct, while she was in your Ladyship's House?

L. Free. Why really, considering she was here scarce a Week, her Behaviour was rather mysterious;—Letters and Messages, to and fro', between her and I don't know who——I suppose you know that Mr. Oakly's Nephew has been here, Madam!

Mrs. Oak. I was not sure of it. Has he been to wait on your Ladyship already on this Occasion?

L. Free. To wait on Me!——The Expression is much too polite for the Nature of his visit.——My Lord Trinket, the
Noble-

Nobleman whom you met as you came in, had, you must know, Madam, some Thoughts of my Niece, and as it wou'd have been an advantageous Match, I was glad of it; but I believe, after what He has been Witness to this Morning, he will drop all Thoughts of it.

Mrs. Oak. I am sorry that any Relation of mine shou'd so far forget himself——

L. Free. It's no Matter—his Behaviour indeed, as well as the young Lady's, was pretty extraordinary——And yet after all, I don't believe He is the Object of her Affections.

Mrs. Oak. Ha! [*Much alarmed.*]

L. Free. She has certainly an Attachment somewhere, a strong one; but his Lordship, who was present all the Time, was convinced, as well as Myself, that Mr. Oakly's Nephew was rather a convenient Friend, a kind of Go-between, than the lover.——Bless me, Madam, you change Colour! You seem uneasy: What's the Matter?

Mrs. Oak. Nothing,——Madam,——Nothing——A little shock'd that my Husband shou'd behave so.

L. Free. Your Husband! Madam.

Mrs. Oak. His Nephew, I mean.——His unpardonable Rudeness——But I am not well——I am sorry I have given your

Ladyship so much Trouble——I'll take my Leave.

L. Free. I declare, Madam, you frighten me. Your being so visibly affected, makes me quite uneasy: I hope I have not said any Thing——I really don't believe your Husband is in Fault. Men, to be sure, allow themselves strange Liberties. But I think, nay I am sure, it cannot be so. It is impossible. Don't let what I have said, have any Effect on you!

Mrs. Oak. No, it has not——I have no Idea of such a Thing——Your Ladyship's most obedient——[*Going, Returns.*]——But sure, Madam, you have not heard, or don't know any Thing.

L. Free. Come, come, Mrs. Oakly, I see how it is, and it wou'd not be kind to say all I know. I dare not tell you what I have heard. Only be on your Guard! There can be no Harm in that. Do you be against giving the Girl any Countenance, and see what Effect it has.

Mrs. Oak. I will——I am much obliged——But does it appear to your Ladyship then that Mr. Oakly——

L. Free. No, not at all——Nothing in't, I dare say—I wou'd not create Uneasiness in a Family——But I am a Woman myself, have been married, and can't help feeling for you.—But don't be uneasy, there's nothing in't, I dare say.

Mrs.

Mrs. Oak. I think so.—Your Ladyship's humble Servant!

L. Free. Your Servant, Madam!—Pray don't be alarmed, I must insist on your not making yourself uneasy.

Mrs. Oak. Not at all alarmed—not in the least uneasy,—Your most obedient!

[*Exit.*

L. Free. Ha! ha! ha! There she goes, brimfull of Anger and Jealousy, to vent it all on her Husband. Mercy on the poor Man!

Enter Lord TRINKET.

Bless me! my Lord, I thought you was gone.

L. Trink. Only into the next Room. My Curiosity wou'd not let me stir a step further. I heard it all, and was never more diverted in my Life, 'pon Honour. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Free. How the silly Creature took it! Ha! ha! ha!

L. Trink. Ha! ha! ha!—My dear Lady Freelove, you have a deal of Ingenuity, a deal of Esprit, 'pon Honour.

L. Free. A little Shell thrown into the Enemy's Works, that's all.

Both. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

L. Free. But I must leave you. I have twenty Visits to pay. You'll let me know how you succeed in your secret Expedition.

L. Trink. That you may depend on.

L. Free. Remember then that To-morrow Morning I expect to see you.——At present your Lordship will excuse me.——Who's there? [*Calling to the Servants.*]—Send Epingle into my Dressing-Room. [*Exit.*

Lord TRINKET solus.

L. Trink. So ——If 'O Cutter and his Myrmidons are alert, I think I can't fail of Success, and then *prenez garde*, Mademoiselle Harriot!——This is one of the drollest Circumstances in Nature.——Here is my Lady Freelove, a Woman of Sense, a Woman that knows the World too, assisting me in this Design. I never knew her Ladyship so much out.——How, in the Name of Wonder, can she imagine that a Man of Quality, or any Man else 'egad, wou'd marry a fine Girl, after——Not I, 'pon Honour. No—no—When I have had the Entamure, let who will take the rest of the Loaf. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to Mr. OAKLY'S—*Enter*
HARRIOT following a Servant.

Har. Not at home!——Are you sure that Mrs. Oakly is not at home, Sir?

Serv. She is just gone out, Madam.

Har.

Har. I have something of Consequence
——If you will give me Leave, Sir, I
will wait till she returns.

Serv. You wou'd not see her, if you
did, Madam. She has given positive Or-
ders not to be interrupted with any Com-
pany To-day.

Har. Sure, Sir, if you was to let her
know that I had particular Business——

Serv. I shou'd not dare to trouble her,
indeed, Madam.

Har. How unfortunate this is! What
can I do?——Pray Sir, can I see Mr.
Oakly then?

Serv. Yes, Madam: I'll acquaint my
Master, if you please.

Har. Pray do, Sir.

Serv. Will you favour me with your
Name, Madam?

Har. Be pleased, Sir, to let him know
that a Lady desires to speak with him.

Serv. I shall, Madam. [*Exit* Servant.

HARRIOT *sola.*

I wish I cou'd have seen Mrs. Oakly!
What an unhappy Situation am I reduced
to! What will the World say of Me? And
yet what cou'd I do? To remain at Lady
Freelove's was impossible. Charles, I must
own, has this very Day revived much of
my Tenderness for Him; and yet I dread
the Wildness of his Disposition. I must

now, however solicit Mr. Oakly's Protection, a Circumstance, all Things considered, rather disagreeable to a delicate Mind, and which nothing, but the absolute Necessity of it, cou'd excuse. Good Heavens! What a Multitude of Difficulties and Distresses am I thrown into, by my Father's obstinate Perseverance to force me into a Marriage, which my Soul abhors!

Enter OAKLY.

Oak. [*At Entering.*] Where is this Lady? — [*Seeing her.*] Bless me, Miss Ruffet, is it You?—Was ever any Thing so unlucky? [*Aside.*] Is it possible, Madam, that I see you here?

Har. It is too true, Sir! And the Occasion on which I am now to trouble you, is so much in Need of an Apology, that——

Oak. Pray make none, Madam!——If my Wife shou'd return before I get her out of the House again!—— [*Aside.*

Har. I dare say, Sir, you are not quite a Stranger to the Attachment your Nephew has profess'd to Me.

Oak. I am not Madam! I hope Charles has not been guilty of any Baseness toward you. If he has, I'll never see his Face again.

Har.

Har. I have no Cause to accuse him.
But——

Oak. But what? Madam! Pray be quick!
——The very Person in the World I
would not have seen! [*Aside.*

Har. You seem uneasy, Sir!

Oak. No, nothing at all——Pray,
go on, Madam.

Har. I am at present, Sir, through a
Concurrence of strange Accidents, in a
very unfortunate Situation and do not
know what will become of me without
your Assistance.

Oak. I'll do every Thing in my Power
to serve you. I know of your leaving
your Father, by a Letter we have had
from him. Pray let me know the rest of
your Story

Har. My Story, Sir, is very short.
When I left my Father's I came immedi-
ately to London, and took Refuge with a
Relation, where, instead of meeting with
the Protection I expected, I was alarmed
with the most infamous Designs upon my
Honour. It is not an Hour ago, since
your Nephew rescued me from the At-
tempts of a Villain. I tremble to think,
that I left him actually engaged in a Duel.

Oak. He is very safe. He has just sent
home the Chariot from the St. Alban's
Tavern, where he dines To-day. But
what are your Commands for me, Madam?

Har.

Har. I am heartily glad to hear of his Safety.—The Favour, Sir, I would now request of you is, that you will suffer me to remain for a few Days in your House.

Oak. Madam!

Har. And that in the mean Time you will use your utmost Endeavours to reconcile me to my Father, without his forcing me into a Marriage with Sir Harry Beagle.

Oak. This is the most perplexing Situation!—Why did not Charles take Care to bestow you properly?

Har. It is most probable, Sir, that I should not have consented to such a Measure myself. The World is but too apt to censure, even without a Cause: And if you are so kind as to admit me into your House, I must desire not to consider Mr. Oakly in any other Light than as your Nephew; as in my present Circumstances I have particular Objections to it.

Oak. What an unlucky Circumstance! —Upon my Soul, Madam, I wou'd do any Thing to serve you—but being in my House, creates a Difficulty that—

Har. I hope, Sir, you do not doubt the Truth of what I have told you.

Oak. I religiously believe every Tittle of it, Madam, but I have particular Family Considerations, that—

Har.

Har. Sure, Sir, you cannot suspect me to be base enough to form any Connections in your Family, contrary to your Inclinations, while I am living in your House.

Oak. Such Connections, Madam, would do me and all my Family great Honour. I never dreamt of any Scruples on that Account.—What can I do?—Let me see—let me see—suppose—— [*Pausing.*]

Enter Mrs. OAKLY behind, in a Capuchin, Tippet, &c.

Mrs. Oak. I am sure I heard the Voice of a Woman conversing with my Husband——Ha! [*Seeing Harriot.*] It is so, indeed! Let me contain myself——I'll listen.

Har. I see, Sir, you are not inclin'd to serve me——Good Heaven! What am I reserv'd to?——Why, Why did I leave my Father's House to expose myself to greater Distresses? [*Ready to weep.*]

Oak. I would do any Thing for your Sake: Indeed I wou'd. So pray be comforted, and I'll think of some proper Place to bestow you in.

Mrs. Oak. So! so!

Har. What Place can be so proper as your own House?

Oak. My dear Madam, I——I——

Mrs. Oak. My dear Madam——Mighty well!

Oak.

Oak. Hush!—hark!—what Noise
—No—nothing. But I'll be plain
with you, Madam, We may be inter-
rupted.—The Family Consideration I
hinted at, is nothing else than my Wife.
She is a little unhappy in her Temper,
Madam!—And if you was to be admitted
into the House, I don't know what might
be the Consequence.

Mrs. Oak. Very fine—

Har. My Behaviour, Sir!

Oak. My dear Life, it would be impos-
sible for you to behave in such a Manner,
as not to give her Suspicion.

Har. But if your Nephew, Sir, took
every Thing upon himself—

Oak. Still that would not do, Madam!
—Why this very Morning, when the
Letter came from your Father, though I
positively denied any Knowledge of it,
and Charles owned it, yet it was almost
impossible to pacify her.

Mrs. Oak. The Letter!—How I
have been bubbled!

Har. What shall I do? What will be-
come of me?

Oak. Why, look'ye, my dear Madam,
since my Wife is so strong an Objection,
it is absolutely impossible for me to take
you into the House. Nay if I had not
known she was gone out, just before you
came, I should be uneasy at your being
here

here even now. So we must manage as well as we can. I'll take a private Lodging for you a little Way off, unknown to Charles or my Wife, or any Body; and if Mrs. Oakly should discover it at last, why the whole Matter will light upon Charles, you know.

Mrs. Oak. Upon Charles!

Har. How unhappy is my Situation! [Weeping.] I am ruined for ever.

Oak. Ruin'd! Not at all. Such a Thing as this has happened to many a young Lady before you, and all has been well again.—Keep up your Spirits! I'll contrive, if I possibly can, to visit you every Day.

Mrs. Oak. [Advancing.] Will you so? O Mr. Oakly! Have I discovered you at last? I'll visit you indeed. And you, my dear Madam, I'll——

Har. Madam, I don't understand——

Mrs. Oak. I understand the whole Affair, and have understood it for some Time past.—You shall have a private Lodging, Miss!——It is the fittest Place for you, I believe.—How dare you look me in the Face?

Oak. For Heaven's Sake, my Love, don't be so violent.—You are quite wrong in this Affair—You don't know who you are talking to. That Lady is a Person of Fashion.

Mrs.

Mrs. Oak. Fine Fashion, indeed! To seduce other Women's Husbands!

Har. Dear Madam; how can you imagine——

Oak. I tell you, my dear, this is the young Lady that Charles——

Mrs. Oak. Mighty well! But that won't do, Sir!——Did not I hear you lay the whole Intrigue together? Did not I hear your fine Plot of throwing all the Blame upon Charles?——

Oak. Nay, be cool a Moment——You must know, my Dear, that the Letter which came this Morning, related to this Lady——

Mrs. Oak. I know it.

Oak. And since that, it seems, Charles has been so fortunate as to——

Mrs. Oak. O you deceitful Man!——That Trick is too stale to pass again with me.——It is plain now what you meant by your proposing to take her into the House this Morning——But the Gentlewoman cou'd introduce herself, I see.

Oak. Fie! fie, my Dear, she came on purpose to enquire for You.

Mrs. Oak. For Me!——Better and better!——Did not She watch her Opportunity, and come to You just as I went out? But I am obliged to you for your Visit, Madam. It is sufficiently paid. Pray don't let me detain you.

Oak.

Oak. For Shame! For Shame, Mrs. Oakly! How can you be so absurd? Is this proper Behaviour to a Lady of her Character!

Mrs. Oak. I have heard her Character. Go, my fine run-away Madam! Now you've eloped from your Family, and run away from your Aunt! Go!——You shan't stay here, I promise you.

Oak. Prithee, be quiet. You don't know what you are doing. She shall stay.

Mrs. Oak. She shan't stay a Minute.

Oak. She shall stay a Minute, an Hour, a Day, a Week, a Month, a Year!——'Sdeath, Madam, she shall stay for ever if I chuse it.

Mrs. Oak. How!

Har. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, let me go. I am frighted to Death.

Oak. Don't be afraid, Madam!——She shall stay, I insist upon it.

Russet, within. I tell you, Sir, I will go up. I am sure that the Lady is here, and nothing shall hinder me.

Har. O my Father! My Father!
[Faints away.]

Oak. See! She faints. [Catching her.]——Ring the Bell! Who's there?

Mrs. Oak. What! Take her into your Arms, too!——I have no Patience.

Enter

Enter RUSSET, *and* SERVANTS.

Ruf. Where is this——Ha! Fainting!
[*Running to her.*] O my dear Harriot!
My Child! My Child!

Oak. Your coming so abruptly shocked
her Spirits. But she revives. How do
you, Madam?

Har. [To Russet.] O, Sir!

Ruf. O my dear Girl! How cou'd you
run away from your Father, that loves
you with such Fondness!——But I was
sure I shou'd find you here——

Mrs. Oak. There——There!——Sure he
shou'd find her here! Did not I tell you
so?——Are not you a wicked Man, to
carry on such base underhand Doing, with
a Gentleman's Daughter?

Ruf. Let me tell you, Sir, whatever
you may think of the Matter, I shall not
easily put up with this Behaviour.——
How durst you encourage my Daughter
to an Elopement, and receive her in your
House?

Mrs. Oak. There, mind that!——The
Thing is as plain as the Light.

Oak. I tell you, you misunderstand——

Ruf. Look you, Mr. Oakly, I shall ex-
pect Satisfaction from your Family for so
gross an Affront.—Zouns, Sir, I am not
to be us'd ill by any Man in England.

Har. My dear Sir, I can assure you——

Ruf.

Ruf. Hold your Tongue, Girl! You'll put me in a Passion.

Oak. Sir, this is all a Mistake.

Ruf. A Mistake! Did not I find her in your House?

Oak. Upon my Soul, she has not been in the House above——

Mrs. Oak. Did not I hear you say you wou'd take her a Lodging? A private Lodging!

Oak. Yes, but that——

Ruf. Has not this Affair been carried on a long Time in spite of my Teeth?

Oak. Sir, I never troubled myself——

Mrs. Oak. Never troubled yourself!—Did not you insist on her staying in the House, whether I wou'd or no?

Oak. No.

Ruf. Did not you send to meet her, when she came to Town?

Oak. No.

Mrs. Oak. Did not you deceive me about the Letter this Morning?

Oak. No—no—no——I tell you, No.

Mrs. Oak. Yes—yes—yes——I tell you, Yes.

Ruf. Shan't I believe my own Eyes?

Mrs. Oak. Shan't I believe my own Ears?

Oak. I tell you, you are both deceived.

Ruf. Zounds, Sir, I'll have Satisfaction.

Mrs. Oak. I'll stop these fine Doings, I warrant you.

Oak. 'Sdeath, you will not let me speak—And you are both alike I think.—I wish you were married to one another with all my Heart.

Mrs. Oak. Mighty well! Mighty well!

Ruf. I shall soon find a Time to talk with You.

Oak. Find a Time to talk! You have talked enough now for all your Lives.

Mrs. Oak. Very fine! Come along, Sir! Leave that Lady with her Father. Now she is in the properest Hands. [*Exit.*

Oak. I wish I could leave you in his Hands.—[*Going, Returns*] I shall follow you, Madam!—One Word with you, Sir!——The Height of your Passion, and Mrs. Oakly's strange Misapprehension of this whole Affair, makes it impossible to explain Matters to you at present. I will do it when you please, and how you please. [*Exit.*

Manent RUSSET and HARRIOT.

Ruf. Yes, yes: I'll have Satisfaction.—So, Madam! I have found you at last.—You have made a fine Confusion here.

Har. I have, indeed, been the innocent Cause of a great deal of Confusion.

Ruf.

Ruf. Innocent!——What Business had you to be running hither after——

Har. My dear Sir, you misunderstand the whole Affair. I have not been in this House half an Hour.

Ruf. Zounds, Girl, don't put me in a Passion!——You know I love you——but a Lie puts me in a Passion. But come along——We'll leave this House directly——[CHARLES singing without.] Hey-day! what now?

After a Noise without, Enter CHARLES, drunk.

Char. But my Wine neither Nurses nor Babies can bring,
And a big-bellied Bottle's a mighty good Thing. [Singing.

What's here? a Woman? Harriot! Impossible! My dearest, sweetest Harriot! I have been looking all over the Town for you, and at last——when I was tired——and weary——and disappointed——why then the honest Major and I sat down together to drink your Health in Pint Bumpers [Running up to her.

Ruf. Stand off!——How dare you take any Liberties with my Daughter before me? Zounds, Sir, I'll be the Death of you.

Char. Ha! 'Squire Ruffet too!——You jolly old Cock, how do you?——But
F 2 Har-

Harriot! my dear Girl! [*Taking hold of her.*]—My Life, my Soul, my——

Ruf. Let her go, Sir,—Come away Harriot!——Leave him this Instant, or I'll tear you asunder. [*Pulling her.*

Har. There needs no Violence to tear me from a Man who could disguise himself in such a gross Manner, at a Time when he knew I was in the utmost Distress. [*Disengages herself, and Exit with Russet.*

CHARLES *solus.*

Only hear me, Sir!——Madam!——My dear Harriot——Mr. Russet——Gone!——She's Gone!——and 'egad in very ill Humour, and in very bad Company!——I'll go after her—But hold!——I shall only make it worse——as I did——now I recollect——once before. How the Devil came They here?——Who wou'd have thought of finding Her in my own House?——My Head turns round with Conjectures.—I believe I am drunk—very drunk—so 'egad, I'll e'en go and sleep myself sober, and then enquire the Meaning of all this. For, *I love Sue, and Sue loves me, &c.* [*Exit Singing.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E O A K L Y ' S.

Enter Mrs. OAKLY, and Major OAKLY.

Major. WELL——— well——— But
Sister!———

Mrs. Oak. I will know the Truth of
this Matter. Why can't you tell me the
whole Story?

Maj. I'll tell you nothing.—There's
nothing to tell——You know the Truth
already.——Besides, what have I to do
with it? Suppose there was a Disturbance
Yesterday,—What's that to me? Was I
here? It's no Business of mine.

Mrs. Oak. Then why do you study to
make it so? Am I not well assured that
this Mischief commenced at your House
in the Country? And now you are carry-
ing it on in Town.

Maj. This is always the Case in Fa-
mily-squabbles.—My Brother has put you
out of Humour, and you chuse to vent
your Spleen upon me.

Mrs. Oak. Because I know that you are
the Occasion of his Ill-usage. Mr. Oakly
never behaved in such a Manner before.

Maj. I! Am I the Occasion of it?

Mrs. Oak. Yes, you. I am sure on't.

Maj. I am glad on't with all my Heart.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed!

Maj. Ay, indeed: And you are the more obliged to me.—Come, come, Sister, it's Time you shou'd reflect a little. My Brother is become a public Jest; and by-and-by, if this foolish Affair gets Wind, the whole Family will be the Subject of Town-talk.

Mrs. Oak. And well it may, when you take so much Pains to expose us.—The little Disquiets and Uneasinesses of other Families are kept secret; but here Quarrels are fomented, and afterwards industriously made publick.—And you, Sir, you have done all this—you are my greatest Enemy.

Maj. Your truest Friend, Sister.

Mrs. Oak. But it's no Wonder. You have no Feelings of Humanity, no Sense of Domestick Happiness, no Idea of Tenderness or Attachment to any Woman.

Maj. No Idea of Plague or Disquiet—No, no—And yet I can love a Woman for all that—heartily—As you say, tenderly—But then I always chuse a Woman shou'd shew a little Love for me too.

Mrs. Oak. Cruel Insinuation!—But I defy your Malice—Mr. Oakly can have no Doubt of my Affection for him.

Maj.

Maj. Nor I neither! and yet your Affection, such as it is, has all the evil Properties of Aversion. You absolutely kill him with Kindness. Why, what a Life he leads! He serves for nothing but a mere Whetstone of your Ill-humour.

Mrs. Oak. Pray now, Sir!——

Maj. The Violence of your Temper makes his House uncomfortable to him, poisons his Meals, and breaks his Rest.

Mrs. Oak. I beg, Major Oakly, that——

Maj. This it is to have a Wife that doats upon one!——The least Trifle kindles your Suspicion; you take Fire in an Instant, and set the whole Family in a Blaze.

Mrs. Oak. This is beyond all Patience——No, Sir, 'tis you are the Incendiary. You are the Cause of—I can't bear such—*[Ready to weep.]*——From this Instant, Sir, I forbid you my House. However Mr. Oakly may treat me himself, I'll never be made the Sport of all his insolent Relations. *[Exit.*

Major OAKLY, solus.

Yes, yes, I knew I should be turn'd out of Doors. There she goes——Back again to my Brother directly. Poor Gentleman!——'Slife, if he was but half the Man that I am, I'd engage to keep her going to and fro' all Day, like a Shuttlecock.

Enter CHARLES.

What Charles!

Char. O Major! Have you heard of what happened after I left you Yesterday?

Maj. Heard! Yes, yes, I have heard it plain enough. But poor Charles! Ha! ha! ha! What a Scene of Confusion! I wou'd give the World to have been there.

Char. And I wou'd give the World to have been any where else. Cursed Fortune!

Maj. To come in so opportunely at the Tail of an Adventure!——Was not your Mistress mighty glad to see you? You was very fond of her, I dare say.

Char. I am upon the Rack. Who can tell what Rudeness I might offer her? I can remember nothing——I deserve to lose her——To make myself a Beast!——And at such a Time too!——O Fool! Fool! Fool!

Maj. Prithee, be quiet, Charles!——Never vex yourself about nothing; this will all be made up the first Time you see her.

Char. I shou'd dread to see her——And yet the not knowing where she is, distracts me——Her Father may force her to marry Sir Harry Beagle immediately.

Maj. Not he, I promise you. She'd run plum into your Arms first, in spite of her Father's Teeth.

Char.

Char. But then her Father's Violence, and the Mildness of her Disposition——

Maj. Mildness!—Ridiculous!—Trust to the Spirit of the Sex in her. I warrant you, like all the rest, she'll have Perverseness enough not to do as her Father would have her.

Char. Well—well—But then my Behaviour to her——To expose myself in such a Condition to her again! The very Occasion of our former Quarrel!——

Maj. Quarrel! ha! ha! ha! What signifies a Quarrel with a Mistress? Why, the whole Affair of making Love, as they call it, is nothing but quarrelling and making it up again. They quarrel o'purpose to kiss and be Friends.

Char. Then indeed Things seemed to be taking a fortunate Turn——To renew our Difference at such a Time!——Just when I had some Reason to hope for a Reconciliation!——May Wine be my Poison if ever I am drunk again!

Maj. Ay, ay, so every Man says the next Morning.

Char. Where! where can she be? her Father wou'd hardly have carried her back to Lady Freelove's, and he has no House in Town himself, nor Sir Harry——I don't know what to think——I'll go in Search of her, though I don't know where to direct myself.

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. A Gentleman, Sir, that calls himself Captain 'O Cutter desires to speak with you.

Char. Don't trouble me——I'll see nobody——I am not at home——

Serv. The Gentleman says he has very particular Business, and he must see you.

Char. What's his Name? Who did you say?

Serv. Captain 'O Cutter, Sir!

Char. Captain 'O Cutter! I never heard of him before. Do you know any Thing of him, Major?

Maj. Not I——But you hear he has particular Business. I'll leave the Room.

Char. He can have no Business that need be a Secret to you.——Desire the Captain to walk up.——[*Exit Servant.*]
——What would I give if this unknown Captain was to prove a Messenger from my Harriot!

Enter Captain 'O CUTTER.

'O Cut. Jontlemen, your Sarvant! Is either of your Names Charles Oakly, Esq.

Char. Charles Oakly, Sir, is my Name, if you have any Business with it.

'O Cut. Avaft, avast, my Dear!——I have a little Business with your Name, but as I was to let nobody know it, I
can't

can't mention it, till you clear the Decks, fait.—[*Pointing to the Major.*]

Char. This Gentleman, Sir, is my most intimate Friend, and any Thing that concerns me may be mentioned before him.

'*O Cut.* O, if he's your Friend, my Dear, we may do all above board. It's only about your deciding a Deference with my Lord Trinket. He wants to shew you a little warm Work; and as I was steering this Way, he desired me to fetch you this Letter. [*Giving a Letter.*

Maj. How, Sir, a Challenge!

'*O Cut.* Yes, fait, a Challenge. I am to be his Lordship's Second; and if you are fond of a hot Birth, and will come along with that Gentleman, we'll all go to it together, and make a little Line of Battle a-head of our own, my Dear!

Char. [*Reading.*] Ha! What's this? This may be useful. [*Aside.*

Maj. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you—A rare Fellow this! [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, I'll meet all the good Company. I'll be there in my Waistcoat and Pumps, and take a Morning's Breathing with you. Are you very fond of Fighting? Sir.

'*O Cut.* Indeed and I am. I love it better than salt Beef or Biscuit.

Maj. But pray, Sir, how are you interested in this Difference? Do you know what it is about?

'*O Cut.*

'O *Cut.* O the Devil burn me, not I. What signifies what it's about, you know? So we do but tilt a little.

Maj. What! fight and not know for what?

'O *Cut.* When the Signal's out for engaging, what signifies talking?

Maj. I fancy, Sir, a Duel is a common Breakfast with you. I'll warrant now, you have been engag'd in many such Affairs.

'O *Cut.* Upon my Shoul, and I have; Sea or Land, its all one to little Terence
'O *Cutter*—When I was last in Dublin, I fought one Jontleman for cheating me out of a Toufand Pounds: I fought two of the Mermaid's Crew about Sally Macguire; tree about Politicks; and one about the Play-house in Smock-Alley. But upon my Fait! since I am in England, I have done noting at all, at all.

Char. This is lucky—but my Transport will discover me. [*Aside.*] Will you be so kind, Sir, [*To 'O Cutter.*] as to make my Compliments to his Lordship, and assure him that I shall do myself the Honour of waiting on him.

'O *Cut.* Indeed, and I will.—Arrah, my Dear, won't you come too?

[*To Maj.* Oakly.

Maj. Depend upon't. We'll go thro' the whole Exercife: Carte, Tierce, and Segoon, Captain!

Char.

Char. Now to get my Intelligence.
[*Aside.*] I think the Time, Sir, his Lordship appoints, in his Letter, is—a——

'O *Cut.* You say right——Six o'Clock.

Char. And the place—a—a—is——I think, behind Mantague House.

'O *Cut.* No, my Dear!——Avast, by the Ring in Hyde-Park, fait——I settled it there myself for fare of Interruption.

Char. True, as you say, the Ring in Hyde-Park—I had forgot—Very well, I'll not fail you, Sir.

'O *Cut.* Devil burn me, not I. Upon my Shoul little Terence 'O Cutter will see fair Play, or he'll know the Reason——And so, my Dear, your Sarvant. [*Exit.*

Maj. Ha! ha! ha! What a Fellow!—He loves Fighting, like a Game Cock.

Char. O Uncle! the luckiest Thing in the World!

Maj. What, to have the Chance of being run through the Body! I desire no such good Fortune.

Char. Wish me Joy, wish me Joy! I have found her, my dear Girl, my Harriot!——She is at an Inn in Holborn, Major!

Maj. Ay! how do you know?

Char. Why this dear, delightful, charming, blundering Captain, has delivered me a wrong Letter.

Maj. A wrong Letter!

Char.

Char. Yes, a Letter from Lord Trinket to Lady Freelove.

Maj. The Devil! What are the Contents?

Char. The News I told you just now, that she's at an Inn in Holborn:—And besides, an Excuse from my Lord, for not waiting on her Ladyship this Morning, according to his Promise, as he shall be entirely taken up with his Design upon Harriot.

Maj. So!—so!—A Plot between the Lord and the Lady!

Char. What his Plot is I don't know, but I shall beg Leave to be made a Party in it: So perhaps his Lordship and I may meet, and *decide* our *Deference*, as the Captain calls it, before To-morrow Morning.—There! read, read, Man!

[Giving the Letter.

Maj. [Reading.] Um—um—um—
Very fine! And what do you propose doing?

Char. To go thither immediately.

Maj. Then you shall take me with you. Who knows what his Lordship's Designs may be? I begin to suspect foul Play.

Char. No, no; pray mind your own Business. If I find there is any Need of your Assistance, I'll send for you.

Maj. You'll manage this Affair like a Boy now—Go on rashly with Noise and Bustle,

Bustle, and Fury, and get yourself into another Scrape.

Char. No—no—Let me alone; I'll go *incog.*—Leave my Chariot at some Distance—Proceed prudently, and take Care of myself, I warrant you.—I did not imagine that I shou'd ever rejoice at receiving a Challenge, but this is the most fortunate Accident that cou'd possibly have happened. B'ye, b'ye Uncle! [*Exit hastily.*]

Major OAKLY, solus.

I don't half approve this—and yet I can hardly suspect his Lordship of any very deep Designs neither.—Charles may easily outwit him. Harkye, William!

[*As seeing a Servant at some distance.*]

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir!

Maj. Where's my Brother?

Serv. In his Study——alone, Sir!

Maj. And how is he, William?

Serv. Pretty well, I believe, Sir?

Maj. Ay, ay, but is he in good Humour, or——

Serv. I never meddle in Family Affairs, not I, Sir! [*Exit.*]

Major OAKLY, solus.

Well said, William!——No bad Hint for me, perhaps!—What a strange World
we

we live in!—No two People in it love one another better than my Brother and Sister, and yet the bitterest Enemies cou'd not torment each other more heartily——Ah, if He had but half my Spirit!——And yet he don't want it neither——But I know his Temper—He pieces out the Matter with Maxims, and Scraps of Philosophy, and Odds and Ends of Sentences—I must live in Peace——Patience is the best Remedy——Any Thing for a quiet Life! and so on——However, Yesterday, to give him his Due, he behaved like a Man. Keep it up, Brother! Keep it up! Or it's all over with you. Since Mischief is on Foot, I'll e'en set it forwards on all Sides. I'll in to him directly, read him one of my Morning Lectures, and persuade him, if I possibly can, to go out with Me immediately; or work him up to some open Act of Rebellion against the sovereign Authority of his Lady-Wife. Zounds, Brother, rant, and roar, and rave, and turn the House out of the Window. If I was a Husband!——'Sdeath, what a Pity it is, that Nobody knows how to manage a Wife, but a Batchelor. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the BULL and*
GATE INN.

HARRIOT, *sola.*

What will become of Me? My Father is enraged, and deaf to all Remonstrances, and here I am to remain by his positive Orders, to receive this boody Baronet's odious Addresses.——Among all my Distresses, I must confess that Charles his Behaviour Yesterday is not the least. So wild! So given up to Excesses! And yet——I am ashamed to own it even to Myself——I love him: And Death itself shall not prevail on me to give my Hand to Sir Harry.——But here he comes! What shall I do with him?

Enter Sir HARRY BEAGLE.

Sir H. Your Servant, Miss!——What! Not speak!——Bashful mayhap—Why then I will.—Look'e, Miss, I am a Man of few Words.—What signifies hagling? It looks just like a Dealer.—What d'ye think of me for a Husband?——I am a tight young Fellow—sound Wind and Limb—free from all natural Blemishes—Rum all over, damme.

Har. Sir, I don't understand you. Speak English, and I'll give you an Answer.

Sir H. English! Why so I do—and good plain English too.—What d'ye think

of Me for a Husband?—That's English—e'nt it?—I know none of your French Lingo, none of your Parlyvoos, not I. —What d'ye think of me for a Husband? The 'Squire says you shall marry me.

Har. What shall I say to him? I had best be civil. [*Aside.*]—I think, Sir, you deserve a much better Wife, and beg—

Sir H. Better! No, no,—though you're so knowing, I'm not to be taken in so.—You're a fine Thing—Your Points are all good.

Har. Sir Harry! Sincerity is above all Ceremony. Excuse me, if I declare I never will be your Wife. And if you have a real Regard for me, and my Happiness, you will give up all Pretension to me. Shall I beseech you, Sir, to persuade my Father not to urge a Marriage, to which I am determined never to consent?

Sir H. Hey! how! what! be off!—Why it's a Match, Miss!—It's done and done on both Sides.

Har. For Heaven's sake, Sir, withdraw your Claim to me.—I never can be prevailed on—indeed I can't—

Sir H. What make a Match, and then draw Stakes! That's doing of nothing —Play or pay all the World over.

Har.

Har. Let me prevail on you, Sir!——
I am determin'd not to marry you at all
Events.

Sir H. But your Father's determin'd
you shall, Miss!——So the Odds are on
my Side.——I am not quite sure of my
Horse, but I have the Rider hollow.

Har. Your Horse! Sir—d'ye take me
for—but I forgive you.—I beseech you
come into my Proposal. It will be better
for us both in the End.

Sir H. I can't be off.

Har. Let me intreat you.

Sir H. I tell you, it's impossible.

Har. Pray, pray do, Sir.

Sir H. I can't, damme.

Har. I beseech you.

Sir Har.

[Whistles.

Har. How! laugh'd at?

Sir H. Will you Marry me? Dear Ally,
Ally Croker! [Singing.

Har. Marry you? I had rather be mar-
ried to a Slave, a Wretch——You!

[Walks about.

Sir H. A fine going Thing.——
She has a deal of Foot——treads well
upon her Pasterns——goes above her
Ground——

Har. Peace! Wretch!—Do you talk to
me as if I were your Horse?

Sir H. Horse! Why not speak of my
Horse? If your fine Ladies had half as

many good Qualities, they wou'd be much better Bargains.

Har. And if their Wretches of Husbands liked them half so well as they do their Horses, they wou'd lead better Lives.

Sir H. May-hap so.—But what signifies talking to You?—The 'Squire shall know your Tricks—He'll doctor you.—I'll go and talk to him.

Har. Go any where, so that you go from me.

Sir H. He'll break you in—If you won't go in a Snaffle, you must be put in a Curb—He'll break you, damme. [*Exit.*

HARRIOT *sola.*

A Wretch!—But I was to blame to suffer his brutal Behaviour to ruffle my Temper.—I cou'd expect nothing else from him, and he is below my Anger.—How much Trouble has this odious Fellow caused both to me and my poor Father!—I never disobeyed him before, and my Denial now makes him quite unhappy. In any Thing else I would be all Submission; and even now, while I dread his Rage, my Heart bleeds for his Uneasiness—I wish I cou'd resolve to obey him!

Enter

Enter RUSSET.

Ruf. Are not you a sad Girl? a perverse, stubborn, obstinate——

Har. My dear Sir——

Ruf. Look ye, Harriot, don't speak, ——You'll put me in a Passion——Will you have him?——Answer me that——Why don't the Girl speak?—Will you have him?

Har. Dearest Sir, there is nothing in the World else——

Ruf. Why there!—there!——Look ye there!——Zouns, you shall have him——Hussy, you shall have him——You shall marry him To-night——Did not you promise to receive him civilly?——How came you to affront him?

Har. Sir, I did receive him very civilly; but his Behaviour was so insolent and insupportable——

Ruf. Insolent!—Zouns, I'll blow his Brains out.—Insolent to my dear Harriot! —A Rogue! a Villain! a Scoundrel! I'll ——but it's a Lie—I know it's a Lie—He durst not behave insolent—Will you have him? Answer me that. Will you have him?——Zouns you shall have him.

Har. If you have any Love for me, Sir——

Ruf. Love for you?—You know I love you—You know your poor fond Father doats on you to Madness.——I wou'd not

force you, if I did not love you—Don't I want you to be happy?——But I know what you would have. You want young Oakly, a rakehell, drunken——

Har. Release me from Sir Harry, and if I ever marry against your Consent, renounce me for ever.

Ruf. I *will* renounce you, unless you'll have Sir Harry.

Har. Consider, my dear Sir, you'll make me miserable. I would die to please you, but cannot prostitute my Hand to a Man my Heart abhors.——Absolve me from this hard Command, and in every Thing else it will be Happiness to obey you.

Ruf. You'll break my Heart, Harriot, you'll break my Heart——Make you miserable!—Don't I want to make you happy? Is not he the richest Man in the County?—That will make you happy.——Don't all the pale-faced Girls in the Country long to get him?——And yet you are so perverse, and wayward, and stubborn——Zouns you shall have him.

Har. For Heaven's sake, Sir——

Ruf. Hold your Tongue, Harriot!——I'll hear none of your Nonsense.——You shall have him, I tell you, you shall have him——He shall marry you this very Night——I'll go for a Licence and a Parson immediately. Zouns! Why do I stand

stand arguing with you? An't I your Father? Have not I a Right to dispose of you? You shall have him.

Har. Sir!—

Ruf. I won't hear a Word. You shall have him. [Exit.

HARRIOT, *sola.*

Sir!—Hear me!—but one Word!—He will not hear me, and is gone to prepare for this odious Marriage. I will die before I consent to it. You *shall* have him! O that Fathers would enforce their Commands by better Arguments!—And yet I pity him, while he afflicts me.—He upbraided me with Charles his Wildness and Intemperance—Alas! but too justly—I see that he is wedded to his Excesses; and I ought to conquer an Affection for him, which will only serve to make me unhappy.

Enter CHARLES in a Frock, &c.

Ha! What do I see? [Screaming.

Char. Peace! my Love!—My dear Life, make no Noise!—I have been hovering about the House this Hour—I just now saw your Father and Sir Harry go out, and have seized this precious Opportunity to throw myself at your Feet.

Har. You have given yourself, Sir, a great deal of needless Trouble. I did not

expect or hope for the Favour of such a Visit.

Char. O my dear Harriot, your Words and Looks cut me to the Soul. You can't imagine what I suffer, and have suffer'd since last Night——And yet I have in some fond Moments flatter'd myself, that the Service I was so fortunate as to do you at Lady Freelove's, wou'd plead a little in my Favour.

Har. You may remember, Sir, that you took a very early Opportunity of cancelling that Obligation.

Char. I do remember it with Shame and Despair. But may I perish, if my Joy at having delivered you from a Villain, was not the Cause! My Transport more than half intoxicated me, and Wine made an easy Conquest over me.——I tremble to think lest I shou'd have behav'd in such Manner, as you cannot pardon.

Har. Whether I pardon you or no, Sir, is a Matter of mighty little Consequence.

Char. O my Harriot! Upbraid me, reproach me, do any Thing but look and talk with that Air of Coldness and Indifference. Must I lose you for one Offence? when my Soul doats on you, when I love you to Distraction!

Har. Did it appear like Love, your Conduct Yesterday? To lose yourself in
Riot,

Riot, when I was exposed to the greatest Distresses!

Char. I feel, I feel my Shame, and own it.

Har. You confess that you don't know in what Manner you behaved. Ought not I to tremble at the very Thoughts of a Man, devoted to a Vice which renders him no longer a Judge or Master of his own Conduct?

Char. Abandon me, if ever I am guilty of it again. O Harriot! I am distracted with ten thousand Fears and Apprehensions of losing you for ever——The Chambermaid, whom I brib'd to admit me to you, told me that when the two Gentlemen went out, they talk'd of a Licence.—What am I to think? Is it possible that you can resign yourself to Sir Harry Beagle?——[*Harriot pauses.*]——Can you then consent to give your Hand to another? No let me once more deliver you——Let us seize this lucky Moment!——My Chariot stands at the Corner of the next Street—Let me gently force you, while their Absence allows it, and convey you from the brutal Violence of a constrained Marriage.

Har. No!——I will wait the Event, be it what it may——O Charles, I am too much inclin'd——They shan't force me to marry Sir Harry——But your Behaviour

haviour——Not half an Hour ago, my Father reproach'd me with the Looseness of your Character. [Weeping.

Char. I see my Folly, and am ashamed of it. You have reclaim'd me, Harriot! —On my Soul, you have.——If all Women were as attentive as yourself to the Morals of their Lovers, a Libertine wou'd be an uncommon Character.——

But let me persuade you to leave this Place, while you may——Major Oakly will receive us at his House with Pleasure ——I am shock'd at the Thoughts of what your Stay here may reserve you to.

Har. No, I am determin'd to remain. ——To leave my Father again, to go off openly with a Man, of whose libertine Character he has himself so lately been a Witness, wou'd justify his Anger, and impeach my Reputation.

Char. Fool! Fool! How unhappy have I made myself!——Consider, my Harriot, the Peculiarity of your Situation; besides I have Reason to fear other Designs against you.

Har. From other Designs I can be nowhere so secure as with my Father.

Char. Time flies——Let me persuade you!

Har. I am resolved to stay here.

Char. You distract me. For Heaven's sake.

Har.

Har. I will not think of it.

Char. Consider, my Angel!—

Har. I do consider, that your Conduct has made it absolutely improper for me to trust myself to your Care.

Char. My Conduct!—Vexation! 'Sdeath! —But then, my dear Harriot, the Danger you are in, the Necessity—

Enter CHAMBERMAID.

Chamb. O Law, Ma'am!—Such a terrible Accident!—As sure as I am here, there's a Press-Gang has seiz'd the two Gemmin, and is carrying them away, thof so be one an 'em fays as how he's a Knight and Baronight, and that t'other's a 'Squire and a Housekeeper.

Har. Seiz'd by a Press-Gang! Impossible.

Char. O, now the Design comes out. —But I'll balk his Lordship.

Chamb. Lack-a-dasy, Ma'am, what can we do? There is Master, and John Ostler, and Bootcatcher, all gone a'ter 'em.—There is such an Uproar as never was—

[*Exit.*

Har. If I thought this was your Contrivance, Sir, I wou'd never speak to you again.

Char. I wou'd sooner die than be guilty of it. This is Lord Trinket's Doing, I am sure. I knew he had some Scheme in Agita-

Agitation, by a Letter I intercepted this Morning.

Har. [Screams.

Char. Ha! Here he comes! Nay then, it's plain enough. Don't be frightened, my Love! I'll protect you.——But now I must desire you to follow my Directions.

Enter Lord TRINKET.

L. Trink. Now Madam!——Pox on't, He here again!——Nay then! [*Drawing*] Come, Sir! You're unarmed, I see. Give up the Lady: Give Her up, I say, or I am through you in a Twinkling.

[*Going to make a Pass at Charles.*

Char. Keep your Distance, my Lord! I have Arms. [*Producing a Pistol.*] If you come a Foot nearer, you have a Brace of Balls thro' your Lordship's Head.

L. Trink. How? What's this? Pistols!

Char. At your Lordship's Service.——Sword and Pistol, my Lord!——Those, you know, are our Weapons.——If this misses, I have the Fellow to't in my Pocket.——Don't be frightened, Madam! His Lordship has removed your Friends and Relations, but he will take great Care of You. Shall I leave you with him?

Har. Cruel Charles! You know I *must* go with you now.

Char. A little away from the Door, if your Lordship pleases. [*Waving his Hand.*

L. Trink.

L. Trink. Sir!—'Sdeath!—Madam!—

Char. A little more round, my Lord!

[*Waving.*

L. Trink. But Sir! Mr. Oakly!

Char. I have no Leisure to talk with your Lordship now.——A little more that Way, if you please. [*Waving.*]—You know where I live——If you have any Commands for Miss Ruffet, you will hear of Her too at my House.——Nay, keep back, my Lord! [*Presenting.*]—Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant.

[*Exit with Harriot.*

Manet Lord TRINKET.

[*Looking after them, and pausing for a short Time.*]

——I cut a mighty ridiculous Figure here 'pon Honour.——So I have been concerting this deep Scheme, merely to serve Him.——Oh, the Devil take such Intrigues, and all silly Country Girls, that can give up a Man of Quality and Figure, for a Fellow that Nobody knows! [*Exit.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE *Lady* FREELOVE'S.

Enter Lord TRINKET, Lady FREELOVE with a Letter, and Captain 'O CUTTER.

Lord Trink. WAS ever any Thing so unfortunate? Pox on't Captain, how cou'd you make such a strange Blunder?

'O Cut. I never tought of a Blunder. I was to daliver two Letters, and if I gave them one a Piece I tought it was all one, fait.

L. Free. And so, my Lord, the ingenious Captain gave the Letter intended for me to young Oakly, and here he has brought me a Challenge.

L. Trink. Ridiculous! Never was any Thing so *mal-à-propos*——Did not you read the Direction? Captain!

'O Cut. Who me'——Devil burn me, not I. I never rade at all.

L. Trink. 'Sdeath! How provoking! When I had secur'd the Servants, and got all the People out of the Way——When every Thing was *en train*.

L. Free.

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L. Free. Nay, never despair, my Lord! Things have happened unluckily, to be sure; and yet I think I could hit upon a Method to set every Thing to right again.

L. Trink. How? how? My dear Lady Freelove, how?

L. Free. Suppose then your Lordship was to go and deliver these Country Gentlemen from their Confinement? make them believe that it was a Plot of young Oakly's to carry off my Niece; and so make a Merit of your own Services with the Father.

L. Trink. Admirable! I'll about it immediately.

'O Cut. Has your Lordship any Occasion for my Sarvice in this Expedition?

L. Trink. O no:——Only release me these People, and then keep out of the Way, dear Captain!

'O Cut. With all my Heart, fait! But you are all wrong! this will not signify a Brass Farding. If you wou'd let me alone, I wou'd give him a Salt Eel, I warrant you——But upon my Credit——There's noting to be done without a little Tilting.
[Exit.

L. Free. Ha! ha! Poor Captain!

L. Trink. But where shall I carry them, when I have deliver'd them?

L. Free. To Mr. Oakly's, by all Means. You may be sure my Niece is there.

L. Trink.

L. Trink. To Mr. Oakly's!——Why, does your Ladyship consider? 'Tis going directly in the Fire of the Enemy——Throwing the *Dementi* full in their Teeth.

L. Free. So much the better. Face your Enemies: Nay, you shall outface them too. Why where's the Difference between Truths and Untruths, if you do but stick close to the Point? Falshood wou'd scarce ever be detected, if we had Confidence enough to support it.

L. Trink. Nay, I don't want Bronze upon Occasion——But to go amongst a whole Troop of People, sure to contradict every Word I say, is so dangerous——

L. Free. To leave Russet alone amongst them, wou'd be ten Times more dangerous. You may be sure that Oakly's will be the first Place he will go to after his Daughter, where, if you don't accompany him, he will be open to all their Suggestions. They'll be all in one Story, and Nobody there to contradict them: And then their dull Truth wou'd triumph, which must not be. No——no——positively, my Lord, you must battle it out.

L. Trink.——Well! I'll go, 'pon Honour——and if I cou'd depend on your Ladyship as a *Corps de reserve*.——

L. Free. I'll certainly meet you there.——Tush! my Lord, there's nothing in it. It's hard, indeed if two Persons of Condi-
tion

tion can't bear themselves out against such trumpery Folks as the Family of the Oakly's.

L. Trink. Odious low People!——But I lose Time——I must after the Captain——and so, till we meet at Mr. Oakly's, I kiss your Ladyship's Hands.——You won't fail me.

L. Free. You may depend on me.
[*Exit L. Trink.*]

Lady FREELOVE, sola.

So here is fine Work! This artful little Hussy has been too much for us all: Well? what's to be done? Why, when a Woman of Fashion gets into a Scrape, nothing but a Fashionable Assurance can get her out of it again. I'll e'en go boldly to Mr. Oakly's, as I have promised, and if it appears practicable, I will forward Lord Trinket's Match; but if I find that Matters have taken another Turn, his Lordship must excuse me. In that Case I'll fairly drop him, seem a perfect Stranger to all his Intentions, and give my Visit an Air of Congratulation to my Niece and any other Husband, which Fortune, her wise Father, or her ridiculous Self has provided for her. [Exit.]

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SCENE *changes to Mrs. OAKLY'S Dressing-Room.*

Mrs. OAKLY, sola.

This is worse and worse!——He never held me so much in Contempt before——To go out without so much as speaking to me, or taking the least Notice!——I am obliged to the Major for this——How cou'd he take him out? and how cou'd Mr. Oakly go with him?——

Enter TOILET.

Mrs. Oak. Well, Toilet!

Toil. My Master is not come back yet, Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Where is he gone?

Toil. I don't know, I can assure your Ladyship.

Mrs. Oak. Why don't you know?—You know nothing—But I warrant you know well enough, if you wou'd tell—You shall never persuade me but you knew of Mr. Oakly's going out To-day.

Toil. I wish I may die, Ma'am, upon my Honour, and I protest to your Ladyship, I knew nothing in the World of the Matter, no more than the Child unborn. There is Mr. Paris, my Master's Gentleman, knows——

Mrs. Oak. What does he know?

Toil.

Toil. That I knew nothing at all of the Matter.

Mrs. Oak. Where is Paris? What is he doing?

Toil. He is in my Master's Room, Ma'am.

Mrs. Oak. Bid him come here.

Toil. Yes, Ma'am. [Exit.

Mrs. Oak. He is certainly gone after this young Flirt.—His Confidence and the Major's Insolence provoke me beyond Expression.

Re-enter TOILET with PARIS.

Where's your Master?

Par. *Il est sortie.*

Mrs. Oak. Where is he gone?

Par. Ah, Madame! *Je n'en sçai rien.*
I know nothing of it.

Mrs. Oak. Nobody knows any Thing. Why did not you tell me he was going out?

Par. I dress him—*Je ne m'en soucie pas du plus*—He go where he will—I have no Business with it.

Mrs. Oak. Yes you shou'd have told me——That was your Business—And if you don't mind your Business better, you shan't stay here, I can tell you, Sir.

Par. *Voilà! quelque chose d'extraordinaire!*

Mrs. Oak. Don't stand jabbering and shrugging your Shoulders, but go, and
H 2 enquire

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enquire——go——and bring me Word where he is gone.

Par. I don't know what I am do——
I'll ask John.——

Mrs. Oak. Bid John come to me.

Par. *De tout mon cœur.—Jean! ici!*

Jean——Speak mi Ladi! [Exit.

Mrs. Oak. Impudent Fellow! His insolent gravity and indifference is insupportable——Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Where's John? Why don't he come? Why do you stand with your Hands before you? Why don't you fetch him?

Toil. Yes, Ma'am——I'll go this Minute——O! here! John! My Lady wants you.

Enter JOHN.

Mrs. Oak. Where's your Master?

John. Gone out, Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Why did not you go with him?

John. Because he went out in the Major's Chariot, Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Where did they go to?

John. To the Major's, I suppose, Madam.

Mrs. Oak. Suppose! Don't you know?

John. I believe so, but can't tell for certain, indeed, Madam!

Mrs.

Mrs. Oak. Believe! and suppose!——
and don't know! and can't tell——You
are all Fools——Go about your Business!
[*John going*]——Come here! [*Returns.*]
Go to the Major's——No—it does not
signify——go along——[*John going*]—
Yes, hark'ye! [*Returns.*] Go to the Ma-
jor's, and see if your Master is there.

John. Give your Compliments? Madam!

Mrs. Oak. My Compliments! Block-
head! Get along! [*John going.*] Come
hither! [*Returns.*]—Can't you go to the
Major's, and bring me Word if Mr.
Oakly is there, without taking any fur-
ther Notice?

John. Yes, Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Well! Why don't you go
then? And make haste back——And
d'ye hear? John! [*John going, returns.*]

John. Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Nothing at all——go along
——[*John goes.*]——How uneasy Mr.
Oakly makes me!——Hark'ye! John!
[*John returns.*]

John. Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Send the Porter here.

John. Yes, Madam! [*Exit John.*]

Toil. So! She's in a rare Humour! I
shall have a fine Time on't——[*Aside.*]
——Will your Ladyship chuse to dress?

Mrs. Oak. Prithee, Creature, don't teaze
me with your fiddle-faddle Stuff——I

have a thousand Things to think of—
Where is the Porter? Why has not that
Booby sent him? What is the Mean-
ing——

—*Re-enter JOHN.*——

John. Madam, my Master is this Mo-
ment returned with Major Oakly, and my
young Master, and the Lady that was
here Yesterday.

Mrs. Oak. Very well. [*Exit John.*]—
Returned!——Yes, truly, he *is* returned
——and in a very extraordinary Manner
——This is setting me at open Defiance
——But I'll go down, and shew them I
have too much Spirit to endure such
Usage.—[*Going.*]——Or stay——I'll not
go amongst his Company——I'll go out
——Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Order the Coach, I'll go out.
[*Toilet going.*]——Toilet! stay!——I'll
e'en go down to them——No——
Toilet!

Toil. Ma'am!

Mrs. Oak. Order me a boil'd Chicken
——I'll not go down to Dinner——I'll
dine in my own Room, and sup there
——I'll not see his Face these three
Days. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another Room.*

Enter OAKLY, Major OAKLY, CHARLES, and HARRIOT.

Char. My dear Harriot, do not make yourself so uneasy.

Har. Alas! I have too much Cause for my Uneasiness. Who knows what that vile Lord has done with my Father?

Oak. Be comforted, Madam! We shall soon hear of Mr. Ruffet, and all will be well I dare say.

Har. You are too good to me, Sir! ———But I can assure you, I am not a little concerned on your Account as well as my own; and if I did not flatter myself with the Hopes of explaining every Thing to Mrs. Oakly's Satisfaction, I should never forgive myself for having disturbed the Peace of such a worthy Family.

Maj. Don't mind that, Madam! They'll be very good Friends again——This is nothing among married People——'Sdeath! Here she is!——No——It's only Mrs. Toilet.

Enter TOILET.

Oak. Well, Toilet, What now? [*Toil. whispers.*] Not well?—Can't come down to Dinner?—Wants to see me above? ———Hark'ye, Brother, what shall I do?

Maj. If you go, you're undone.

Har. Go, Sir!——go to Mrs. Oakly
——Indeed you had better——

Maj. 'Sdeath, Brother! don't budge a
Foot—This is all Fractiousness and ill-
humour——

Oak. No—I'll not go—Tell her I have
Company, and we shall be glad to see her
here. [Exit Toilet.

Maj. That's right.

Oak. Suppose I go and watch how she
proceeds?

Maj. What d'ye mean?——You wou'd
not go to her!—Are you mad?

Oak. By no Means go to her—I only
want to know how she takes it.——I'll
lie *perdue* in my Study, and observe her
Motions.

Maj. I don't like this pitiful Ambus-
cade-Work—This Bush-fighting—Why
can't you stay here?——Ay! ay!——I
know how it will be——She'll come
bounce in upon you with a Torrent of
Anger and Passion, or, if necessary, a
whole Flood of Tears, and carry all be-
fore her at once.

Oak. You shall find that you're mis-
taken, Major!——Don't imagine that
because I wish not to be void of Huma-
nity, that I am destitute of Resolution.
Now I am convinc'd I'm in the Right,
I'll support that Right with ten Times
your Steadiness.

Maj.

Maj. You talk this well, Brother!

Oak. I'll do *it* well, Brother!

Maj. If you don't, you're undone.

Oak. Never fear! never fear! [*Exit.*

Maj. Well, Charles!

Char. I can't bear to see my Harriot so uneasy. I'll go immediately in quest of Mr. Russet. Perhaps I may learn at the Inn where his Lordship's Ruffians have carried him.

Rus. [*without.*] Here? Yes, yes, I know she's here well enough. Come along, Sir Harry, come along.

Har. He's here!——My Father! I know his Voice. Where is Mr. Oakly? O now, good Sir, [*To Major.*] Do but pacify him, and you'll be a Friend indeed.

Enter RUSSET, Lord TRINKET, and
Sir HARRY BEAGLE.

L. Trink. There! Sir—I told you it was so.

Rus. Ay, ay, it is too plain.——O you provoking Slut!—Elopement after Elopement! And at last to have your Father carried off by Violence! To endanger my Life! Zounds! I am so angry, I dare not trust myself within reach of you.

Char. I can assure you, Sir, that your Daughter is entirely——

Rus. You assure me? You are the Fellow that has perverted her Mind——

That

That has set my own Child against me——

Char. If you will but hear me, Sir——

Ruf. I won't hear a Word you say——
I'll have my Daughter——I won't hear a Word.

Maj. Nay, Mr. Ruffet, hear Reason. If you will but have Patience——

Ruf. I'll have no Patience—I'll have my Daughter, and she shall marry Sir Harry To-night.

L. Trink. That is dealing rather too much *en cavalier* with me, Mr. Ruffet, 'pon Honour. You take no Notice of my Pretensions, though my Rank and Family——

Ruf. What care I for Rank and Family! I don't want to make my Daughter a rantipole Woman of Quality. I'll give her to whom I please. Take her away, Sir Harry! She shall marry you To-night.

Har. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, hear me but a Moment.

Ruf. Hold your Tongue, Girl! Take her away, Sir Harry, take her away.

Char. It must not be.

Maj. Only three Words, Mr. Ruffet.——

Ruf. Why don't the Booby take her?

Sir Har. Hold hard! hold hard! You are all on a wrong Scent: Hold hard! I say, hold hard!—Hark ye, Squire Ruffet.

Ruf.

Ruf. Well! what now?

Sir Har. It was proposed you know, to match me with Miss Harriot——But she can't take kindly to me.—When one has made a bad Bet, it is best to hedge off, you know——and so I have e'en swopped her with Lord Trinket here for his brown Horse Nabob, that he bought of Lord Whistle-Jacket, for Fifteen Hundred Guineas.

Ruf. Swopped her? Swopped my Daughter for a Horse? Zounds, Sir, what d'ye mean?

Sir Har. Mean? Why I mean to be off, to be sure——It won't do——I tell you it won't do——First of all I knocked up myself and my Horses, when they took for London——and now I have been stewed aboard a Tender——I have wasted three Stone at least——If I cou'd have rid my Match, it would not have grieved me——And so as I said before, I have swopped her for Nabob.

Ruf. The Devil take Nabob, and yourself, and Lord Trinket, and——

L. Trink. Pardon! *je vous demande Pardon Monsieur Russet!* 'pon Honour.

Ruf. Death and the Devil! I shall go distracted. My Daughter plotting against me——the——

Maj. Come, come, Mr. Russet, I am your Man after all. Give me but a Moment's

ment's Hearing, and I'll engage to make Peace between you and your Daughter, and throw the Blame where it ought to fall most deservedly.

Sir Har. Ay, ay, that's right. Put the Saddle on the right Horse, my Buck!

Ruf. Well, Sir!——What d'ye say?
——Speak——I don't know what to do——

Maj. I'll speak the Truth, let who will be offended by it.—I have Proof presumptive and positive for you, Mr. Ruffet. From his Lordship's Behaviour at Lady Freelove's, when my Nephew rescued her, we may fairly conclude that he wou'd stick at no Measures to carry his Point.——There's Proof presumptive.——But, Sir, we can give you Proof positive too——Proof under his Lordship's own Hand, that he, likewise, was the Contriver of the gross Affront that has just been offered you.

Ruf. Hey! How?

L. Trink. Every Syllable Romance, 'pon Honour.

Maj. Gospel, every Word on't.

Char. This Letter will convince you, Sir!——In Consequence of what happened at Lady Freelove's, his Lordship thought fit to send me a Challenge: But the Messenger blundered, and gave me this Letter instead of it [*Giving the Letter*]
I have

I have the Case which inclosed it in my Pocket.

L. Trink. Forgery, from Beginning to End, 'pon Honour.

Maj. Truth upon *my* Honour.——But read, read, Mr. Ruffet, read and be convinced.

Ruf. Let me see——let mee see——
[*Reading*]——Um——um——um——um——so!
so!——um——um——Damnation!——With
me Success——obedient Slave——Trin-
ket.——Fire and Fury! How dare you
do this?

L. Trink. When you are cool, Mr. Ruffet, I will explain this Matter to you.

Ruf. Cool? 'Sdeath and Hell!——I'll never be cool again——I'll be revenged.
——So my Harriot, my dear Girl is innocent at last——Say so, Harriot, tell me you are innocent. [*Embracing her.*

Har. I am, indeed Sir! and happy beyond Expression, at your being convinced of it.

Ruf. I am glad on't—I am glad on't—I believe you, Harriot!——You was always a good Girl.

Maj. So she is, an excellent Girl!——Worth a Regiment of such Lords and Baronets——Come, Sir, finish every Thing handsomely at once.——Come,——Charles will have a handsome Fortune.

Ruf. Marry!——She durst not do it.
Maj.

Maj. Consider, Sir, they have long been fond of each other,——old Acquaintance——faithful Lovers——Turtles——and may be very happy.

Ruf. Well, well——since Things are so——I love my Girl.——Hark'ye, young Oakly, if you don't make her a good Husband, you'll break my Heart, you Rogue.

Char. Do not doubt it, Sir! my Harriot has reformed me altogether.

Ruf. Has she?——Why then——there——Heaven bless you both——there——now there's an End on't.

Sir Har. So, my Lord, you and I are both distanced——A hollow thing, damme.

L. Trink. N'importe.

Sir Har. [*Aside.*] Now this Stake is drawn, my Lord may be for hedging off mayhap. Ecod! I'll go to Jack Speed's, and secure Nabob, and be out of Town in an Hour——Soho! Lady Freelove! Yoics! [*Exit.*

Enter Lady FREELOVE.

L. Free. My dear Miss Ruffet, you'll excuse——

Char. Mrs. Oakly, at your Ladyship's Service.

L. Free. Married?

Har.

Har. Not yet, Madam, but my Father has been so good as to give his Consent.

L. Free. I protest, I am prodigiously glad of it. My Dear, I give you Joy——and you, Mr. Oakly,——I wish you Joy, Mr. Ruffet, and all the good Company——for I think they are most of them Parties concerned.

Maj. How easy, impudent! and familiar!—— [Aside.

L. Free. Lord Trinket here too! I vow I did not see your Lordship before.

L. Trink. Your Ladyship's most obedient Slave. [Bowing.

L. Free. You seem grave, my Lord!——Come, come, I know there has been some Difference between you and Mr. Oakly——You must give me Leave to be a Mediator in this Affair.

L. Trink. Here has been a small Fracas to be sure, Madam!——We are all blown, 'pon Honour.

L. Free. Blown! What do you mean, my Lord?

L. Trink. Nay, your Ladyship knows that I never mind these Things, and I know that they never discompose your Ladyship——But Things have happened a little *en travers*——The little *Billet* that I sent your Ladyship has fallen into the Hands of that Gentleman——[Pointing to Char.]

Char.]——and so——there has been a little *Brouillerie* about it—that's all.

L. Free. You talk to me, my Lord, in a very extraordinary Stile——If you have been guilty of any Misbehaviour, I am sorry for it; but your ill Conduct can fasten no Imputation on me.——Miss Ruffet will justify me sufficiently.

Maj. Had not your Ladyship better appeal to my Friend Charles here?——The Letter! Charles!——Out with it this Instant!

Char. Yes, I have the Credentials of her Ladyship's Integrity in my Pocket.——Mr. Ruffet, the Letter you read a little while ago, was inclosed in this Cover, which also I now think it my Duty to put into your Hands.

Ruf. [Reading.] *To the Right Honourable Lady Freelove*——'Sdeath and Hell!——and now I recollect, the Letter itself was pieced with Scraps of French, and Madam, and Your Ladyship——Fire and Fury! Madam, how came you to use me so? I am obliged to you then for the Insult that has been offered me.

L. Free. What is all this? Your Obligations to me, Mr. Ruffet, are of a Nature that——

Ruf. Fine Obligations! I dare say I am partly obliged to you too for the Attempt on my Daughter by that Thing of a Lord yonder

yonder at your House. Zounds! Madam, these are Injuries never to be forgiven——They are the grossest Affronts to me and my Family——All the World shall know them——Zounds!—I'll——

L. Free. Mercy on me! how boisterous are these Country Gentlemen! Why really, Mr. Ruffet, you rave like a Man in Bedlam—I am afraid you'll beat me—and then you swear most abominably.——How can you be so vulgar?——I see the Meaning of this low Malice——But the Reputations of Women of Quality are not so easily impeached——My Rank places me above the Scandal of little People, and I shall meet such petty Insolence with the greatest Ease and Tranquility.—But you and your simple Girl will be the Sufferers.——I had some Thoughts of introducing her into the first Company—But now, Madam, I shall neither receive nor return your Visits, and will entirely withdraw my Protection from the ordinary Part of the Family. [*Exit.*

Ruf. Zounds! what Impudence! that's worse than all the rest.

L. Trink. Fine Presence of Mind, faith!——The true French Nonchalance——But good Folks, why such a deal of Rout and *Tapage* about nothing at all?——If Mademoiselle Harriot had rather be Mrs. Oakly than Lady Trinket——Why——I

with her Joy, that's all——Mr. Russet,
I wish you Joy of your Son-in-Law——
Mr. Oakly, I wish you Joy of the Lady
——and you, Madam, [*To Harriot.*] of the
Gentleman——And in short, I wish you all
Joy of one another, 'pon Honour! [*Exit.*

Rus. There's a fine Fellow of a Lord
now! The Devil's in your London Folks
of the first Fashion, as you call them.
They will rob you of your Estate, de-
bauch your Daughter, or lie with your
Wife——and all as if they were doing
you a Favour——'Pon Honour!——

[*Bell rings violently.*

Maj. Hey! What now?

Enter OAKLY.

Oak. D'ye hear Major, d'ye hear?

Maj. Zounds! What a Clatter!——
She'll pull down all the Bells in the House.

Oak. My Observations since I left you,
have confirm'd my Resolution. I see
plainly, that her Good-humour, and her
Ill-humour, her Smiles, her Tears, and
her Fits, are all calculated to play upon
me.

Maj. Did not I always tell you so? It's
the Way with them all——They will be
rough, and smooth, and hot, and cold,
and all in a Breath. Any Thing to get
the better of us.

Oak.

Oak. She is in all Moods at present, I promise you——I am at once angry and ashamed of her; and yet she is so ridiculous I can't help laughing at her——There has she been in her Chamber, fuming and fretting, and dispatching a Messenger to me every two Minutes——Servant after Servant——Now she insists on my coming to her——Now again she writes a Note to intreat——Then Toilet is sent to let me know that she is ill——absolutely dying——Then, the very next Minute, she'll never see my Face again——She'll go out of the House directly. [*Bell rings.*] Again! now the Storm rises!—

Maj. It will soon drive this Way then——now Brother, prove yourself a Man——You have gone too far to retreat.

Oak. Retreat!——Retreat!——No, no!——I'll preserve the Advantage I have gained, I am determined.

Maj. Ay, ay!——keep your Ground!——fear nothing!——Up with your noble Heart! Good Discipline makes good Soldiers; stick close to my Advice, and you may stand buff to a Tigress—

Oak. Here she is, by Heavens——Now! Brother!

Maj. And now! Brother!——Now, or never!

Enter Mrs. OAKLY.

Mrs. Oak. I think, Mr. Oakly, you might have had Humanity enough to have come to see how I did. You have taken your Leave, I suppose, of all Tenderneſs and Affection——But I'll be calm——I'll not throw myſelf into a Paſſion——You want to drive me out of your Houſe——I ſee what you aim at, and will be aforehand with you——Let me keep my Temper!——I'll ſend for a Chair, and leave the Houſe this Inſtant.

Oak. True, my Love! I knew you wou'd not think of dining in your own Chamber alone, when I had Company below. You ſhall ſit at the Head of the Table, as you ought to be ſure, as you ſay, and make my Friends welcome.

Mrs. Oak. Excellent Raillery! Look ye, Mr. Oakly, I ſee the Meaning of all this affected Coolneſs and Indifference.——

Oak. My Dear, conſider where you are——

Mrs. Oak. You wou'd be glad, I find, to get me out of your Houſe, and have all your Flirts about you.——

Oak. Before all this Company! Fie!——

Mrs. Oak. But I'll diſappoint you, for I ſhall remain in it to ſupport my due Authority——As for you, Major Oakly!——

Maj. Hey day. What have I done?

Mrs.

Mrs. Oak. I think you might find better Employment, than to create Divisions between married People——and you, Sir!——

Oak. Nay, but my Dear'——

Mrs. Oak. Might have more Sense, as well as Tendernefs, than to give Ear to fuch idle Stuff.——

Oak. Lord! Lord!——

Mrs. Oak. You and your wife Counsellor there, I suppose think to carry all your Points with me.——

Oak. Was ever any Thing——

Mrs. Oak. But it won't do Sir! You shall find that I will have my own Way, and that I will govern my own Family.

Oak. You had better learn to govern yourself by half. Your Passion makes you ridiculous. Did ever any body see so much Fury and Violence, affronting your best Friends, breaking my Peace, and disconcerting your own Temper? And all for what? for nothing. 'Sdeath! Madam, at these Years you ought to know better.

Mrs. Oak. At these Years!——Very fine!——Am I to be talk'd to in this Manner?

Oak. Talk'd to!——Why not?——You have talk'd to me long enough——almost talk'd me to Death——and I have taken it all in hopes of making you quiet——but all in vain, for the more one bears,

the worse you are. Patience, I find, is all thrown away upon you—and henceforward, come what may, I am resolved to be Master of my own House.

Mrs. Oak. So! so!—Master indeed!—Yes, Sir, and you'll take Care to have Mistresses enough too, I warrant you.

Oak. Perhaps I may; but they shall be quiet ones, I can assure you.

Mrs. Oak. Indeed! and do you think I am such a tame Fool as to sit quietly and bear all this? You shall know, Sir, that I will resent this Behaviour—You shall find that I have a Spirit—

Oak. Of the Devil.

Mrs. Oak. Intolerable!—You shall find then that I will exert that Spirit. I am sure I have need of it.—As soon as the House is once cleared again, I'll shut my Doors against all Company—You shan't see a single Soul for this Month.

Oak. 'Sdeath! Madam, but I will.—I'll keep open House for a Year—I'll send Cards to the whole Town—Mr. Oakly's Route! All the World will come—And I'll go among the World too—I'll be mew'd up no longer.

Mrs. Oak. Provoking Insolence!—This is not to be endured. Look'ye, Mr. Oakly—

Oak. And look'ye, Mrs. Oakly, I will have my own Way.

Mrs.

Mrs. Oak. Nay then, let me tell you, Sir——

Oak. And let me tell you, Madam, I will not be crossed——I won't be made a Fool.

Mrs. Oak. Why, you won't let me speak——

Oak. Because you don't speak as you ought——Madam! Madam! you shan't look, nor walk, nor talk, nor think, but as I please.

Mrs. Oak. Was there ever such a Monster! I can bear this no longer. [*Bursts into Tears*] O you vile Man!——I see through your Design——You cruel, barbarous, inhuman——Such Usage to your poor Wife!——You'll be the Death of her.

Oak. She shan't be the Death of me, I am determined.

Mrs. Oak. That it should ever come to this!——To be contradicted——[*Sobbing*]——insulted——abused——hated——'Tis too much——my Heart will burst with——oh——oh——

[*Falls into a Fit.*]

HARRIOT, CHARLES, &c. *run to her Assistance.*

Oak. [*Interposing.*] Let her alone.

Har. Sir, Mrs. Oakly——

Char. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, she will be——

Oak. Let her alone, I say, I won't have her touched—Let her alone——If her Passions throw her into Fits, let the Strength of them carry her through them.

Har. Pray, my dear Sir, let us assist her! She may——

Oak. I don't care—You shan't touch her—Let her bear them patiently——She'll learn to behave better another Time.——Let her alone, I say.

Mrs. Oak. [*Rising.*] O you Monster!——You Villain!——You base Man!——Wou'd you let me die for Want of Help?—Wou'd you——

Oak. Bless me! Madam, your Fit is very violent—Take Care of yourself.

Mrs. Oak. Despised—ridiculed—But I'll be revenged—You shall see, Sir——

Oak. Tol-de-rol loll-de-rol loll-de-rol loll.

[*singing.*]

Mrs. Oak. What, am I made a Jest of? Exposed to all the World—If there's Law or Justice——

Oak. Tol-de-rol loll-de-rol loll-de-rol loll.

[*singing.*]

Mrs. Oak. I shall burst with Anger——Have a Care, Sir, you may repent this——Scorned and made ridiculous!—No Power on Earth shall hinder my Revenge.

[*Going.*]

Har.

Har. [*Interposing.*] Stay, Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Let me go. I cannot bear this Place.

Har. Let me beseech you Madam!

Oak. What does the Girl mean?

Maj. Courage! Brother. You have done Wonders. } *Apart.*

Oak. I think, she'll have no more Fits.

Har. Stay, Madam!—Pray stay!—but one Moment. I have been a painful Witness of your Uneasiness, and in great Part the innocent Occasion of it. Give me Leave then——

Mrs. Oak. I did not expect indeed to have found you here again. But however——

Har. I see the Agitation of your Mind, and it makes me miserable. Suffer me to tell you the real Truth. I can explain every Thing to your Satisfaction.

Mrs. Oak. May be so—I cannot argue with you.

Char. Pray, Madam, hear her—for my Sake—for your own——Dear Madam!

Mrs. Oak. Well——well——proceed.

Oak. I shall relapse, I can't bear to see her so uneasy. } *Apart.*

Maj. Hush!——Hush!

Har. I understand, Madam, that your first Alarm was occasioned by a Letter from my Father to your Nephew.

Ruf.

Ruf. I was in a bloody Passion to be sure, Madam!—The Letter was not over-civil I believe—I did not know but the young Rogue had ruined my Girl.—But it's all over now, and so——

Mrs. Oak. You was here Yesterday, Sir!

Ruf. Yes, I came after Harriot. I thought I should find my young Madam with my young Sir, here.

Mrs. Oak. With Charles, did you say? Sir.

Ruf. Ay, with Charles, Madam! The young Rogue has been fond of her a long Time, and she of him, it seems.

Mrs. Oak. I fear I have been to blame.

[*Aside.*]

Ruf. I ask Pardon, Madam, for the Disturbance I made in your House.

Har. And the abrupt Manner, in which I came into it, demands a thousand Apologies. But the Occasion must be my Excuse.

Mrs. Oak. How have I been mistaken! [*Aside.*]——But did not I overhear you and Mr. Oakly— [To Harriot.

Har. Dear Madam! You had but a partial Hearing of our Conversation. It related entirely to this Gentleman.

Char. To put it beyond Doubt, Madam, Mr. Ruffet and my Guardian have consented to our Marriage; and we are in hopes that you will not withhold your Approbation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Oak. I have no further Doubt—I see you are innocent, and it was cruel to suspect you—You have taken a Load of Anguish off my Mind—And yet your kind Interposition comes too late, Mr. Oakly's Love for me is entirely destroyed.

[Weeping.

Oak. I must go to her—— }
Maj. Not yet!——Not yet! } *Apart.*

Har. Do not disturb yourself with such Apprehensions, I am sure Mr. Oakly loves you most affectionately.

Oak. I can hold no longer. [Going to her] My Affection for you, Madam, is as warm as ever. Nothing can ever extinguish it. My constrained Behaviour cut me to the Soul—For within these few Hours it has been all constrained—and it was with the utmost Difficulty that I was able to support it.

Mrs. Oak. O, Mr. Oakly, how have I exposed myself! What low Arts has my Jealousy induced me to practice! I see my Folly, and fear that you can never forgive me.

Oak. Forgive you!——You are too good, my Love!——Forgive you!——Can you forgive me?——This Change transports me.——Brother! Mr. Russet! Charles! Harriot! give me Joy!——I am the happiest Man in the World.

Maj.

Maj. Joy, much Joy to you both! though, by-the-bye, you are not a little obliged to me for it. Did not I tell you I wou'd cure all the Disorders in your Family? I beg Pardon, Sister, for taking the Liberty to prescribe for you. My Medicines have been somewhat rough, I believe, but they have had an admirable Effect, and so don't be angry with your Physician.

Mrs. Oak. I am indeed obliged to you, and I feel——

Oak. Nay, my Dear, no more of this: All that's past must be utterly forgotten.

Mrs. Oak. I have not merited this Kindness, but it shall hereafter be my Study to deserve it. Away with all idle Jealousies! And since my Suspicions have hitherto been groundless, I am resolved for the future never to suspect at all.

F I N I S.

THE FASHIONABLE LOVER;
OR, THE FASHIONABLE LOVER.

IN THREE ACTS.
BY J. A. H. H. H. H. H.

FASHIONABLE LOVER;
OR, THE FASHIONABLE LOVER;
A COMEDY.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.
LONDON.
A street in London.
Enter Mrs. Bridgemore, and a Servant.
Mrs. Bridgemore. What a day!
Servant. Yes, madam.
Mrs. Bridgemore. I am so tired.
Servant. Yes, madam.
Mrs. Bridgemore. I am so tired.
Servant. Yes, madam.
Mrs. Bridgemore. I am so tired.
Servant. Yes, madam.
Mrs. Bridgemore. I am so tired.
Servant. Yes, madam.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter La Feuille.
La Feuille. Monsieur Colin, for
why you have sent away the horns? It is
very much the ton in this country for the
horns.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

Lord ABBERT- VILLE, MORTIMER, AUBREY, TYRREL, BRIDGEMORE,	Doctor DRUID, JARVIS, NAPTHALI, La JEUNESSE, COLIN MAC- LEOD,
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WOMEN.

AUGUSTA AU- BREY, Mrs. BRIDGEMORE, LUCINDA BRID- GEMORE,	Mrs. MACIN- TOSH, MAID SER- VANT, SERVANTS, &c.
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SCENE LONDON.

THE FASHIONABLE LOVER:

THE
FASHIONABLE LOVER:

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Hall in Lord ABBERVILLE'S house,
with a stair-case seen through an arch.
Several domestics waiting in rich liveries.
Flourish of French horns.*

COLIN enters hastily.

Colin. **H**OOT! fellows, haud your
honds: pack up vour damn'd
clarinets, and gang your gait for a pair of
lubberly minstrels as you are. An you
cou'd hondle the bagpipe instead, I wou'd
na' say you nay: ah! 'tis an auncient in-
strument of great melody, and has whaftled
many a braw lad to his grave; but your
holidays horns there are fit only to play
to a drunken city-barge on a swan-hop-
ping party up the Thames.

LA JEUNESSE enters.

La Feu. Fedon, Monsieur Colin, for
why you have send away the horns? It is
very much the ton in this country for the
fine

fine gentlemens to have the horns: upon my vord, my Lord this day give grand entertainment to very grand company; tous les maccaroni below stairs, et toute la coterie above. Hark, who vait dere? My lord ring his bell.—Voi la, Monsieur Colin, dere is all the company going to the tea-room.

Colin. [*looking out*] Now the de'il burst the weams of you all together, say I, for a pack of locusts; a cow in a clover-field has more moderation than the best among you; had my Lord Abberville the wealth of Glasgow, you'd swallow it all down before you gee'd over.—Crom, crom.

La Feu. Vat is dat crom, crom? We do not know in France vat is dat crom, crom. But vat you say to the dinner? Upon my vord, Monsieur the cook make as fine dispositions for the table, as the Grand Condé did for the battle: ma foi, he merit to have his statue raised en cro-can, in the center of his own performance.

Colin. Rais'd on a gibbet in the center of Hounslow Heath; that's what he merits.

La Feu. Ah, barbare! Here come my Lord. [*Exit.*]

Lord ABBERVILLE to COLIN.

L. Abb. Colin, see that covers are laid for four-and-twenty, and supper served

served at twelve in the great eating-parlour.

Colin. Ecod, my Lord, had you ken'd the mess of cakes and sweeties that was hondded up amongst 'em just now, you wou'd na' think there cou'd be muckle need of supper this night.

L. Abb. What, fellow, would you have me starve my guests?

Colin. Troth, an you don't, they'll go nigh to starve you.

L. Abb. Let me hear no more of this, Colin Macleod; I took you for my servant, not for my adviser.

Colin. Right, my Lord, you did; but if by advising I can serve you, where's the breach of duty in that? [*Exit.*]

L. Abb. What a Highland savage it is!—My father indeed made use of him to pay the servant's wages, and post the tradesmen's accounts; as I never do either, I wish somebody else had him that does.

MORTIMER enters, repeating to himself.

Mort. "Is this a dinner, this a genial room?"

"This is a temple and a hecatomb."

L. Abb. What, quoting, Mortimer, and satire too?—I thought you need not go abroad for that.

Mort. True; therefore, I'm returning home.—Good night to you.

L. Abb. What, on the wing so soon! With so much company, can my philosopher want food to feast his spleen upon?

Mort. Food! I revolt against the name; no Bramin cou'd abominate your fleshly meal more than I do; why, Hirtius and Apicius would have blush'd for it: Marc Antony, who roasted eight whole boars for supper, never massacred more at a meal than you have done.

L. Abb. A truce, good cynick: pr'ythee now get thee up stairs, and take my place; the ladies will be glad of you at cards.

Mort. Me at cards! Me at a quadrille-table! Pent in with fuzzing dowagers, gossiping old maids, and yellow admirals; 'fdeath, my Lord Abberville, you must excuse me.

L. Abb. Out on thee, unconformable being; thou art a traitor to society.

Mort. Do you call that society?

L. Abb. Yes; but not my society; none such as you describe will be found here; my circle, Mr. Mortimer, is form'd by people of the first fashion and spirit in this country.

Mort. Fashion and spirit! Yes, their country's like to suffer by their fashion more than 'twill ever profit by their spirit.

L. Abb.

L. Abb. Come, come, your temper is too sour.

Mort. And your's too sweet: a mawkish lump of manna; sugar in the mouth, but phyfic to the bowels.

L. Abb. Mr. Mortimer, you was my father's executor; I did not know your office extended any further.

Mort. No; when I gave a clear estate into your hands, I clear'd myself of an unwelcome office: I was, indeed, your father's executor; the gentlemen of fashion and spirit will be your lordship's.

L. Abb. Pooh! You've been black-ball'd at some paltry port-drinking club; and set up for a man of wit and ridicule.

Mort. Not I, believe me: your companions are too dull to laugh at, and too vicious to expose.—There stands a sample of your choice.

L. Abb. Who, Doctor Druid? Where's the harm in him?

Mort. Where is the merit?—What one quality does that old piece of pedantry possess to fit him for the liberal office of travelling-preceptor to a man of rank? You know, my Lord, I recommended you a friend as fit to form your manners as your morals; but he was a restraint; and, in his stead, you took that Welchman, that buffoon, that antiquarian forsooth, who looks as if you had rak'd

him out of the cinders of Mount Vesuvius.

L. Abb. And so I did: but pr'ythee, Mortimer, don't run away; I long to have you meet.

Mort. You must excuse me.

L. Abb. Nay, I must have you better friends. ——— Come hither, Doctor; hark'e ———

Mort. Another time: at present, I am in no humour to stay the discussion of a cockle-shell, or the dissection of a butterfly's wing. [Exit.

Doctor DRUID enters.

Dr. Druid. Putterflies! Putterflies in your teeth, Mr. Mortimer. What is the surly-poots prabbling about? Cot give her coot luck; will the man never leave off his flings and his fleers, and his fegaries; packpiting his petters? ——— Coot, my Lord, let me call him back, and have a little tisputes and tisputations with him, d'ye see.

L. Abb. Hang him, tedious rogue, let him go.

Dr. Druid. Tedious! ay, in coot truth is he, as tedious as a Lapland winter, and as melancholy too; his crotchets and his humours damp all mirth and merriment, as a wet blanket does a fire: he is the very night-mare of society.

L. Abb.

L. Abb. Nay, he talks well sometimes.

Dr. Druid. Ay, 'tis pig sound and little wit; like a loud pell to a pad dinner.

L. Abb. Patience, good Doctor, patience! Another time you shall have your revenge; at present you must lay down your wrath, and take up your attention.

Dr. Druid. I've done, my Lord, I've done; laugh at my putterflies indeed! If he was as pig and as pold as King Gryffyn, Doctor Druid wou'd make free to whisper an oord or two in his ear.

L. Abb. Peace, choleric King of the mountains, peace.

Dr. Druid. I've done, my Lord; I say, I've done.

L. Abb. If you have done, let me begin. You must know then, I expect my city madam from Fish-Street Hill.

Dr. Druid. Ay, ay, the rich pig-pellied fellow's daughter, young Madam Bridgemore, my Lady Apperville, that is to be, pless her, and save her, and make her a coot wife, say I.

L. Abb. Pr'ythee, good Doctor, don't put a man in mind of his misfortunes: I tell you, she is coming here by appointment, with old Bridgemore and her mother; 'tis an execrable groupe; and, as I mean to make all things as easy to me as I can, I'm going out to avoid being troubled with their impertinence.

Dr. Druid. Going out, my Lord, with your house full of company?

L. Abb. Oh, that's no objection; none in the least; fashion reconciles all those scruples: to consult your own ease in all things is the very first article in the recipe for good breeding: when every man looks after himself, no one can complain of neglect; but, as these maxims may not be orthodox on the eastern side of Temple-Bar, you must stand Gentleman Usher in this spot; put your best face upon the matter, and marshal my citizens into the assembly-room, with as much ceremony, as if they came up with an address from the whole company of Cordwainers.

Dr. Druid. Out on it, you've some tevilish oomans in the wind; for when the tice are rattling above, there's nothing but teath, or the tevil, cou'd keep you below.

L. Abb. You've guest it; such a divine, delicious little devil, lurks in my heart; Glendower himself cou'd not exercise her: I am possess'd; and from the hour I saw her by surprize, I have been plotting methods how to meet her; a lucky opening offers; the mine is laid, and Bridgemore's visit is the signal for springing it.

Dr. Druid. Pridgemore's! How so?

L. Abb. Why, 'tis with him she lives; what else cou'd make it difficult, and what
but

but difficulty cou'd make me pursue it? They prudently enough wou'd have conceal'd her from me; for who can think of any other, when Miss Aubrey is in sight?—But hark! they're come; I must escape—Now, love and fortune stand my friends! [Exit.

Dr. Druid. Pless us, what hastes and hurries he is in! and all for some young hussy—Ah! he'll never have a proper relish for the venerable antique: I never shall bring down his mercury to touch the proper freezing point, which that of a true virtuoso ought to stand at: sometimes, indeed, he will contemplate a beautiful statue, as if it was a woman; I never cou'd persuade him to look upon a beautiful woman, as if she was a statue.

BRIDGEMORE, *Mrs.* BRIDGEMORE, and LUCINDA.

Bridge. Doctor, I kiss your hands; I kiss your hands, good Doctor.—How these nobles live! Zooks, what a swinging chamber!

Mrs. Bridge. Why, Mr. Bridgemore, sure you think yourself in Leatherfeller's-Hall.

Luc. Pray recollect yourself, Papa; indeed this is not Fish-Street Hill.

Bridge. I wish it was; I'd soon unhouse this trumpery: I'd soon furnish it with

better goods: why this profusion, child, will turn your brain.

Mrs. Bridge. Law, how you stand and stare at things; stopping in the hall to count the servants, gaping at the lustre there, as if you'd swallow it.—I suppose our daughter, when she's a woman of quality, will behave as other women of quality do.—Lucinda, this is Doctor Druid, Lord Abberville's travelling tutor, a gentleman of very antient family in North Wales.

Luc. So it should seem, if he's the representative of it.

Dr. Druid. Without flattery, Mrs. Bridgemore, Miss has very much the behaviours of an ooman of quality already.

Mrs. Bridge. Come, Sir, we'll join the company, Lord Abberville will think us late.

Dr. Druid. Yes truly, he's impatient for our coming; but you shall find him not at home.

Mrs. Bridge. How! Not at home?

Luc. A mighty proof of his impatience, truly.

Dr. Druid. Why, 'twas some plaguy business took him out; but we'll dispatch it out of hand, and wait upon you quickly.

Bridge. Well, business, business must be done.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bridge. I thought my Lord had been a man of fashion, not of business.

Luc. And so he is; a man of the first fashion; you cannot have a fresher sample: the worst gallant in nature is your macaroni; with the airs of a coquette you meet the manners of a clown: fear keeps him in some awe before the men, but not one spark of passion has he at heart, to remind him of the ladies.

Mrs. Bridge. Well, we must make our curtsies above stairs—Our card was from Lady Caroline: I suppose she is not from home, as well as her brother.

Dr. Druid. Who waits there? shew the ladies up.

Bridge. Ay, ay, go up, and shew your cloaths, I'll chat with Dr. Druid here below. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

I love to talk with men that know the world: they tell me, Sir, you've travelled it all over.

Dr. Druid. Into a pretty many parts of it.

Bridge. Well, and what say you, Sir? you're glad to be at home; nothing I warrant like old England. Ah! what's France, and Spain, and Burgundy, and Flanders! no, old England for my money; 'tis worth all the world besides.

Dr. Druid. Your pelly says as much; 'twill fill the pot, but starve the prain;
'tis

'tis full of corn, and sheep, and villages, and people: England, to the rest of the world, is like a flower-garden to a forest.

Bridge. Well, but the people, Sir, what say you to the people?

Dr. Druid. Nothing: I never meddle with the human species; man, living man, is no object of my curiosity; nor woman neither; at least, Mr. Pridgemore, till she shall be made a mummies of.

Bridge. I understand you; you speak in the way of trade: money's your object.

Dr. Druid. Money and trade! I scorn 'em both; the beaten track of commerce I disdain to follow: I've traced the Oxus, and the Ton; traversed the Riphæan Mountains, and pierced into the inmost Tefarts of Kalmuc Tartary—follow trade indeed! no; I've followed the ravages of Kouli Chan with rapturous delight: there is the land of wonders; finely depopulated; gloriously laid waste; fields without a hoof to tread 'em; fruits without a hand to gather 'em; with such a catalogue of pats, peetles, serpents, scorpions, caterpillars, toads—oh! 'tis a recreating contemplation, to a philosophic mind!

Bridge. Out on 'em, filthy vermin, I hope you left 'em where you found 'em.

Dr. Druid. No, to my honour be it spoken, I have imported above fifty different

ferent sorts of mortal poisons into my native country.

Bridge. Lackaday, there's people enough at home can poison their native country.

[*Mrs. BRIDGEMORE and LUCINDA enter*] So, Ladies, have you finished your visit already?

Mrs. Bridge. We've made our curtsies and come away.

Dr. Druid. Marry, the fates and the fortunes forbid that you should go, till my Lord comes back.

Luc. Why not? if my Lord treats me already with the freedom of a husband, shoudn't I begin to practice the indifference of a wife? [*Exeunt.*]

Dr. Druid. Well, but the supper, Mr. Pridgemore; you a citizen, and leave the supper?

Bridge. Your fifty mortal poisons have given me my supper: scorpions, and bats, and toads—come let's be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

Dr. Druid. Wou'd they were in your pelly! [*Exit.*]

An apartment in BRIDGEMORE'S house.

Miss AUBREY and TYRREL, and a maid-servant with lights.

Aug. How I am watch'd in this house you well know, Mr. Tyrrel; therefore
you

you must not stay: what you have done and suffer'd for my sake I never can forget; and 'tis with joy I see you now, at last, surmount your difficulties by the recovery of Lord Courtland: may your life never be again exposed on my account.

Tyr. I glory in protecting you: when he, or any other rake, repeats the like offence, I shall repeat the like correction. I am now going to my uncle Mortimer, who does not know that I am in town. Life is not life without thee; never will I quit his feet, till I have obtained his voice for our alliance.

Aug. Alas! What hope of that from Mr. Mortimer, whose rugged nature knows no happiness itself, nor feels complacency in that of others?

Tyr. When you know Mr. Mortimer, you'll find how totally the world mistakes him. Farewel, my dear Augusta; back'd with thy virtuous wishes, how can I fail to prosper?

[He goes out, and she enters an inner apartment. The maid servant immediately introduces Lord ABERVILLE.]

Serv. All's safe; follow me, my Lord; she is in her bed-chamber.

L. Abb. Where; where?

Serv. There; where you see the light through the glass-door. If I thought you had

had any wicked designs in your head, I wou'dn't have brought you here for the world; I shou'd be murder'd if the family were to know it: for pity's sake, my Lord, never betray me.

L. Abb. Go, get you gone; never talk of treason, my thoughts are full of love. [*The maid-servant goes out.*] First I'll secure the door: 'twill not be amiss to bar this retreat. [*Locks the door, and advances to the glass door.*] Ay, there she is!—How pensive is that posture!—Musing on her condition; which, in truth, is melancholy enough: an humble cousin to a vulgar tyrant.——'Sdeath, she cannot chuse but jump at my proposals.——See, she weeps.——I'm glad on't——Grief disposes to compliance——'Tis the very moment to assail her.

[*She comes to the door, with the candle in her hand; seeing Lord ABBERVILLE, starts.*]

Aug. Who's there; who's at the door? Ah!——

L. Abb. Hush, hush; your screams will rouse the house.——'Tis I, Miss Aubrey——'tis Lord Abberville.—Give me your hand.——Nay, be composed.——Let me set down the candle: you are safe.

Aug. Safe, my Lord! Yes, I'm safe; but you are mistaken; Miss Bridgemore's
not

not at home; or, if she was, this is no place to meet her in.

L. Abb. I'm glad of that; bless'd in Miss Aubrey's company, I wish no interruption from Miss Bridgemore.

Aug. I should be loath to think so; an avowal of baseness to one woman, should never be taken as flattery by another: in short, my Lord, I must intreat you to let the servants shew you to some fitter apartment. I am here in a very particular situation, and have the strongest reasons for what I request.

L. Abb. I guess your reasons, but cannot admit them. I love you, Madam; let that declaration be my excuse.

Aug. Nay, now your frolick has the air of insult, and I insist upon your leaving me. [*A rapping is heard at the door.*]

Luc. [*from without*] Who's within there?

Aug. Hark, hark, Miss Bridgemore, as I live.—Come in.

Luc. Come in! why you have lock'd the door.

Aug. Lock'd! is it lock'd?—for shame, for shame! thus am I sacrific'd to your ungenerous designs:—the must come in.

L. Abb. Stay, stay; she must not find me here; there's one retreat; your chamber; lock me in there: I may still escape.

Luc. [*from without*] What are you about, Miss Aubrey? Let me in.

Aug.

Aug. Where shall I turn myself? You've ruined all: if you're discovered, I shall never gain belief.

L. Abb. Be advised then: we have only this chance left. [*goes to the bed-room door.*]

Luc. Miss Aubrey, if you don't let me in immediately, I shall call up mamma; so pray unlock the door.

Aug. I scarce know what I do [*after locking Lord Abberville in, opens the outward door.*] There, Madam, you're obeyed.

Luc. Why, surely you affect extraordinary privacy. It seems you've had your Tyrrel in our absence.

Aug. Yes, Mr. Tyrrel has been here.

Luc. Humph! you're in mighty spirits.

Aug. No, Madam; my poor spirits suit my poor condition: you, I hope, are rich in every sense.

Luc. She's happy I can see, though she attempts to hide it: I can't bear her.—

Pray, Miss Aubrey, what are your designs—to ruin this young man?

Aug. Madam!

Luc. Can you now in your heart suppose that Mortimer will let his nephew marry you? Depend upon't, I tell you as your friend, as soon as that old cynic hears of it, which I have taken care he shall, your hopes are crushed at once.

Aug. When were they otherwise?

Luc.

Luc. I don't know what to make of her—she seems confus'd—her eyes wander strangely: watching the bedroom door—what is it she looks at?

Aug. Where are you going?

Luc. Going! Nay, no where——she's alarmed——Miss Aubrey, I have a foolish notion in my head, that Mr. Tyrrel's in this house.

Aug. No, on my word—shall I light you to your room?

Luc. So ready!—No; your own will serve: I can adjust my head-dress at your glass—Hey-dey; all's fast—you've locked the door——

Aug. Have I, indeed?

Luc. Yes, have you, Madam; and if my suspicion's true, your lover's in it—open it.

Aug. I beg to be excused.

Luc. Oh! are you caught at last? Admit me.

Aug. You cannot sure be serious—think I've the sanction of a guest.

Luc. Ridiculous! I'll raise the house—let me come to the bell.

Aug. Hold! hold! you don't know what you do: for your own sake desist: to save your own confusion, more than mine, desist, and seek no farther.

Luc. No, Madam; if I spare you, may the shame that waits for you fall on my head.

Aug.

Aug. At your own peril be it then! Look there. [*opens and discovers Lord Abberville.*]

Luc. Astonishing! Lord Abberville! This is indeed extraordinary; this, of all frolicks modern wit and gallantry have given birth to, is in the newest and the boldest stile.

L. Abb. Upon my life, Miss Bridgemore, my visit has been entirely innocent.

Luc. Oh, yes! I give you perfect credit for your innocence; the hour, the place, your Lordship's character, the Lady's composure, all are innocence itself. Can't you affect a little surprize, Ma'am, at finding a Gentleman in your bed-room, though you placed him there yourself? So excellent an actress might pretend a fit on the occasion: Oh, you have not half your part.

L. Abb. Indeed, Miss Bridgemore, you look upon this in too serious a light.

Luc. No, be assured: I'm charmed with your address; you are a perfect fashionable lover: so agreeable to invite us to your house, so wellbred to be from home, and so considerate to visit poor Miss Aubrey in our absence: altogether, I am puzzled which to prefer, your wit, politeness, or your honour.

Aug. Miss Bridgemore, 'tis in vain to urge my innocence to you; Heaven and my own heart acquit me; I must endure the censure of the world.

Luc. O Madam, with Lord Abberville's protection you may set that at nought: to him I recommend you: your company in this house will not be very welcome.

[*Exit.*

L. Abb. [*to her as she goes out*] Then, Madam, she shall come to mine; my house, my arms are open to receive her.—Fear nothing, set her at defiance; resign yourself to my protection; you shall face your tyrant, out-face her, shine above her, put her down in splendor as in beauty; be no more the servile thing her cruelty has made you; but be the life, the leader of each public pleasure, the envy of all womankind, the mistress of my happiness——

Aug. And murderer of my own. No, no, my Lord, I'll perish first: the last surviving orphan of a noble house, I'll not disgrace it: from these mean, unfeeling people, who to the bounty of my ancestors owe all they have, I shall expect no mercy; but you, whom even pride might teach some virtue, you to tempt me, you with unmanly cunning to seduce distress yourself created, sinks you deeper in

in contempt than Heaven sinks me in poverty and shame. *[Exit.]*

L. Abb. A very unpromising campaign truly: one lady lost, and the other in no way of being gained. Well, I'll return to my company; there is this merit however in gaming, that it makes all losses appear trivial but its own.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

*A Library in MORTIMER'S House.*MORTIMER *alone.*

SO! so! another day; another twelve hours round of folly and extravagance: 'pshaw! I am sick on't. What is it our men of genius are about? Jarring and jangling with each other, while a vast army of vices over-runs the whole country at discretion [*Jarvis enters.*] Now, Jarvis, what's your news?

Jar. My morning budget, Sir; a breakfast of good deeds; the offerings of a full heart and the return of an empty purse. There, Sir, I've done your errand; and wish hereafter you could find another agent for your charities.

Mort. Why so Charles?

Jar. Because the task grows heavy; besides, I'm old and foolish, and the fight is too affecting.

Mort. Why doesn't do like me then? Sheath a soft heart in a rough case, 'twill wear the longer; finer thyself, good Jarvis, as thy master does, and keep a marble outside to the world. Who dreams that I am the lewd fool of pity, and thou
my

my pandar, Jarvis, my provider? You found out the poor fellow then, the half-pay officer I met last Sunday——

Jar. With difficulty; for he obtruded not his sorrows on the world; but in despair had crept into a corner, and, with his wretched family about him, was patiently expiring.

Mort. Pr'ythee no more on't: you sav'd him; you reliev'd him; no matter how; you made a fellow-creature happy, that's enough.

Jar. I did, Sir; but his story's so affecting——

Mort. Keep it to thyself, old man, then; why must my heart be wrung? I too am one of Nature's spoilt children, and havn't yet left off the tricks of the nursery.

SERVANT enters.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Tyrrel's come to town, and begs to see you.

Mort. Let him come in [*Tyrrel enters.*] So, nephew, what bring's you to town? I thought you was a prisoner in the country.

Tyr. I was; but now my Lord Courtland has obtained his liberty, no reason holds why I should not recover mine.

Mort. Well, Sir, how have you fill'd up your time? In practising fresh thrusts,

or repenting of that which is past? You've drawn your sword to satisfy one man, now think of satisfying the rest of mankind.

Tyr. You know my story, Sir: I drew my sword in the defence of innocence: to punish and repel the libertine attempts of an ennobled ruffian; every man of honour would have done the same.

Mort. Yes, honour: you young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all your faults, as that of passion all your follies.

Tyr. Honour is what mankind have made it; and as we hold our lives upon these terms, with our lives it behoves us to defend them.

Mort. You have made it reason then it seems; make it religion too, and put it out of fashion with the world at once: of this be sure, I would sooner cast my guineas in the sea, than give 'em to a duellist. But come, Frank, you are one from prejudice, not principle; therefore we'll talk no more on't. Where are you lodged?

Tyr. At the hotel hard by.

Mort. Then move your baggage hither, and keep house with me: you and I, nephew, have such opposite pursuits that we can never jostle; besides, they tell me you're in love; 'twill make a good companion of you; you shall rail at one sex,

sex, while I'm employed with t'other, and thus we may both gratify our spleen at once.

Tyr. O, Sir, unless you can consent to hear the praises of my lovely girl, from hour to hour, in endless repetition, never suffer me within your doors.

Mort. Thy girl, Frank, is every thing but rich, and that's a main blank in the catalogue of a Lady's perfections.

Tyr. Fill it up then, dear uncle; a word of your's will do it.

Mort. True, boy, a word will do it; but 'tis a long word; 'tis a lasting one; it should be, therefore, a deliberate one: but let me see your girl; I'm a sour fellow; so the world thinks of me; but it is against the proud, the rich I war: poverty may be a misfortune to Miss Aubrey; it would be hard to make it an objection.

Tyr. How generous is that sentiment! —Let me have your consent for my endeavours at obtaining her's, and I shall be most happy.

Mort. About it then; my part is soon made ready; your's is the task: you are to find out happiness in marriage; I'm only to provide you with a fortune. [*Exit TYR.*] Well, Frank, I suspected thou hadst more courage than wit, when I heard of thy engaging in a duel; now thou art for encount'ring a wife, I am convinc'd of it.

A wife! 'fdeath, sure some planetary madness reigns amongst our wives; the dog-star never sets, and the moon's horns are fallen on our heads.

COLIN MACLEOD *enters.*

Colin. The gude time o'day to you, gude Maister Mortimer.

Mort. Well, Colin, what's the news at your house?

Colin. Nay, no great spell of news, gude faith; aw things with us gang on after the auld sort. I'm weary of my life amongst 'em; the murrain take 'em all, fike a family of free-booters, Maister Mortimer; an I speak a word to 'em, or preach up a little needful œconomy, hoot! the whole clan is up in arms. I may speak it in your ear, an' the de'il himself was to turn housekeeper, he cou'd na' pitch upon a fitter set; fellows of all trades, countries, and occupations; a ragamuffin crew; the very refuse of the mob, that canna' count past twa generations without a gibbet in their scutcheon.

Mort. Ay, Colin, things are miserably chang'd since your old master died.

Colin. Ah, Maister Mortimer, it makes my heart drop blude to think how much gude counsel I ha' cast away upon my Laird; i'faith I hanna' stinted him o' that; I gee'd him rules and maxims of gude husban-

husbandry in plenty, but aw in vain; the dice ha' deafen'd him.

Mort. Yes, and destroyed; his head, heart, happiness are gone to ruin; the least a gamester loses is his money.

Colin. Ecod and that's no trifle in his case: last night's performances made no small hole in that.

Mort. Whence learn you that?

Colin. From little Napthali of St. Mary Axe: when a man borrows money of a Jew, 'tis a presumption no Christian can be found to lend him any.

Mort. Is your Lord driven to such wretched shifts?

Colin. Hoot! know you not that every losing gamester has his Jew? He is your only doctor in a desperate case; when the regulars have brought you to Death's door, the quack is invited to usher you in.

Mort. Your Jew, Colin, in the present case, favours more of the lawyer than the doctor: for I take it he makes you sign and seal as long as you have effects.

Colin. You've hit the nail o' the hede; my Laird will sign to any thing; there's bonds, and blanks, and bargains, and promissary notes, and a damn'd sight of rogueries, depend on't. Ecod he had a bundle for his breakfast, as big as little Napthali cou'd carry; I wou'd it had braken his bock; and yet he is na' half
the

the knave of yon fat fellow upon Fish-Street-Hill.

Mort. Bridgemore, you mean.

Colin. Ay, ay, he's at the bottom of the plot; this little Hebrew's only his jackall.

Mort. I comprehend you: Bridgemore, under cover of this Jew, has been playing the usurer with Lord Abberville, and means to pay his daughter's portion in parchment; this must be prevented.

Colin. You may spare your pains for that; the match is off.

Mort. Hey-day, friend Colin, what has put off that?

Colin. Troth, Maister Mortimer I canna' satisfy you on that hede; but yesternight the job was done; methought the business never had a kindly aspect from the first.

Mort. Well, as my Lord has got rid of Miss, I think he may very well spare her fortune.

Colin. Odzooks, but that's no reason he shou'd lose his own.

Mort. That, Colin, may be past my power to hinder; yet even that shall be attempted: find out the Jew that Bridgemore has employed, and bring him hither, if you can.

Colin. Let me alone for that; there never was a Jew since Samson's time that

Colin

Colin cou'd na' deal with; an' he hangs
bock, and will na' follow kindly, troth,
I'll lug him to you by the ears; ay, will
I, and his Maister the fat fellow into the
bargain.

Mort. No, no, leave me to deal with
Bridgemore; I'll scare away that cormo-
rant; if the son of my noble friend will
be undone, it never shall be said he fell
without an effort on my part to save him.
[Exit.

Colin. By Heaven you speak that like a
noble Gentleman. Ah, Maister Morti-
mer, in England, he that wants money,
wants every thing; in Scotland now, few
have it, but every one can do without it.
[Exit Colin.

An Apartment in BRIDGEMORE'S House.

BRIDGEMORE and Dr. DRUID.

Bridge. But what is all this to me, Doc-
tor? while I have a good house over my
head, what care I if the Pyramids of
Egypt were sunk into the earth? London,
thank Heaven, will serve my turn.

Dr. Druid. Ay, ay, look ye, I never
said it wasn't coot enough for them that
live in it.

Bridge. Good enough! Why what is
like it? Where can you live so well.

Dr.

Dr. Druid. No where, coot truth, 'tis all cooks shops and putchers shambles; your very streets have favoury names; your Poultry, your Pye-corner, and Pudding-lane, your Bacon-alley, and Fish-street Hill here; o' my oord, the Map of London, would furnish out an admirable pill of fare for a Lord-Mayor's dinner.

Bridge. Well, Doctor, I'm contented with Fish-street Hill; you may go seek for lodgings yonder in the ruins of Palmyra.

Dr. Druid. Ruins indeed! what are all your new buildings, up and down yonder, but ruins? Improve your town a little further, and you'll drive every man of sense out of it; pless us, and save us, bye and bye not a monument of antiquity will be left standing from London-stone to Westminster-Hall.

Bridge. And if the Commissioners of Paving would mend the streets with one, and present t'other as a nuisance, bone-setters and lawyers would be the only people to complain.

Dr. Druid. Down with 'em then at once, down with every thing noble and venerable and antient amongst you; turn the Tower of London into a Pantheon, make a new Adelphi of the Savoy, and bid adieu to all ages but your own; you will then be no more in the way of degrading dignity from your progenitors, than

than you are of transmitting it to your posterity.

Bridge. Well, Doctor, well, leave me my opinion and keep your own; you've a veneration for rust and cobwebs; I am for brushing them off wherever I meet them: we are for furnishing our shops and warehouses with good profitable commodities; you are for storing 'em with all the monsters of the creation: I much doubt if we cou'd serve you with a dried rattlesnake, or a stuf't alligator, in all the purlieus of Fish-Street Hill.

Dr. Druid. A stuf't alligator! A stuf't alderman wou'd be sooner had.

Bridge. May be so; and let me tell you an antiquarian is as much to seek in the city of London, as an alderman wou'd be in the ruins of Herculaneum: every man after his own way, that's my maxim: you are for the paltry ore; I am for the pure gold; I dare be sworn now, you are as much at home amongst the snakes and serpents at Don Saltero's as I am with the Jews and jobbers at Jonathan's.

Dr. Druid. Coot truth, Mr. Bridgemore, 'tis hard to say which collection is the most harmless of the two.

Mrs. BRIDGEMORE enters.

Mrs. Bridge. I'm out of patience with you, Mr. Bridgemore, to see you stir not
brisker

brisker in this business; with such a storm about your ears, you stand as idle as a Dutch sailor in a trade-wind.

Bridge. Truly, love, till you come in, I heard nothing of the storm.

Mrs. Bridge. Recollect the misadventure of last night; the wickedness of that strumpet you have harboured in your house; that viper, which wou'd never have had strength to sting, hadn't you warm'd it in your bosom.

Dr. Druid. Faith and truth now, I havn't heard better reasoning from an ooman this many a day: you shall know Mr. Pridgemore, the viperous species love warmth; their sting, look ye, is then more venomous; but draw their teeth, and they are harmless reptiles; the conjurors in Persia play a thousand fancies and sagaries with 'em.

Bridge. But I'm no Persian, Doctor.

Mrs. Bridge. No, nor conjuror neither; you wou'd not else have been the dupe thus of a paltry girl.

Dr. Druid. A girl, indeed! why all the European world are made the dupes of girls: the Asiatics are more wise; saving your presence now, I've seen a Turkish Pacha or a Tartar Chan rule threescore, ay, three hundred wives, with infinite more ease and quiet, than you can manage one.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bridge. Manage your butterflies, your bats and beetles, and leave the government of wives to those who have 'em: we stand on British ground as well as our husbands; Magna Charta is big enough for us both; our bill of divorce is a full match for their bill of rights at any time: we have our Commons, Doctor, as well as the men; and I believe our privileges are as well managed here at St. Paul's, as theirs are yonder at St. Stephen's.

Dr. Druid. Your privileges, Mrs. Pridgemore, are not to be disputed by any in this company; and, if Miss is as well instructed in her's, I wish my Lord Abberville joy of his release; that's all. [*Exit.*]

LUCINDA enters.

Luc. What did the fellow say? Who sent that old mummy hither?

Bridge. He came upon a qualifying message from Lord Abberville, as I believe; but 'tis such an extravagant old blade, he got amongst the pyramids of Egypt, before he could well bring it out.

Mrs. Bridge. I wou'd he was there, and his pupil with him; don't you see what a condition our poor girl is thrown into?

Luc. I into a condition! No; they shall never have to say they threw me into a condition. I may be angry, but I scorn to own I'm disappointed.

Bridge.

Bridge. That's right, child; sure there are more men in the world besides Lord Abberville.

Luc. Law, papa! your ideas are so gross, as if I car'd for any of the sex, if he hadn't singled her out from all women kind; but it was ever thus; she's born to be my evil genius; sure the men are mad——Tyrrel, Lord Abberville—one touch'd my heart, the other wounds my pride.

Bridge. Why, ay; there is a fine estate, a noble title, great connections, powerful interest.

Luc. Revenge is worth them all; drive her but out of doors, and marry me to a convent.

Bridge. But let us keep some shew of justice; this may be all a frolic of Lord Abberville's; the girl, perhaps, is innocent.

Luc. How can that be, when I am miserable?

Mrs. Bridge. Come, she's been suffer'd in your house too long; had I been mistress, she shou'd have quitted it last night upon the instant: wou'd she had never entered it.

Bridge. There you make a bad wish, Mrs. Bridgemore; she has proved the best feather in my wing; but call her down; go, daughter, call her down.

Luc.

Luc. I'll send her to you; nothing shall prevail with me to speak to her, or look upon the odious creature more. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bridge. What is it you are always hinting at about this girl? She's the best feather in your wing. Explain yourself.

Bridge. I can't; you must excuse me; 'tis better you shou'd never know it.

Mrs. Bridge. Why, where's the fear; what can you have to dread from a destitute girl, without father, and without friend?

Bridge. But is she really without a father? Was I once well assured of that——But hush! my daughter's here——Well, where's Miss Aubrey?

LUCINDA enters, followed by a Maid Servant.

Luc. The bird is flown.

Bridge. Hey-day, gone off!

Mrs. Bridge. That's flat conviction.

Bridge. What have you there? A letter?

Luc. She found it on her table.

Bridge. Read it, Lucy.

Luc. I beg to be excused, Sir; I don't chuse to touch her nasty scrawl.

Bridge. Well then, let's see; I'll read it myself.

Reads.

“Sir, Since neither Lord Abberville’s
“testimony, nor my most solemn protesta-
“tions can prevail with you to believe me
“innocent, I prevent Miss Bridgemore’s
“threaten’d dismissal by withdrawing my-
“self for ever from your family: how the
“world will receive a destitute defenceless
“orphan I am now to prove; I enter on
“my trial without any armour but my in-
“nocence; which, though insufficient to
“secure to me the continuance of your
“confidence, will, by the favour of Pro-
“vidence, serve, I hope, to support me
“under the loss of it.

“Augusta Aubrey.”

So! she’s elop’d.——

Mrs. Bridge. Ay, this is lucky; there’s an end of her: this makes it her own act and deed; give me the letter; go, you need not wait [*to the servant.*]

Serv. Madam!

Luc. Don’t you hear? Leave the room.

Serv. Pray don’t be angry; I beg to speak a word to you.

Luc. Go, go, another time; I’m busy.

Serv. I’ve done a wicked thing; and if I don’t discharge my heart, ’twill break, it is so full.

Mrs. Bridge. What have you done? Speak out.

Serv.

Serv. Why, I have been the means of ruining an innocent person; for such Miss Aubrey is.

Bridge. How so? Go on.

Serv. 'Twas I that brought Lord Abberville last night into her chamber, unknown to her: I thought it was a little frolic to surprise her; but, when I heard her scream, I was alarmed, and ran and listened at the door.

Luc. Well, and what then?

Serv. Why, then I heard her chide him, and desire him to be gone; yes, and but just before you came up stairs, I heard the poor young Lady reproach him bitterly for his baseness in making love to her, when he was engaged to you, Madam: indeed, she is as innocent as the babe unborn.

Luc. Go your way for a simpleton, and say no more about the matter.

Serv. To be sure I was a simpleton to do as I did; but I should never survive it, if any mischief was to follow. [Exit.

Bridge. What's to be done now?

Mrs. Bridge. What's to be done? why let her take her course; guilty or not, what matters it, if every man who offers for your daughter, is to turn aside and follow after her?

Luc. True, where's the woman who can pardon that? indeed, had she been

really criminal, I cou'd have endur'd her better, for then I had had one qualification, which she had wanted; now she piques me every way.

A SERVANT enters and speaks.

Lord Abberville, Madam, desires to be admitted to say a word to you.

Luc. Who? Lord Abberville?

Mrs. Bridge. Oh, by all means admit him; now, Lucy, shew yourself a woman of spirit; receive him, meet his insulting visit with becoming contempt.—Come, Mr. Bridgemore, let us leave them to themselves.

[Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. BRIDGEMORE.]

Luc. Ahem; now, pride support me!

Lord ABBERVILLE enters to her.

L. Abb. Miss Bridgemore, your most obedient; I come, Madam, on a penitential errand, to apologize to you and Miss Aubrey for the ridiculous situation in which I was surpris'd last night.

Luc. Cool, easy villain! *[aside.]*

L. Abb. I dare say, you laugh'd most heartily after I was gone.

Luc. Most incontinently-incomparable assurance! *[aside.]*

L. Abb. Well, I forgive you; 'twas ridiculous enough; a foolish frolick, but absolutely harmless be assur'd: I'm glad
to

to find you no longer serious about it—
But where's Miss Aubrey, pray?

Luc. You'll find her probably at your
own door; she's gone from hence.

SERVANT *enters.*

Serv. Mr. Tyrrel, Madam.

Luc. Shew him in, pray—My Lord,
you've no objection.

L. Abb. None in life; I know him in-
timately; but, if you please, I'll take my
leave; you may have business——Curse
on't, he is the Lady's lover [*aside.*]

Luc. Nay, I insist upon your staying
——Now malice stand my friend!——
Good morning to you, Sir, you're wel-
come to town.

TYRREL *enters.*

Tyr. I thank you—I am wrong, I be-
lieve; your servant should not have shewn
me in here: 'tis with Miss Aubrey I re-
quest to speak.

Luc. Lord Abberville, you can direct
Mr. Tyrrel to Miss Aubrey: she has left
this family, Sir.

Tyr. Madam——My Lord—I beg to
know——I don't understand——

L. Abb. Nor I, upon my soul: was
ever any thing so malicious? [*aside.*]

Luc. My Lord, why don't you speak? Mr. Tyrrel may have particular business with Miss Aubrey.

L. Abb. Why do you refer to me? How shou'd I know any thing of Miss Aubrey?

Luc. Nay, I ask pardon; perhaps Mr. Tyrrel's was a mere visit of compliment.

Tyr. Excuse me, Madam; I confess it was an errand of the most serious sort.

Luc. Then it's cruel not to tell him where you've plac'd her.

Tyr. Plac'd her!

L. Abb. Ay plac'd her indeed? For Heaven's sake, what are you about?

Luc. Nay, I have done, my Lord; but after last night's fatal discovery, I conceived you wou'd no longer affect any privacy as to your situation with Miss Aubrey.

Tyr. What did you discover last night, Madam, tell me? I have an interest in the question.

Luc. I'm sorry for't, for then you'll not be pleas'd to hear that she admits Lord Abberville, by night, into her bedroom, locks him up in it, and on detection the next morning, openly avows her guilt, by eloping to her gallant.

Tyr. What do I hear?—My Lord, my Lord, if this is true——

L. Abb.

L. Abb. What then?—What if it is? Must I account to you? Who makes you my inquisitor?

Tyr. Justice, humanity, and that controul which virtue gives me over its opposers: if more you wou'd, with anguish, I confess my heart unhappily was plac'd on her whom you have ruin'd; now you'll not dispute my right.

L. Abb. This is no place to urge your right; I shall be found at home.

Tyr. I'll wait upon you there.

[*Exit Tyrrel.*

L. Abb. Do so—your servant——Miss Bridgemore, I am infinitely your debtor for this agreeable visit; I leave you to the enjoyment of your many amiable virtues, and the pleasing contemplation of what may probably ensue from the interview you have provided for me with Mr. Tyrrel. [*Exit.*

Luc. Ha, ha, ha! I must be less or more than woman, if I did not relish this retaliation.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

The Street, with a distant View of a Square.

COLIN *alone.*

AH, Colin, thou'rt a prodigal; a thriftless loon thou'st been, that cou'd na' keep a little pelf to thyfall when thou had'st got it; now thou may'st gang in this poor geer to thy live's end, and worse too for aught I can tell; 'faith, mon, 'twas a smearn little bysack of money thou hadst scrap'd together, and the best part of it had na' been laft amongst thy kinsfolk, in the Isles of Skey and Mull; muckle gude may it do the weams of them that ha' it! There was Jamie Mac Grejor, and Sawney Mac Nab, and the twa braw lads of Kinruddin, with old Charley Mac Dougall, my mother's first husband's second cousin: by my sol I cou'd na' see such near relations, and gentlemen of sich auncient families gang upon bare feet, while I rode a horseback: I had been na' true Scot, an I cou'd na' ge'en a countryman a gude laft upon occasion [*As he is going out, Miss AUBREY enters.*]

Aug. That house is Mr. Mortimer's; and yet I can't resolve to go to it: to appeal

peal to Tyrrel is a dangerous step; it plunges him again in my unprosperous concerns, and puts his life a second time in danger; still, still I know not how to let him think me guilty: wretched, unfriended creature that I am, what shall I do? [*As she is going out, Colin advances.*]

Colin. Haud a bit, lassie, you that are bewailing; what's your malady?

Aug. Sir! Did you speak to me?

Colin. Troth, did I; I were loth to let affliction pass beside me and not ask it what it ail'd.

Aug. Do you know me then?

Colin. What need have I to know you? An you can put me in the way to help you, isn't that enough?

Aug. I thank you: if I have your pity, that is all my case admits of.

Colin. Wha' can tell that? I may be better than I seem: as sorry a figure as I cut, I have as gude blude in my veins, and as free of it too, as any Briton in the lond; troth, an you be of my country, Madam, you may have heard as much.

Aug. I do not question it; but I am not of Scotland.

Colin. Well, well, an' if you had the de'il a bit the worse shou'd I ha lik'd you for it; but it was not your lot; we did na' make ourfalls; Paradise itfal wou'd na' hald all mankind, nor Scotland neither;
and

and let me tell you there's na braver or more auncient people underneath Heaven's canopy; no, nor a nation of the terrestrial globe wha have more love and charity for one another.

Aug. Well, Sir, you seem to wish to do me service: I've a letter here; I cannot well deliver it myself; if you are of this neighbourhood, perhaps you know the house of Mr. Mortimer.

Colin. Hoot! hoot! I ken him well; I came fra' thence but now.

Aug. Will you take charge of this, and give it as directed? the Gentleman will be found at Mr. Mortimer's.

Colin. To Francis Tyrrel, Esquire—— Ah! an 'tis thereabouts you point, gad-zooks, your labour's lost; you may ev'n wear the willow as they say, for by my troth he'll play the loon wi' you.

Aug. Is that his character?

Colin. No; but he canna' well be true to twa at the same time.

Aug. His heart's engag'd it seems: what is the Lady's name?

Colin. Woe worth her name! I canna' recollect it now; an it had been a Scottish name, I shou'd na' let it slip so; but I've no mighty memory for your English callings; they do na' dwell upon my tongue: out on't! 'tis with a grete fat lubber yonder in the city that she dwells; a fellow

low with a paunch below his gullet, like the poke of a pelican; and now I call to mind, 'tis Aubrey is her name; ay, ay, 'tis Aubrey; she's the happy woman.

Aug. Is she the happy woman? Well, Sir, if you'll deliver that letter into Mr. Tyrrel's hands; there is no treason in it against Miss Aubrey; she herself is privy to the contents.

Colin. You need na' doubt but I shall honde it to him; I were a forry child an I cou'd grudge you that: where shall I bring his answer?

Aug. It requires none.

Colin. But an he craves to know your house, where mun I say you dwell?

Aug. I have no house, no home, no father, friend, or refuge, in this world; nor do I at this moment, fainting as I am with affliction and fatigue, know where to find a hospitable door.

Colin. Come with me then, and I will shew you one; ah! woe is me, we hanna' all cold hearts, that occupy cold climates: I were a graceless loon indeed, when Providence ha' done so much for me, an' I cou'd not pay bock a little to a fellow creature.

Aug. Who you may be I know not; but that sentiment perswades me I may trust you: know, in this wretched person
you

you behold her whom you think the envied, the beloved Miss Aubrey.

Colin. Miss Aubrey! you Miss Aubrey! His presence be about us! and has that grete fat fellow in the city turn'd his bock upon you? Out on him, ugly hound, his stomach be his grave! I cou'd find in my heart to stick my dirk into his weam.

Aug. Have patience; 'tis not he, Lord Abberville's the source of my misfortunes.

Colin. Ah, woe the while the more's his shame, I'd rather hear that he were dead.

Aug. Do not mistake affliction for disgrace; I'm innocent.

Colin. I see it in your face: wou'd I cou'd say as much of him.

Aug. You know him then.

Colin. Ay, and his father afore him: Colin Macleod's my name.

Aug. Colin Macleod!

Colin. What do you start at? Troth, there's no shame upon't; 'tis nought a bit the worse for my wear; honesty was aw my patrimony, and, by my sol I hanna spent it: I serve Lord Abberville, but not his vices.

Aug. I readily believe you; and to convince you of it, put me, I beseech you, in some present shelter, till the labour of my hands can keep me, and hold me up but for a breathing space, till I can rally
my

my exhausted spirits, and learn to struggle with the world.

Colin. Ay, will I by my sol, so Heaven gives life; and woe betide the child that does you wrong! I be na smuthly spoken, but you shall find me true.—And look, the first door that I cast my ey'n upon, I ken the name of Macintosh: troth, 'tis a gudely omen and prognostic; the Macintoshes and Macleods are aw of the same blood fra' long antiquity: had we search'd aw the town we cou'd na' find a better. [*Knocks at the door.*] Odzooks, fear nothing, damsel, an she be a true Macintosh, you need na' doubt a welcome. [*Mrs. MACINTOSH comes to the door.*] Gude day to you, Madam, is your name Macintosh pray you?

Mrs. Mac. It is; what are your commands?

Colin. Nay, hau'd a bit, gude child, we command nought; but being, d'ye see, a Scottish kinsman of your's, Colin Macleod by name, I crave a lodgment in your house for this poor lassie.—Gude troth you need na' squant at her so closely; there's nought to be suspected; and tho' she may na' boast so long a pedigree as you and I do, yet for an English family, she's of no despicable house; and as for reputation, gude faith the lamb is not more innocent: respecting mine own
fall

fall I will na' vaunt, but an' you've any doubts, you need na' gang a mighty length to satisfy 'em; I'm no impostor.

Mrs. Mac. I see enough to satisfy me; she is a perfect beauty:—pray, young Lady, walk in; pray walk up stairs, you are heartily welcome; lackaday, you seem piteously fatigu'd.

Aug. Indeed I want repose.

Colin. Rest you awhile; I'll deliver your letter and call on you anon.

Aug. I thank you. [*Enters the house.*]

Mrs. Mac. Heavens, what a lovely girl!

Colin. Haud you a bit, you've done this kindly, cousin Macintosh, but we're na' come a bagging, d'ye see; here, take this money in your honde and let her want for nought.

Mrs. Mac. You may depend upon my care.

Colin. Ay, ay, I ken'd you for a Macintosh at once; I am na' apt to be mistaken in any of your clan; and 'tis a comely presence that you have; troth 'tis the case with aw of you; the Macintoshes are a very personable people. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Mac. Another of my Scottish cousins——Oh, this new name of mine is a most thriving invention; a rare device to hook in customers; when I was plain Nan Rawlins of St. Martin's parish, scarce a yard of ferret cou'd I sell to club a prentice's

tice's hair on a Sunday morning; now there's not a Knight of the Thistle that does not wear my green paduasoy across his shoulder, nor a Mac passes my shop who does not buy snuff and black ribband of his kinswoman; of such consequence is it to have a good name in this world.

[Exit.

A room in Lord ABBERVILLE'S house.

Lord ABBERVILLE enters, followed by several servants.

L. Abb. You are a most unreasonable set of gentry truly; I have but one Scotchman in my family, and you are every one of you, cook, valet, butler, up in arms to drive him out of it.

La Feu. And with reason, my Lord; Monsieur Colin is a grand financier; but he has a little of what we call la maladie du pays; he is too œconomique; it is not for the credit of mi Lord Anglois to be too œconomique.

L. Abb. I think, La Jeunesse, I have been at some pains to put that out of dispute; but get you gone all together, and send the fellow to me; I begin to be as tir'd of him as you are.—[*Exeunt servants.*]——His honesty is my reproach; these rascals flatter while they rob me: it angers me that one, who has no stake,
no

no interest in my fortune, should husband it more frugally than I who am the owner and the sufferer: in short, he is the glass in which I see myself, and the reflection tortures me; my vices have deform'd me; gaming has made a monster of me.

La JEUNESSE re-enters.

L. Abb. Well, is the savage coming?

La Feu. He is only turning his cravat, my Lord, and will be here immediately.

L. Abb. Leave me. [*Exit LA JEUN. COLIN enters.*] Come hither, Colin; what is this I hear of you?

Colin. Saving your presence I shou'd guess a pratty many lies; 'twill mostly be the case when companions in office give characters one of another.

L. Abb. But what is he whom nobody speaks well of? You are given up on all hands.

Colin. And so must truth itfall, when the de'il turns historian.

L. Abb. You've been applauded for your bluntness; 'tis no recommendation to me, Macleod; nor shall I part from all my family to accommodate your spleen; from the stableboy to my own valet, there's not a domestic in this house gives you a good word.

Colin. Nor ever will, till I prefer their interest to your's; hungry curs will bark:
but

but an' your Lordship would have us regale our friends below stairs, while you are feasting your's above, gadzooks, I have a pratty many countrymen in town, with better appetites than purses, who will applaud the regulation.

L. Abb. 'Tis for such purses and such appetites you would be a fit provider; 'tis for the latitude of the Highlands, not for the meridian of London, your narrow scale of œconomy is laid down.

Colin. Oeconomy is no disgrace; 'tis batter living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

L. Abb. Well, Sir, you may be honest, but you are troublesome; my family are one and all in arms against you; and you must know, Colin Macleod, I've great objection to a rebellion either in a family or state, whatever you and your countrymen may think of the matter.

Colin. My Lord, my Lord; whan you have shad the blude of the offenders, it is na' generous to revive the offence: as for mine awn particular, Heaven be my judge, the realm of England does na' haud a heart more loyal than the one I strike my honde upon.

Doctor DRUID enters to them.

L. Abb. So, Doctor, what's the news with you?—Well, Colin, let me hear

no more of these complaints; don't be so considerate of me—and hark'e, if you was not quite so parsimonious to yourself, your appearance would be all the better.

Colin. Troth, I'd be better habited, but I canna' afford it.

L. Abb. Afford it, firrah? Don't I know you have money enough, if you had but spirit to make use of it?

Colin. True; but I fain wou'd keep a little together, d'ye see, lest you shou'd not. [Exit.

Dr. Druid. Plessing upon us, how the man prates and prattles! 'Twas but this morning he was differing and disputing truly about pedigrees and antiquities, tho' I can count forty and four generations from the grandmother of Saint Winifred, as regularly as a Monk can tell his beads.

L. Abb. Leave your generations to the worms, Doctor, and tell me if you carried my message to Bridgemore——But why do I ask that? When I myself am come from putting the finishing hand to that treaty: and really if young women will keep companions who are handsomer than themselves, they mustn't wonder if their lovers go astray.

Dr. Druid. Ah, my Lord Apperville, my Lord Apperville, you've something there to answer for.

L. Abb.

L. Abb. Preach not, good fixty-five, thy cold continence to twenty-three; the stars are in my debt one lucky throw at least; let them bestow Miss Aubrey, and I'll cancel all that's past. [*A servant delivers a letter*] What have we here?—From Tyrrel I suppose—No, 'tis from a more peaceable quarter; my commodious Mrs. Macintosh. [*Reads.*]—"Chance has
 "thrown in my way a girl, that quite
 "eclipses your Miss Somers: come to me
 "without loss of time, lest the bird should
 "be on the wing."——What shall I do? I have but little stomach to the business. Aubrey is my goddess, and 'tis downright heresy to follow any other. [*Another Servant enters.*]

Serv. My Lord, a person without says he comes with a recommendation from Sir Harry Gamble.

L. Abb. What sort of a person?

Serv. A little ugly fellow: I believe he's a Jew.

L. Abb. That's right, I had forgot: my Jew is fairly jaded; Sir Harry's probably is better trained; so let me see him: who is in the antichamber?

Serv. There are several persons waiting to speak with your Lordship; they have called a great many times.

L. Abb. Ay, ay, they come for money; he alone comes with it; therefore conduct

that little ugly fellow as you call him to my closet, and bid those other people call again. [*Exit Servant.*] Doctor, if any of my particulars are importunate to see me, don't let 'em interrupt me here; tell 'em I'm gone to Mrs. Macintosh's; they'll know the place, and my business in it.

[*Exit.*

Dr. Druid. They may guess that without the gift of divination truly: ah! this passion is the prejudice of education! He may thank France and Italy for this: I would have carried him through Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia; through Moldavia, Bessarabia, Bulgaria, Thrace; from the Gulph of Finland to the Streights of the Dardanelles. 'Tis a chance if he had seen a human creature in the whole course of his travels.

TYRREL *enters to him.*

Tyr. Doctor, forgive me this intrusion; where is Lord Abberville? His servants deny him to me, and I've business with him of a pressing sort.

Dr. Druid. Business indeed!

Tyr. Yes, business, Sir: I beg you to inform me where to find him.

Dr. Druid. I take it, Mr. Tyrrel, you are one of his particulars, therefore I tell you, he is gone to Mrs. Macintosh's; a commodious sort of a pody, who follows
one

one trade in her shop, and another in her parlour.

Tyr. Yes, yes, I know her well, and know his business there.

Dr. Druid. Pleasure is all his business: I take for granted he finds some gratification in his visits there.

Tyr. Yes, the gratification of a devil; the pleasure of defacing beauty and despoiling innocence, of planting everlasting misery in the human heart for one licentious transitory joy: 'tis there he holds his riots; thither he is gone to repeat his triumphs over my unhappy Aubrey, and confirm her in her shame.

Dr. Druid. Ay, I suppose Miss Aubrey is the reigning passion now.

Tyr. Curs'd be his passions, wither'd be his powers! Oh, Sir, she was an angel once: such was the graceful modesty of her deportment, it seemed as if the chastity, which now so many of her sex throw from them, centered all with her.

Dr. Druid. I've told too much; this lad's as mad as he—Well, Mr. Tyrrel, I can say but little in the case; women and politics I never deal in; in other words, I abhor cuckoldom, and have no passion for the pillory. [Exit.

COLIN enters.

Colin. Gang your gait for an old smoak-dried piece of goat's-flesh. [*shuts the door.*] Now we're alone, young Gentleman, there's something for your private reading. [*delivers a letter.*]

Tyr. What do I see? Miss Aubrey's hand! Why does she write to me? Distraction, how this racks my heart!

Colin. Ay, and mine too——Ecod, it gave it sic a pull, I canna' for the sol of me, get it back into its place again: gude truth, you'll find it but a melancholy tale.

Tyr. [*reads*] "I am the martyr of an
"accident, which never will find credit;
"under this stroke, I can't conceal a wish
"that Mr. Tyrrel would not give me up;
"but, as his single opposition to the
"world's reproach might be as dangerous
"to him, as it must be ineffectual to me,
"I earnestly advise him to forget the un-
"fortunate Augusta."—What am I to con-
clude? The paper looks like innocence;
the words as soft as modesty could utter.
—The martyr of an accident! She calls it
accident; why that's no crime. Alas! it
might be accident which threw tempta-
tion in her way, but voluntary guilt
which yielded to the tempter; of him she
makes no mention. Pray, Sir, inform
me; you have seen this Lady——

Colin.

Colin. I have.

Tyr. Discours'd with her——

Colin. I have.

Tyr. In that discourse, do you recollect if she named Lord Abberville?

Colin. I recollect she said he was the source of her misfortunes.

Tyr. Ay, did she say so much? That's guilty beyond doubt.

Colin. You're right; it carries a damn'd guilty look: I wou'd na' take his fortune to father his faults.

Tyr. Why you then give him up. Oh! 'tis too palpable! But, pray, did she herself give you this letter for me?

Colin. With her own hondes; gude faith, the heart within you wou'd ha malted to have seen the manner of it.

Tyr. That aggravates my torture!—Where was it you left her? In what wretched habitation?

Colin. Hoot! no disparagement upon her habitation; there's nought of wretchedness about it: odzooks! she's with a Lady of as gude a family!—But you mun be as close as wax, d'ye see; ye munna mang the secret to my Laird.

Tyr. Well, well, the place—

Colin. Nay, 'tis hard by; a cousin's of mine own; a comely courteous woman as you'd wish to commune with; one Mrs. Macintosh.

Tyr. 'Sdeath! that confirms it! There, Sir, bring me no more letters: whether you're dupe or pandar in this business, I desire never to be troubled more. [*Exit.*

Colin. Hoot! what the fiend possesses you? What time o'the moon is this? The lad's an errant bedlamite. There's mischief in the wind; and this same Laird of mine is at the bottom of it: gadzooks, there goes Maister Mortimer; I'll tell him aw the case, and take his counsel on the whole. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to Mrs. MACINTOSH'S House.

Mrs. MACINTOSH and TYRREL.

Mrs. Mac. Well, Mr. Tyrrel, if you must and will be heard, you must; but pray be short, my time is precious.

Tyr. So is my peace of mind: you've got a Lady in your house has taken that from me I never shall recover.

Mrs. Mac. What is't you mean? What Lady have I in my house?

Tyr. Miss Aubrey.

Mrs. Mac. Miss Aubrey! You mistake; I never heard the name.

Tyr. Come, you and I have long been friends: answer me truly, does not Lord Abberville visit a Lady here?

Mrs. Mac. Well, if he does, what then?

Tyr.

Tyr. Why then that Lady has undone me; she has broke my heart.

Mrs. Mac. Yes; but her name's not Aubrey; my Lord calls her Somers.

Tyr. Let my Lord call her what he will, coin what new name he pleases to elude my search, still I must see her.

Mrs. Mac. Why you're mad sure to think of such a thing; I thought you knew me better: violate a trust? No, no, young man, that's not my principle; you see no Lady here. Why, sure, I've not maintained an honourable character in the world till now, to make away with it at last.

Tyr. If you suspect me, stay and be present at our conference.

Mrs. Mac. Yes, and so have my Lord come in and catch us, and a tilting-bout ensue betwixt you; no, Mr. Tyrrel, mine's a sober well-conducted family: I'll have no coroner's inquest come within my doors——Hush, as I live, here comes my Lord: dear Tyrrel, be advised, come along with me, and betake yourself out of his way.

Tyr. No; I'll not seek a quarrel with Lord Abberville, but I cannot fly from him: go, go, and leave us to each other.

[*Exit Mrs. Macintosh.*

Lord

Lord ABBERVILLE enters.

L. Abb. Tyrrel!—What brings you here? This is no place of meeting; if you've any explanation to require upon Miss Aubrey's account, come to my house: I answer nothing here.

Tyr. My Lord, when I'm assured Miss Aubrey is in this house, and see you her visitor, I can interpret for myself.

L. Abb. Miss Aubrey in this house! You rave.

Tyr. Come, 'tis in vain; your Scotchman told me so; your Mrs. Macintosh herself confessed it.

L. Abb. Humph! after all, 'twou'd be a lucky hit, should this be true: it may be so. [*aside.*]

Tyr. If you require more witnesses to what I say, here comes an indisputable one, Miss Aubrey herself.

Miss AUBREY enters.

Aug. Oh, Mr. Tyrrel, this is generous indeed! Lord Abberville here too;—'tis what I dreaded. You have mischief in your minds; but, I beseech you, leave me to my misfortunes, nor cast away a thought upon a wretch like me.

Tyr. Give me your answer first to these demands. Have you been wrong'd? Have you an accusation to prefer against this
Lord,

Lord, or do you acquit him, and submit with patience to your situation?

Aug. I accuse no one; I submit with patience; I am content to be the only sufferer in this business, and earnestly intreat you to desist from any altercation with Lord Abberville on my account.

Tyr. I'm satisfied; and shall religiously obey you: Lord Abberville, I ask your pardon for this interruption; I never shall repeat it more.

Aug. But are you going?

Tyr. For ever. Dangerous to behold you are; therefore, before my fond, my foolish heart relapses into love, I'll seize the resolution of the moment, and bid farewell to you for ever. [*Exit.*]

Aug. Astonishing!

L. Abb. There, Madam, you perceive the love, the honour of that Gentleman.

Aug. Cou'd I have thought this of him? Now I'm truly wretched.

L. Abb. No, Madam, if my purse, my person, my assiduous ardent love can fill the vacancy his falsehood makes, you've had no loss: dry up your tears, you've yet a friend; smile only on my wishes.

Aug. No, my Lord, no; you've made me wretched, guilty you shall never make me.

L. Abb. Inexorable girl, will nothing move? Then I've no longer any terms to keep:

keep: call to mind where you are; in a house where I am master; furrounded by creatures whom I command; your champion gives you up; resistance is in vain; if you refuse my favours, Madam, you shall feel my force [*attempts her.*]

Aug. What is't you mean, my Lord?—Stand off!

MORTIMER *enters.*

Mort. Ay, what is it you mean, my Lord?

L. Abb. Mortimer! 'sdeath, what evil genius conducted you hither?

Mort. [*goes to the door.*] Nay, my good friend, come in. [*COLIN enters.*] This honest man was my conductor: while you, Lord Abberville, in a distinguish'd rank are openly assaulting innocence, he, in his humble post, is secretly supporting it.—If you come under that description, Madam, I am your defender; if not, I have no further business here.

Aug. Why should I urge my innocence? I am unfortunate, I'm poor; your nephew, Sir, will tell you that is cause sufficient for abandoning me.

L. Abb. This grows too serious; I scorn to steal that from you half my fortune could not purchase. I believe you are as innocent as Heaven first form'd you; and to convince the world in what esteem I hold

hold your virtues, here, before Mortimer, I offer you my hand, and lay my title, rank and fortune, at your feet.

Aug. No, there may be a legal prostitute as well as a licentious one; had you a world to give, after your base experiment, you cannot offer any thing that I shall take. You may find others less exceptious; but in a noble family, though stripped of fortune, there will still be pride.

L. Abb. I see my fate; I see a prepossession in your heart too strong for me to shake: I plainly perceive that Mr. Tyrrel can offend with more impunity than I can; however, Mortimer, you are a man of honour: I resign Miss Aubrey into your hands for the present, and shall expect you will avail yourself of no unfair advantages over me.——Macleod, I find Miss Aubrey is to thank you for this seasonable visit of Mr. Mortimer's. [*Exit.*

Mort. Come, Madam, you are now my ward; Bridgemore must struggle hard to get you back again.

Aug. Sir!—Mr. Mortimer! You'll pardon me, but must I think you serious? If what you now propose is meant in kindness to me, I must say the world has not done justice to your character: I have been taught to look upon you as no friend to our sex in particular.

Mort.

Mort. Nor am I; your sex have broke treaty with us, pass'd the bounds betwixt us, forc'd into our very taverns, and from being once the glory of my country are become its shame.

Aug. But all have not done this——

Mort. Nor am I then at enmity with all: a virtuous individual is of no sex, no country.

Colin. No country? Hoot! A true North Briton will give up his virtue afore his country at any time.

Aug. Yes, and I think it was a partiality to your country rather than to virtue which determin'd you to put me into this house.

Colin. De'il take me now, and all my kindred with me, if I knew ought about the house, more than the name of Macintosh upon the door.

Mort. Time will clear all things up: a general misconception is gone forth; my nephew I perceive has fallen under it. As for poor Colin, his design in bringing you hither was more than innocent, depend upon it, it was noble; I have heard his story, and at my request he brings me here: commit yourself therefore to my protection, and rely upon my justice.

Aug. How shall I answer you? Your generosity o'erwhelms me.

Mort.

Mort. I generous! No, I am a meer voluptuary; I study luxury by principle, and am as sensual on the side of virtue, as Abberville, or any other fashionable rake, on that of vice. Colin, you'll settle matters with your countrywoman and come to us at my house. [*Exeunt.*

Colin. My countrywoman! The fiend a bit! I never will believe she has a drop of Scottish blude in aw her composition; as I shall answer I never blush'd before for any of the name: there must be something spurious in her genealogy: I'll have a little serious talk with her on that; I've got the pedigree of the Macintoshes at my fingers ends, and if there's e'er a flaw in her descent 'twixt this and Noah, gad-zooks, I'll wager a hundred pounds I prove her an impostor.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

*Fish-street Hill.*AUBREY *alone.*

IF Bridgemore hasn't shifted his abode, that is the house; 'twas there that eighteen years ago I lost a wife, and left an infant daughter. All-disposing Providence, who hast ordain'd me to this hour, and thro' innumerable toils and dangers led me back to this affecting spot, can it be wondered at, if I approach it with an anxious aching heart, uncertain as I am if I have still a child or not? What shall I do? If my Augusta's lost, 'twere better I should never enter those ill-omen'd doors; if she survives, how shall I disclose myself, and tell her she has still a father? Oh, that unknown and unperceiv'd, I cou'd but catch a sight of her, gaze till I'd gratified my longing, and till this throbbing might abate! I'll watch the door till somebody comes out, that I may speak to. [*Steps aside.*]

COLIN MACLEOD *enters.*

Colin. The murrain light upon this Fish-street Hill, wherever it may be: I wou'd
it

it had na' got its name for nought, that I might fairly smalt it out, for I am clear bewalder'd. Johnny Groat's house wou'd as soon be found as this same Bradgemore's. One cries, turn o' this honde, one o' that, and t'other stares and grins forsooth because I hanna got the modern gabble on my tongue, but speak the language in its auncient purity. Hoot! this mon seems of a batter fort, and peradventure wou'd concede an answer. Speed you, Gentleman, I pray you which way leads to Fish-street Hill?

Aub. You are there already; this is Fish-street Hill.

Colin. Gadzooks! and that's the reason I could find it na' where else. Ken you one Bradgemore's may I ask?

Aub. He had us'd to live in yonder house with the great gates; but it is many years since I have been in England.

Colin. I'faith, you need na' tell me that; I apprehend as much from your civility.

Aub. Give me leave now in my turn to ask you a few questions.

Colin. With aw my heart; you have gude right; you may interrogate me freely.

Aub. You are acquainted with this Bridgemore——

Colin. I am.

Aub. And with his family——

Vol. III. O *Colin.*

Colin. I am.

Aub. And what does it consist of?

Colin. Troth, of a spouse and daughter.

Aub. Are they all?

Colin. Ay, and enough in aw gude reason; the de'il, Sir, in his vengeance need na' add a third.

Aub. But to be ferious; tell me, I beseech you, do you know of no one else in Mr. Bridgemore's family.

Colin. Of none.

Aub. What do I hear? Pray recollect yourself: you don't seem to know his house; perhaps you are not well acquainted with his family.

Colin. Aw that he owns I know; what base begotten brats he may haue sculking up and down in holes and corners, troth, I can't pretend to say.—These city cattle sometimes will break pasture.

Aub. You misconceive me, honest friend: has no young Lady of the name of Aubrey come within your knowledge?

Colin. Ay, ay, poor lassie, she once liv'd with Bradgemore; the worse luck her's, but that is over; she has got her liberty; she's now releas'd.

Aub. I understand you——She is dead.

Colin. Dead! Heaven forefend! An you would give me time, I wou'd ha told you she's released from yon fat fellow's tyranny; na more: out on him, filthy porpoise,

Colin. Aw

aw the bowels in his belly, tho' he has got gude store, dunna contain one grain of pity: troth, with his gude will she might ha' starv'd and perish'd in the streets.

Aub. What is't you tell me? In the same breath you bring my hopes to life and murder them again.—Starv'd in the streets? I thought she had an affluent fortune.

Colin. In virtue, Sir, nought else, and that will not pass current for a dinner. Zooks, and I myfall, by Heaven's gude providence, had na' stapt in upon the very nick of time, my life upon't she had been lost.

Aub. Come to my arms then, whosoe'er thou art, and wonder not, for thou hast sav'd my daughter.

Colin. Daughter! Gadzooks, you make my heart jump to my laps for joy. Are you Miss Aubrey's father?

Aub. I am her father.

Colin. An if I'd found mine awn I cou'd na' been more happy. Wall, wall, I hope you'll merit your gude fortune; by my sol you've got an angel of a child—But where have you been buried aw the while? for we believ'd you dead.

Aub. You shall hear all my story, but this is no fit place to tell it in: satisfy me first if my poor child is safe.

Colin. Fear nought, she's safe with Maister Mortimer; I left her but this moment.

Aub. Who is Mr. Mortimer?

Colin. Why, Maister Mortimer is one who does a thousand noble acts without the credit of one; his tongue wounds and his heart makes whole; he must be known and not describ'd: an' you will bait a-while in yonder tavern till I come from Bradgemore's, I'll accompany you to where your daughter is.

Aub. Agreed! I fear I've been mistaken in this Bridgemore; three years ago I consign'd to him a cargo of great value from Scanderoon; if he has robb'd me——but till I've seen my daughter, I'll suspend my enquiry. Step with me into yonder tavern, there we'll concert the means of bringing Bridgemore to an interview at Mr. Mortimer's. Come, my good benefactor, how fortunate was this meeting! I long to know to whom I owe this happiness. *[Exeunt.]*

*A Compting-House belonging to BRIDGE-
MORE.*

BRIDGEMORE and NAPTHALI.

Bridge. And so, friend Napthali, Lord Abberville has had another tumble.

Napth. A damn'd one.

Bridge.

Bridge. I'm glad on't; this will wring his fine high pamper'd carcase to the quick.

Napth. I'fai't, he flings and winces so, I tremble to come near; he look as dark as India stock upon a settling day.

Bridge. Ay, ay, the dice are little weapons, but they make deep wounds: what between those that win and us that lend, he bleeds at both arms. These are the bonds.

Napth. Take 'em: this is a memorandum of the premium on five thousand, and this the private contract for extraordinary interest. [*Gives several papers.*]

Bridge. Good, good, friend Napthali! The bonds give legal interest, and this doubles it. There, there, lye by and breed. [*Puts them by.*] But hark'e-me! Hast brought the abstract of the sale of the Neptune's cargo?

Napth. Aubrey's consignment you mean.

Bridge. The same; but mum! That's between you and me: close, close, my little Napthali.

Napth. A broker and betray his principal! That's not my vay; there is no senses in that. Here I have make out your account; 'tis var coot bargain I have make considering diamond is a drug.

Bridge. Why this tells well; it mounts; the raw silk was old gold; the carpetting

and cottons not amiss; and whuh! the rhubarb!

Napth. Ah, Sir, but vat is that?—
Look at the coffee!

Bridge. Politics account for that; while news-papers bear price, coffee will hold its own. This rupture with the Russians was in our favour here.

Napth. Ay, ay, a charming stroke: war is a var coot thing; and then the plague; a blessed circumstance, tank Heaven; a blessed circumstance, coot 7 per cent.

Bridge. Let me see; altogether 'tis a thumping sum: it netted forty thousand: where's the conscience, Napthali, that woudn't strain a point for forty thousand pounds?

Napth. Oh, 'tis all fair in the vay of trade; you cou'd not strike a jury out of Jonathan's that woudn't acquit you. Well, Mr. Bridgemore, any thing more in my vay?

Bridge. Nothing at present. Did you call at Lloyd's?

Napth. Odso! well recollected! The Sea-horse is arrived from Scanderoon, she that had such high insurances upon her.

Bridge. What d'ye hear? What passengers come in her? Is she at Stangate Creek?

Napth.

Napth. No, in the pool; she brought clean bills of health from Leghorn.

Bridge. Go, go; you have given me an ague-fit; the name of Scanderoon sets all my teeth a chattering. [*Exit. Napth.*] Well, would it had been possible to have kept my secret from that fellow——The Sea-horse come at last!——Why be it so.——What ails me; what possesses me? If she brings news of Aubrey's death, I'm a whole man; ay, and a warm one too.——How now; who's there?

COLIN MACLEOD *enters.*

Colin. Cawdie Macleod, a ragged Highlander, so please you, a wratched gaelly under favour of your raverence, na better.

Bridge. I recollect you now for one of my Lord Abberville's retinue——Well, you have some enquiries to make about Miss Aubrey.

Colin. Ecod, you are close upon the mark.

Bridge. I guess as much; but she is gone from hence, and you may follow.

Colin. Out on thee, ragamuffin; an I were not bound to secrecy, I'd gee the sic a pill thou'd lead that weam of thine the de'il a dance. [*Aside.*]

Bridge. No, Master Colin, your Scotch policy will stand you in no stead this turn.

Colin. Then I'll forswear my country——Well, you wull na' have my message then, I mun gang bock to Maister Mortimer, and tell the Turkish trader you'll na' see him.

Bridge. Hold, hold, what trader do you speak of?

Colin. Of one that's com'd a passenger from Scanderoon, aboard the what d'ye call the vessel—the Sea-horse I take it.

Bridge. What, who? It is not Aubrey.

Colin. Gude faith, I wou'd it was——the mon is dead.

Bridge. Which man is dead; the passenger or Aubrey?

Colin. Hoot! can't you think 'tis Aubrey?——By your leave, truth, awhile; you will na' take it much to heart, an I make use of falshood to detect itfall.
[*Aside.*]

Bridge. I'll go to Mr. Mortimer's; I'll go with all my heart. Give me your hand; I ask your pardon heartily, my honest friend——and so he is dead you say——you're sure he is dead——pray, what distemper did he die of?

Colin. When a mon's in his grave, what matters whuch distemper laid him there.

Bridge. That's true, that's true enough. Pray you sit down; I'll just run up and tell my wife and daughter——Zooks! suppose

suppose I brought them with me; will they meet a welcome think you?

Colin. Ay, sic a one as you don't look for, take my word.

Bridge. I'm a new man; I walk upon the air. [*Exit hastily.*]

Colin. Ecod, the project takes; I drew for the cock bird, and have taken the whole covey.

NAPHTHALI enters hastily.

Napth. Odds my life, Mr. Bridgemore, I forgot——Who's there?——that devil Scotchman.

Colin. Hold, hold, friend Napthali; you and I munna part; you must keep pace wi' me to Maister Mortimer's.

Napth. To Mr. Mortimer's? Impossible: why I must be at Bank, Sir, I must be at Jonathan's: I've forty bargains to settle. I shall have half the Coffee-house on my back. Wou'd you make me a lame duck?

Colin. Duck, or no duck, ecod, Sir, you must travel. [*Drags him out.*]

LUCINDA enters.

Heyday! I never saw the like before; I can't think what possesses my father; he's intoxicated; quite beside himself with this confirmation of Mr. Aubrey's death: for my part, I derive no particular gratification from it; so that Augusta had but
one

one lover less, I care not if she had forty fathers living: Tyrrel's the man of her heart, and in truth he is an object worthy any woman's preference; if I cou'd draw him from her 'twou'd be full retaliation for Lord Abberville——I'll go to Mortimer's; 'tis an untoward visit; but I'll go there.

BRIDGEMORE *enters to her.*

Bridge. Come, bustle, daughter, bustle; get your cloak on, the coach will be here immediately: but where's my Scotchman? I forgot to ask the stranger's name.
[*Exit hastily.*]

Mrs. BRIDGEMORE *enters.*

Mrs. Bridge. Where have you hid yourself, my dear? Come, are you ready? Your father's frantic with impatience.

Luc. I follow you——Now, Aubrey, 'tis my turn. [*Excunt.*]

Changes to MORTIMER'S Library.

MORTIMER *and* TYRREL.

Mort. Never tell me, you've acted like a giddy hot young man; put a few hearsay circumstances together, shook 'em in an empty noddle, and so produced a compound of nonsense and suspicion.

Tyr. I plainly see I've judg'd too hastily.

Mort.

Mort. Judg'd! pooh, I wou'd not give a rush for fuch a judge: a magpye in a cage, that chatters out whore to every woman that goes by, will be as often right as you, and judge as wisely: never talk to me of judging others, till you've condemn'd yourself.

Tyr. I do condemn myself; and if Miss Aubrey does not sign my pardon, I am disposed not only to condemn, but execute.

Mort. Away then, and throw yourself upon the mercy of the court; it is the fate of bunglers to be asking pardon.

[Exit TYRREL.

COLIN enters.

Colin. Bless you, gude Maister Mortimer, I hanna slept in your commission: yon fat fellow upon Fish-Street Hill is on his march with bag and baggage.

Mort. What mean you? Does he bring his wife with him?

Colin. Troth does he, and his daughter too; the plot is thick'ning you mun know apace, and yon same buzzard canna spy it out.

Mort. What plot is thick'ning?

Colin. Zooks, mon, you shall behold as a pretty discovery, come the time, as ever your eyes look'd upon; but aw things in their course; I mun gang home
the

the whilst, but I'll be quickly back again, d'ye see.

Mort. Do so, my friend; and hark'e, tell your Lord I beg half an hour's conversation with him, when and where he pleases.

Colin. I shall do that; but you mun know, while I was on my way, I cross'd upon a Gentleman of no vulgar presence, and considering he has sojourned for a pretty many years with none but such as we denominate barbarians, as courteous in his manners as your heart cou'd wish.

Mort. Why that accounts for it. Well, what of him?

Colin. With your leave, Maister Mortimer, he'll tell you his own errand: troth, he wull'd me introduce him to you: he's without.

Mort. Admit him.

Colin. Gude faith, he has done that for himself; he's not habituated to our ceremonies. Maister Mortimer, I pray Heaven take you to its holy keeping till I see you again. [Exit.

AUBREY enters to MORTIMER.

Aub. Sir, your most humble servant. Can you forgive the intrusion of a stranger?

Mort. A stranger, Sir, is welcome: I cannot always say as much to an acquaintance.

Aub.

Aub. I plainly see your experience of mankind by the value you put upon them.

Mort. True, Sir; I've visited the world from arctic to ecliptic, as a surgeon does a hospital, and find all men sick of some distemper: the impertinent part of mankind are so busy, the busy so impertinent, and both so incurably addicted to lying, cheating and betraying, that their case is desperate: no corrosive can eat deep enough to bottom the corruption.

Aub. Well, Sir, with such good store of mental provision about you, you may stand out a siege against society; your books are companions you never can be tir'd of.

Mort. Why truly their company is more tolerable than that of their authors wou'd be; I can bear them on my shelves, tho' I shou'd be sorry to see the impertinent puppies who wrote them: however, Sir, I can quarrel with my books too, when they offend my virtue or my reason.—But I'm taking up your time; the honest Scotchman, who announc'd you, told me you had something of importance to communicate to me.

Aub. I have: I'm told I am your debtor, and I came with a design to pay you down such thanks as your benevolence well merits; but I perceive already you are one, whom great professions wou'd annoy,
whose

whose principle is virtue, and whose retribution rises from within.

Mort. Pray, Sir, no more of this; if you have any thing to request, propose it: I'd rather much be told what I may do for you, than reminded of what I may have done.

Aub. I readily believe you, and according to your humour will address you: I own you may confer a benefit upon me; 'tis in your power, Mr. Mortimer, to make me happiest of all mankind.

Mort. Give me your hand; why now you speak good sense; I like this well: let us do good, Sir, and not talk about it: show me but how I may give happiness to you, with innocence to myself, and I shall be the person under obligation.

Aub. This then it is; you have a young person under your protection, a Lady of the name of Aubrey——

Mort. I have.

Aub. Resign her to my care.

Mort. Sir!

Aub. Put her into my hands: I am rich, Sir, I can support her.

Mort. You're insolent, or grossly ignorant, to think I wou'd betray a trust, a sacred trust: she is a ward of virtue; 'tis from want, 'tis from oppression I protect Miss Aubrey—who are you, that think to make a traitor of me?

Aub.

Aub. Your zeal does honour to you; yet if you persist in it, and spite of my protest hold out, your constancy will be no virtue; it must take another name.

Mort. What other name, and why? Throw off your mystery, and tell me why.

Aub. Because——

Mort. Ay, let us hear your cause.

Aub. Because I am her father.

Mort. Do I live?

Aub. Yes, in my heart, while I have life or memory; that dear injur'd girl, whom you so honourably protect, is my daughter. The overflowings of a father's heart bless and reward you! You whom I know not, and that poor Highlander, out of his small pittance, have under Providence preserv'd my child; whilst Bridgemore, whom I rais'd from penury, and trusted with the earnings of my travel, has abandoned and defrauded her.

Mort. O mother Nature, thou'lt compel me to forswear thee.

Aub. Ah, Sir, you feel the villainy of man in every vein; I am more practised, and behold it only with a sigh: Colin and I have laid a little plot to draw this Bridgemore hither; he believes me dead, and thinks he is to meet a person at your house, who can relate particulars of my death; in which case it is clear he means
to

to sink a capital conſignment I ſent him about three years ſince, and turn my daughter on the world.

Mort. Well, let him come; next to the ſatisfaction I receive in the proſperity of an honeſt man, I am beſt pleaſed with the confuſion of a raſcal.

TYRREL enters haſtily.

Tyr. Dear uncle, on my knees——
what am I doing?

Mort. You thought I was alone.

Tyr. I did.

Mort. And what had you to tell me in ſuch haſte?

Tyr. I had a petition to prefer, on which my happineſs in life depends.

Aub. I beg I may retire: I interrupt you.

Mort. By no means: I deſire you will not ſtir; let him make his requeſt; if it is not fit for you to hear, it is not fit for me to grant. Speak out: nay, never heſitate.

Tyr. What can I aſk of you but to confirm my hopes, and make Miſs Aubrey mine?

Mort. Was ever the like heard? Pray whence do you derive pretenſions to Miſs Aubrey? Tell me in preſence of this Gentleman.

Tyr.

Tyr. Not from my own deservings, I confess; yet, if an ardent, firm, disinterested passion, sanctified with all by her consent, can recommend me, I am not without some title.

Mort. Look you there now: this fellow you shall know, Sir, is my nephew; my sister's son; a child of fortune.—Hark'e, with what face do you talk of love, who are not worth a groat?

Tyr. You have allow'd me, Sir, to talk of love; openly, beneath your eye I have solicited Miss Aubrey's consent and gain'd it; as for my poverty, in that I glory, for therein I resemble her whom I adore; and I shou'd hope, tho' fortune has not favour'd us, we have not lost our title to the rights of nature.

Mort. Pooh! the rights of nature! While you enjoy it's rights, how will you both provide against its wants?

Tyr. Your bounty hitherto has let me feel no wants; and shou'd it be your pleasure to withdraw it, thanks to Providence, the world is not so scantily provided but it can give to honest industry a daily dinner.

Mort. Fine words! But I'll appeal to this good Gentleman; let him decide betwixt us.

Aub. In truth, young Gentleman, your uncle has good reason on his side; and

was I he, I never wou'd consent to your alliance with Miss Aubrey, till she brought a fortune large enough to keep you both.

Tyr. These are your maxims I've no doubt; they only prove to me that you love money more than beauty, generosity or honour.

Aub. But is your Lady in possession of all these? Let me be made acquainted with her, and perhaps I may come over to your sentiments.

Mort. Ay, Frank, go, fetch your girl, and let my friend here see her; I'm in earnest. Upon my honour, nephew, till you've gain'd this Gentleman's consent, you never can have mine; so go your ways and let us see if you have interest enough to bring her hither.

Tyr. Oh! if my fate depends upon her looks, they must be iron hearts that can withstand 'em. [Exit.

Aub. The manly and disinterested passion of this youth, while it possesses me strongly in his favour, gives an assurance of a virtuous conduct in my child: indeed, Sir, I am greatly taken with your nephew.

Mort. Thank Heaven, the boy as yet has never made me blush; and, if he holds his course, he may take one half of my fortune now, and t'other at my death——But, see, Sir, here your daughter comes.

TYRREL

TYRREL introduces Miss AUBREY.

Tyr. You are obeyed; you see the Lady, and you've nothing now to wonder at, but my presumption.

Aub. To wonder at! I do behold a wonder! 'Tis her mother's image! Gracious Providence, this is too much!

Mort. You will alarm her; your disorder is too visible.

Aub. I cannot speak to her; I pray you let me hear her voice.

Aug. Why am I sent for? Is your uncle angry? How have I offended?—

Aub. Hush, hush, she speaks; 'tis she herself, it is my long-lost wife restor'd and rais'd again.

Mort. Pooh! what had I to do to meddle with these matters?

Aug. Why does that Gentleman regard me so attentively? His eyes oppress me; ask him if he knows me?

Tyr. Sir, if you know the Lady, if you've any tidings to communicate that touch her happiness, oh! that I could inspire you with my feelings!

Aub. I knew your father, and am a witness to the hard necessity which tore him from an infant child, and held him eighteen tedious years in exile from his native land.

Aug. What do I hear? You was my father's friend?—The prayer and intercession of an orphan draw Heaven's righteous benediction down upon you!

Aub. Prepare yourself, be constant. I have news to tell you of your father.

Mort. I can't stand this: I wish I was any where else.

Tyr. Courage, my dear Augusta; my life upon it, there is happiness in store for thee.

Aug. Go on, go on.

Aub. You are in an error; you are not an orphan; you have a father, whom, thro' toil and peril, thro' sickness and thro' sorrow, Heaven has graciously preserved and blest at length his unremitting labours with abundance.

Tyr. Did I not tell you this? Bear up.

Aub. Yes, virtuous Augusta, all your sufferings terminate this moment; you may now give way to love and happiness; you have a father living who approves your passion, who will crown it with a liberal fortune, who now looks upon you, speaks to you, embraces you.

[Embraces her.]

Mort. There, there; I'm glad 'tis over. Joy befall you both!

Tyr. See how her colour flies——
She'll faint.

Aub.

Aub. What have I done? Dear innocent, look up.

Aug. Oh, yes, to Heaven with gratitude for these divine vouchsafements—— I have a father then at last——Pardon my tears; I'm little us'd to happiness, and have not learn'd to bear it.

Tyr. May all your days to come be nothing else! But look, she changes again——Help me to lead her into the air.

[*Tyrrel and Aubrey lead her out.*]

Mort. I believe a little air will not be much amiss for any of us. Look at that girl; 'tis thus mortality encounters happiness; 'tis thus the inhabitant of earth meets that of heaven, with tears, with faintings, with surprize: let others call this the weakness of our nature; to me it proves the unworthiness; for had we merits to entitle us to happiness, the means wou'd not be wanting to enjoy it.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

The Hall in Lord ABBERVILLE'S House.

Lord ABBERVILLE followed by COLIN.

Lord ABBERVILLE.

SDEATH, Sir, am I or you the master of this house? who made you judge what company is fit for me to keep? The Gentlemen you excluded came by my special invitation and appointment.

Colin. Gentlemen!

L. Abb. Ay, Gentlemen. Were they not such?

Col. Under favour, I took 'em to be sharpers; I know your Lordship always loses, and I've notic'd that they always win.

L. Abb. Impertinence! I had debts of honour to adjust with every one of them.

Col. Hang 'em, base vermin, pay them debts; pay your poor tradesmen; those are debts of honour. *[Half aside.]*

L. Abb. What is't you mutter? It was you too, I suppose, that drove away my Jew, that came with money to discharge those debts.

Col.

Col. That's true enow, gude faith; I promised him a beating, and I kept my word.

L. Abb. Rascal, thou'rt born to be my plague.

Col. Rascal! Your father never used that word.

L. Abb. On your life, name not him: my heart is torn with vultures, and you feed them: shall I keep a servant in my house to drive away my guests, to curb my pleasures, my pursuits, and be a spy upon my very thoughts; to set that cynic Mortimer upon me, and expose me in the moments of my weakness to that snarling humourist? I want no monitors to reproach me, my own thoughts can do that. *[Exit.*

Col. Well, well! 'tis vary well! A rascal! Let it pass——Zooks, I'm the first Macleod that ever heard that word and kept my dirk within my girdle—Let it pass—I've seen the world, serv'd a spend-thrift, heard myself called rascal, and I'll now jog bock again across the Tweed, and lay my bones amongst my kindred in the Isle of Skey; they're all that will be left of me by then I reach the place.

La JEUNESSE enters.

La Jeu. Ah! dere he stand, le pauvre Colin in disgrace! Ha! ha! ha! quelle

spectacle! Ma foi, I must have one little vord wid him at parting—Monsieur le Financier, courage; I am inform my Lord have sign your lettre de cachet: vat of dat? the air of Scotland will be for your healt; England is not a country for les beaux esprits; de pure air of de Highlands will give you de grande appetit for de bonny clabber.

Colin. Take your jest, Master Frenchman, at my countrymen an' welcome; the de'il a jest they made of you last war. [Exit.

La Feu. Yes, you are all adroit enough at war, but none of you know how to be at peace. [Exit.

An Apartment in MORTIMER'S House.

MORTIMER, AUBREY, and NAPTHALI.

Mort. And these are all the money dealings you have had with Lord Abberville?

Napth. That is the amount of his debt; the bonds and contracts are in Bridgemore's hands.

Mort. You see your money has not slept in Bridgemore's keeping; your consignment, Mr. Aubrey, is put to pretty good interest. [*Mortimer looks over his papers.*]

Napth.

Napth. Aubrey! Is your name Aubrey, may I ask?

Aub. It is.

Napth. Have you had any dealings with Mr. Bridgemore?

Aub. To my cost.

Napth. Did you consign him merchandize from Scanderoon?

Aub. I am the person who was guilty of that folly.

Napth. Bridgemore, I believe, thought you was dead.

Aub. I take for granted he would gladly have me so—But do you know any thing of that consignment?

Napth. Heh! Do I know of it? I had better make a friend of him; 'tis up with Bridgemore fait; there is no senses in serving him any longer. [*Aside.*] Why you shall know, Sir, I was Bridgemore's broker for your merchandize: here is the abstract of the net proceeds. [*Gives a paper to Aubrey, who peruses it some time.*]

Mort. That's lucky as I live; I see an honest man never can want weapons to defeat a knave——And pray, Sir, what might be your profit on this sale; double commission for a breach of trust; that is the rule of the trade I think.

Napth. I work as others; I do nothing below market-price.

Mort.

Mort. You're right, Sir; 'twou'd be starving many an honest family, if you made roguery too cheap——But get you gone together to my library; I observe a person coming who will interrupt you.—Hark'e, Mr. Aubrey, have an eye to our Jew.

Aub. Trust him to me: I'm pretty well accustom'd to their dealings.

[*Exit with Napthali.*]

Doctor DRUID enters.

Dr. Druid. Save you, Sir, save you; is it true I pray you that a learned Gentleman, a traveller but just arrived, is now with you?

Mort. There is a person under that description in my house.

Dr. Druid. May he be seen, good now? May he be talk'd with? What has he brought home? Is he well stor'd with oriental curiosities?

Mort. Faith, Sir, indifferently well; he has brought a considerable parcel of sundried bricks from the ruins of antient Babylon; a heavy collection of ores from the mines of Siberia, and a pretty large cargo of common salt from the banks of the Caspian.

Dr. Druid. Inestimable!

Mort. Oh, Sir, mere ballast.

Dr.

Dr. Druid. Ballast indeed; and what discoveries does he draw from all these?

Mort. Why, he has discovered that the bricks are not fit for building; the mines not worth the working, and the salt not good for preserving: in short, Doctor, he has no taste for these trifles; he has made the human heart his study; he loves his own species, and does not care if the whole race of butterflies was extinct.

Dr. Druid. Yes, putterflies—'tis in my mind, d'ye see, what you have said about my putterflies: 'tis upon my memory; but no matter—your studies, Mr. Mortimer, and mine, are wide asunder.—But go on—reform the world, you'll find it a rough task; I am content to take it as I find it.

Mort. While the sun shines, you'll carry a candle; how will that light them, who travel in the night? Away with such philosophers, here comes an honest man, and that's a character worth ten on't.—*[COLIN enters.]* So, Colin, what's the news with you? If I'm to augur from your countenance, something goes wrong at your house.

Colin. Troth, Sir, no mighty matter; only Laird Abberville has turn'd away a troublesome fellow, who bore your honour grete gude will.

Mort.

Mort. What is't you tell me? Is my Lord determined upon ruin, that he puts away the only honest man belonging to him?

Dr. Druid. By this coot light, and that is well remember'd; look'e, I've got your wages: come, hold out your hand.

Colin. Excuse me, I'll ha' none on't.

Dr. Druid. No wages? Why 'tis all coot money; 'tis in full. What, man, think better on't: you'll want it when you get to Scotland, ten to one else.

Colin. Like enow; but by my sol I'll touch na filler; he has geen a title to me, which I hanna merited, Heav'n knows, nor ever shall.

Mort. What title has he given you?

Colin. Saving your presence, it ha' pleas'd my Laird to say, I am a rascall; but I'll na wear a rascall's wages in a Scottish pouch: de'il o' my soul, I'd sooner eat my stroud for famine.

Mort. I think thou woud'st, but wait a while with patience; this rash young man's affairs press to a crisis; I have yet one effort more to make, which if it fails I shall take leave of him as well as you.

JARVIS *enters.*

Jar. Lord Abberville, Sir, desires to speak with you.

Mort.

Mort. That's well. Colin, go you with honest Jarvis. Doctor, for once let us unite our studies in this cause; come you with me; if my advice can rescue your unhappy pupil from a course of guilty occupations, your philosophy may furnish harmless ones to fill their place: make haste; make haste, here come the Bridge-mores. [*Exeunt.*]

SERVANT enters, introducing BRIDGE-MORE, his Wife and Daughter.

Serv. Please to walk in here; my master will wait upon you immediately.

Bridge. Nobody here!—Hark'e, friend, I expected to meet a stranger; a Gentleman just landed from Scanderoon. Know you of such a one?

Serv. He is now in the house.

Luc. And Mr. Tyrrel, Sir, is he at home?

Serv. He is; they both will wait upon you presently. [*Exit.*]

Bridge. That's well, that's well; as for old surly-boots we cou'd well spare his company; 'tis a strange dogged fellow, and execrated by all mankind.

Mrs. Bridge. Thank Heaven, he is a man one seldom meets; I little thought of ever setting foot in his house: I hope the savage won't grow ceremonious and return the visit.

Luc.

Luc. Unless he brings his nephew in his hand.

MORTIMER *enters.*

Mort. Ladies, you do me honour. Mr. Bridgemore, you come here upon a melancholy errand——

Bridge. True, Sir, but death you know is common to all men; I look'd to meet a Gentleman here——this is all lost time.

Mort. True; therefore, before he comes, let us fill it up with something more material: I have a business to propose to you, which I consider as my own. You must know, Sir, I've a nephew——

Bridge. Mr. Tyrrel I suppose?

Mort. The same.

Mrs. Bridge. Mind that, Lucy, he is opening his commission.

Luc. Law, Ma'am, you put me into such a flutter——

Mort. There is a certain Lady, Mr. Bridgemore, whom, on this occasion, you must father.

Bridge. How redious he is! Couldn't he as well have nam'd my daughter?—Well, Sir, what are your expectations from that Lady?

Mort. Nay, nothing but what you can readily supply: I know no good thing she stands in want of, but a fortune.

Bridge.

Bridge. Well, and who doubts but on a proper occasion I shall give her one? Ay, and a tolerable fortune too, Mr. Mortimer, as times go.

Mort. The fortune you was to have given my ward, Lord Abberville, will just suffice: I think the sum was forty thousand pounds.

Bridge. Why you speak out at once.

Mort. That's ever been my custom; I abominate long sleepy processes; life don't allow of 'em.

Bridge. But I hear nothing on your part; Mr. Tyrrel, as I take it, is wholly dependant on your bounty—besides, affairs, as I conceive, are yet scarce ripe.

Luc. Indeed, papa, you're very much mistaken.

Mrs. Bridge. Why really, Mr. Mortimer, the parties shou'd at least be suffer'd to consult each other's inclinations.

Mort. By all means; let 'em speak for themselves: 'tis their own cause, and they will plead it best: hark'e, come in: Sir, these are the parties.

TYRREL and Miss AUBREY enter.

Luc. Ah!

Mort. What ails you; have you trod upon a thorn?

Mrs. Bridge. Astonishing assurance! Augusta here?

Servant. Fear nothing. *Mort.*

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Mort. Yes: Francis Tyrrel and Augusta Aubrey. Do the names offend you? Look at the parties, are they not well match'd? Examine them, they'll tell you they're agreed. Who shall forbid their union?

Luc. Who cares about it? If Mr. Tyrrel and the Lady are agreed, that's enough: I suppose it is not necessary for us to be present at the ceremony.

Bridge. Ay, Sir, I pray you, where's the occasion for us to be call'd in, because your nephew chuses to take up with an unworthy girl, that I once harbour'd upon charity?

Tyr. Hold your audacious tongue: let conscience keep you silent.

Aug. Hush, hush! you frighten me; pray be compos'd; and let me own that no injustice, no severity can wholly cancel what I owe to Mr. Bridgemore for his past protection, and that share of education he allow'd me; but when he puts this to the account of charity, he takes a virtue foreign to his heart, and only aggravates the shame that's falling on him.

Mrs. Bridge. Is the man thunder-struck; why don't you answer?

Mort. Charity keeps him silent.

Luc. Come let's be gone: her words have daggers in 'em, and her looks have poison.

Aug.

Aug. Before you go, Miss Bridgemore, suffer me to ask, when you related Lord Abberville's adventure to Mr. Tyrrel, why you suppress'd the evidence of your own maid, who conducted him into my chamber?

Luc. Miss Aubrey, if it ever is your fate to have a rival, you will find an answer to that question.

[*Exit with Mrs. Bridgemore.*]

Mort. Hold; you and I, Sir, must not part. [*To Bridgemore as he is going.*]

Bridge. Well, Sir, your pleasure?

Aug. I suffer for him; this is a scene I wish not to be present at. [*Exit.*]

Tyr. Well, Mr. Bridgemore, you that harbour'd my Augusta upon charity, I shall leave my uncle to discharge my obligations to you on that score, together with his own. [*Exit.*]

Mort. Well, Sir, we're now alone; and if it needs must be that one of us shall come to shame, 'tis well we are so. It is thought I am a hard unfeeling man; let it be so: you shall have justice notwithstanding: innocence requires no more. You are accus'd; defend yourself.

Bridge. Accus'd of what; and who is my accuser?

Mort. A man; and you shall face him like a man. Who waits? [*A Servant enters.*] Desire the stranger to come hither. [*Exit Servant.*] Fear nothing; we're

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enough to try this question; where the human heart is present, and the appeal is made to Heaven, no jury need be summoned. Here is a stranger has the confidence to say that your pretensions to charity are false: nay, he arraigns your honesty; a charge injurious to any man, but mortal to a trader, and levell'd at the vital root of his profession.

Bridge. Ay, 'tis the Turkey merchant I suppose; let him come in; I know upon what ground I stand, and am afraid of no man living.

Mort. [*aside.*] We shall try that. Do you know this Gentleman?

AUBREY *enters.*

Bridge. [*starting.*] Aubrey!

Aub. Thou wretch!

Bridge. He lives!

Aub. To thy confusion——Rais'd by the bounty of my family, is this your gratitude? When in the bitterness of my distress I put an infant daughter in your hands, the last weak scyon of a noble stock, was it to rob me you received her; to plunder and defraud an helpless orphan, as you thought her, and rise upon the ruins of your benefactor's fortune?

Bridge. Oh! I am trepan'd! How shall I look my wife and daughter in the face!
[*Aside.*]

Aub.

Aub. Where have you lodg'd the money I deposited with you at parting? I find my daughter destitute: what have you done with the remittances I sent from time to time? But above all, where is the produce of the Neptune's cargo? Villain, look here, I have the proofs; this is the abstract of the sale; if you dispute it, I am here provided with a witness, your Jew broker, ready at hand to attest it to your face.

Bridge. Expose me not; I will refund to the last farthing: I dispute nothing; call him not in.

Mort. There's no occasion for witnesses when a man pleads guilty.

Miss AUBREY enters and throws herself on her knees to her Father.

Aug. Dear Sir, upon my knees I do beseech you mitigate your severity; it is my first petition; he's detected, let his conscience add the rest.

Aub. Rise my beloved child, it shall be so. There, Sir, your pardon be your punishment; it was my money only you attempted, my choicest treasure you have left untouch'd: now go and profit by this meeting: I will not expose you: learn of your fraternity a more honourable practice; and let integrity for ever remain the inseparable characteristic of an English merchant.

Mort. Stay; I've another point to settle with you; you're a creditor of Lord Abberville's: I find you've put Miss Aubrey's money to extraordinary interest: Jarvis, shew this Gentleman into my library, you'll find a lawyer there will settle your accounts.

Bridge. I think you've pretty well done that already——A fine visit truly I have made on't; and a fine reception I shall meet at home. *[Exit.*

Aub. So! This uneasy business past, let us now turn to happiness: where is your nephew?

Mort. Conferring with Lord Abberville.

Aug. Lord Abberville! You frighten me.

Mort. Fear nothing; you will find him a new man; a deep incision has let out the disorder; and I hope a healthy regimen in time will heal the wound; in short I can't be idle; and now Frank is off my hands, I've once more undertaken to set this ricketty babe of quality upon his leg—Oh, here he comes; why this is as it should be; now you look like friends.

Lord ABBERVILLE and Mr. TYRREL.

L. Abb. May we be ever so! O, Mortimer, I blush to look upon that Lady; your reproofs I bore with some composure; but methinks was she to chide me, I should sink with shame.

Aug.

Aug. You've nothing, my Lord Abberville, to apprehend from me: I should be loth to give an interruption to your happiness in the height of my own.

Aub. Give me thy hand, Augusta—— In the hope that I was labouring for thy sake, and in thy person that I should restore the prostrate fortunes of an ancient house, I have toiled on through eighteen years of wearisome adventure: crown'd with success, I now at length return, and find my daughter all my fondest hope could represent; but past experience makes me provident: I would secure my treasure; I would bestow it now in faithful hands—What say you, Sir, will you accept the charge? [*To Tyrrel.*]

Tyr. Yes, and will bear it ever in my sight, watch over it with unremitting love, and guard it with my life.

Aub. What says my child, my dear Augusta? But I read her looks——Blest be you both!

Mort. Amen, say I. Live an example to the age; and when I read the list of marriages, as I do that of burials, with a sigh, let me have this to say, that there was one example of felicity.

L. Abb. O, Frank, 'tis hard to speak the word, but you deserve her; yours is the road to happiness: I have been lost in error, but I shall trace your steps, and press to overtake you.

Mort. Why that's well said; there spoke your father from within you: now begone; fly to the altars of your country lares; visit that nurse of contemplation, solitude; and while you range your groves, that shook at every rattle of the dice, ask of your reason, why you was a gamester.

L. Abb. I've been a madman; I have lost an humble faithful friend, whose services would be invaluable.

Mort. Why ay, your Highlander, your poor Macleod; our plan must stop without his help; I'm but a projector, he must execute—but there likewise I can serve you.

L. Abb. O Mortimer, how much have I mistaken thee!

Mort. Come, come, I have my faults; I'm an untoward fellow, and stand as much in need of a reform as any of you all.

Doctor DRUID enters hastily, followed by COLIN.

Dr. Druid. Tutor me truly—talk to me! Pray, Gentlemens, bear witness: is Master Colins here a proper teacher of the dialects, d'ye see, and pronunciations of the English tongue?

Colin. Why not? Is there not Duncan Ross of Aberdeen that lectures twice a week in oratory at the Seven Dials? And does not Sawney Ferguson, a cousin of mine

mine awn, administer the English language in its utmost elegance at Amsterdam?

Dr. Druid. Bear witness; that is all I say, bear witness.

Mort. We do: there is not one amongst us, Doctor, but can witness to some noble act of Colin's; and we would not wound his harmless vanity, for any bribe that you can offer.

L. Abb. Colin, I've done you wrong; but I was not myself; be you no worse a servant than you have been, and you shall find henceforward I will be a better master.

Colin. I'm satisfied; an you'll neglect yourself na more than I shall do, things will gang well enow.

Tyr. I must apologize to Colin too; like my Lord Abberville, I was not myself when I rebuff'd you on the business of Miss Aubrey's letter.

Colin. Say no more, Maister Tyrrel; 'tis not for a mon to resent the pertness of a child, or the petulance of a lover.

Aug. But what shall I say to him? Where shall I find words to thank him as I ought?

Aub. I father all your obligations; 'twas not you but me his bounty fav'd.

L. Abb. Hold, Sir; in point of obligation, I stand first. By how much there is more disgrace in doing than in suffering a

violence, by so much I am more his debtor than you all.

Colin. Ecod, and that is true enow; Heaven sends misfortune, but the de'il sends mischief.

Dr. Druid. Well, Master Colins, all is past and over; you have got your place again, and all is well. Coot now, let me admonish you for the future to be quiet and hear reason; moderate your choler and your passions and your partialities: it is not for a clown like you to prattle and dispute with me; in fait you should know better.

Mort. Come, come, 'tis you that should know better; in this poor Highlander, the force of prejudice has some plea, because he is a clown; but you, a citizen that should be of the world, whose heart, philosophy and travel, might have open'd, thou'd know better than to join the cry with those, whose charity, like the limitation of a brief, stops short at Berwick, and never circulates beyond the Tweed: By Heaven, I'd rather weed out one such unmanly prejudice from the hearts of my countrymen, than add another Indies to their Empire.

F I N I S.

**THE
LIVING VALET.**

A COMEDY:

BY D. GARRICK.

Sharp: 'Tis well she did, Sir, or it might have been a dreadful one for us in our present Condition: All your Money spent; your Moveables sold; your Honour almost ruined, and your humble Servant almost starved; we could not possibly have stood it two Days longer. But if this young Lady will marry you and relieve us, or my Confidence I'll turn Friend to the Sex, call me more at Massington, but curse the Whores, and think of a Wife myself.

Gap.

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THE UNWEDDED LOVER:

ACT I. SCENE I. I am more than
a lover, I am a friend, and a true friend
will not let you go, but the devil
will have his will.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

SHARP, the Lying **JUSTICE GUTTLE**,
Valet, **BEAU TRIPPET**,

GAYLESS, **DICK.**

WOMEN.

MELISSA, **Mrs. GADABOUT**,

KITTY PRY, **Mrs. TRIPPET.**

THE
LYING VALET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

GAYLESS'S Lodgings.

Enter GAYLESS and SHARP.

Sharp. **H**OW, Sir! shall you be married To-morrow? Eh, I'm afraid you joke with your poor humble Servant.

Gay. I tell thee, Sharp, last Night Melissa consented, and fixed To-morrow for the happy Day.

Sharp. 'Tis well she did, Sir, or it might have been a dreadful one for us in our present Condition: All your Money spent; your Moveables sold; your Honour almost ruined, and your humble Servant almost starved; we could not possibly have stood it two Days longer—— But if this young Lady will marry you and relieve us, o' my Conscience I'll turn Friend to the Sex, rail no more at Matrimony, but curse the Whores, and think of a Wife myself.

Gay.

Gay. And yet, Sharp, when I think how I have imposed upon her, I am almost resolv'd to throw myself at her Feet, tell her the real Situation of my Affairs, ask her Pardon, and implore her Pity.

Sharp. After Marriage with all my Heart, Sir; but don't let your Conscience and Honour so far get the better of your Poverty and good Sense, as to rely on so great Uncertainties as a fine Lady's Mercy and Good-nature.

Gay. I know her generous Temper, and am almost persuaded to rely upon it: What, because I am poor, shall I abandon my Honour?

Sharp. Yes, you must, Sir, or abandon me: So, pray, discharge one of us; for eat I must, and speedily too: and you know very well that Honour of yours, will neither introduce you to a great Man's Table, nor get me Credit for a single Beef-Steak.

Gay. What can I do?

Sharp. Nothing, while Honour sticks in your Throat: Do gulp, Master, and down with it.

Gay. Prithee leave me to my Thoughts.

Sharp. Leave you! No, not in such bad Company, I'll assure you! Why you must certainly be a very great Philosopher, Sir, to moralize and declaim so charmingly, as you do, about Honour and Conscience, when

when your Doors are beset with Bailiffs, and not one single Guinea in your Pocket to bribe the Villains.

Gay. Don't be witty, and give your Advice, Sirrah!

Sharp. Do you be wise, and take it, Sir. But to be serious, you certainly have spent your Fortune, and out-liv'd your Credit, as your Pockets and my Belly can testify: Your Father has disown'd you; all your Friends forsook you, except myself, who am starving with you. Now, Sir, if you marry this young Lady, who as yet, thank Heaven, knows nothing of your Misfortunes, and by that means procure a better Fortune than that you squander'd away, make a good Husband, and turn Oeconomist; you still may be happy, may still be Sir William's Heir, and the Lady too no Loser by the Bargain: There's Reason and Argument, Sir.

Gay. 'Twas with that Prospect I first made Love to her; and though my Fortune has been ill spent, I have, at least, purchased Discretion with it.

Sharp. Pray then convince me of that, Sir, and make no more Objections to the Marriage: You see I am reduced to my Waistcoat already; and when Necessity has undress'd me from Top to Toe, she must begin with you; and then we shall be forced to keep House and die by
Inches.

Inches. Look you, Sir, if you won't resolve to take my Advice, while you have one Coat to your Back, I must e'en take to my Heels while I have Strength to run, and something to cover me: So, Sir, wishing you much Comfort and Consolation with your bare Conscience, I am your most obedient and half-starv'd Friend and Servant. [Going.]

Gay. Hold, Sharp, you won't leave me.

Sharp. I must eat, Sir; by my Honour and Appetite I must!

Gay. Well then, I am resolv'd to favour the Cheat, and as I shall quite change my former Course of Life, happy may be the Consequences: At least of this I am sure——

Sharp. That you can't be worse than you are at present.

Gay. [A Knocking without.]——Who's there?

Sharp. Some of your former good Friends, who favour'd you with Money at fifty *per Cent.* and helped you to spend it; and are now become daily Memento's to you of the Folly of trusting Rogues, following Whores, and laughing at my Advice.

Gay. Cease your Impertinence! to the Door! if they are Duns, tell 'em my Marriage is now certainly fix'd, and persuade

suade 'em still to forbear a few Days longer, and keep my Circumstances a Secret for their Sakes as well as my own.

Sharp. O never fear it, Sir; they still have so much Friendship for you, not to desire your Ruin to their own Disadvantage.

Gay. And do you hear, Sharp, if it shou'd be any body from Melissa, say I am not at home, lest the bad Appearance we make here should make 'em suspect something to our Disadvantage.

Sharp. I'll obey you, Sir;—but I am afraid they will easily discover the consumptive Situation of our Affairs by my chop-fallen Countenance. [*Exit SHARP.*]

Gay. These very Rascals who are now continually dunning and persecuting me, were the very Persons who led me to my Ruin, partook of my Prosperity, and profess'd the greatest Friendship.

Sharp. [*without.*] Upon my Word, Mrs. Kitty, my Master's not at home.

Kitty. [*without.*] Lookee, Sharp, I must and will see him!

Gay. Ha, what do I hear? Melissa's Maid! What has brought her here? My Poverty has made her my Enemy too—She is certainly come with no good Intent—No Friendship there, without Fees—She's coming up Stairs.—What must I do?

do?——I'll get into this Closet and listen. [Exit GAYLESS.]

Enter SHARP and KITTY.

Kitty. I must know where he is, and will know too, Mr. Impertinence!

Sharp. Not of me you won't. [*Aside.*] He's not within, I tell you, Mrs. Kitty; I don't know myself: Do you think I can conjure?

Kitty. But I know you will lye abominably; therefore don't trifle with me. I come from my Mistress Melissa; you know, I suppose, what's to be done To-morrow Morning?

Sharp. Ay, and To-morrow Night too, Girl!

Kitty. Not if I can help it. [*Aside.*] ——But come where is your Master? for see him I must.

Sharp. Pray, Mrs. Kitty, what's your Opinion of this Match between my Master and your Mistress?

Kitty. Why I have no Opinion of it at all; and yet most of our Wants will be reliev'd by it too: For instance now, your Master will get a Fortune, that's what I'm afraid he wants; my Mistress will get a Husband, that's what she has wanted for some time: You will have the Pleasure of my Conversation, and I an Opportunity
of

of breaking your Head for your Impertinence.

Sharp. Madam, I'm your most humble Servant! But I'll tell you what, Mrs. Kitty, I am positively against the Match; for, was I a Man of my Master's Fortune——

Kitty. You'd marry if you cou'd and mend it. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Sharp, where does your Master's Estate lie?

Gay. Oh the Devil! what a Question was there! [Aside.

Sharp. Lie, lie! why it lies—faith, I can't name any particular Place it lies in so many: His Effects are divided, some here, some there; his Steward hardly knows himself.

Kitty. Scatter'd, scatter'd, I suppose. But harkee, Sharp, what's become of your Furniture? You seem to be a little bare here at present.

Gay. What, has she found out that too? [Aside.

Sharp. Why, you must know, as soon as the Wedding was fixed, my Master order'd me to remove his Goods into a Friend's House, to make room for a Ball which he designs to give here the Day after the Marriage.

Kitty. The luckiest Thing in the World! for my Mistress designs to have a Ball and Entertainment here to-night be-

fore the Marriage; and that's my Business with your Master.

Sharp. The Devil it is! [Aside.

Kitty. She'll not have it publick, she designs to invite only eight or ten Couple of Friends.

Sharp. No more?

Kitty. No more: And she order'd me to desire your Master not to make a great Entertainment.

Sharp. Oh, never fear——

Kitty. Ten or a Dozen little nice Things, with some Fruit, I believe, will be enough in all Conscience.

Sharp. Oh, curse your Conscience! [Aside.

Kitty. And what do you think I have done of my own Head?

Sharp. What?

Kitty. I have invited all my Lord Stately's Servants to come and see you, and have a Dance in the Kitchen: Won't your Master be surpriz'd?

Sharp. Much so indeed!

Kitty. Well, be quick and find out your Master, and make what Haste you can with your Preparations: You have no Time to lose——Prithee, Sharp, what's the matter with you? I have not seen you for some time, and you seem to look a little thin.

Sharp.

Sharp. Oh my unfortunate Face! [*Aside.*] I'm in pure good Health, thank you, Mrs. Kitty; and I'll assure you, I have a very good Stomach, never better in all my Life, and I am as full of Vigour, Huffy! [*Offers to kiss her.*]

Kitty. What, with that Face! Well, bye, bye, [*going*]——oh, Sharp, what ill-looking Fellows are those, were standing about your Door when I came in? They want your Master too, I suppose.

Sharp. Hum! Yes, they are waiting for him.—They are some of his Tenants out of the Country that want to pay him some Money.

Kitty. Tenants! What, do you let his Tenants stand in the Street?

Sharp. They chuse it; as they feldom come to Town, they are willing to see as much of it as they can, when they do; they are raw, ignorant, honest People.

Kitty. Well, I must run home, farewell! —But do you hear? Get something substantial for us in the Kitchen—a Ham, a Turkey, or what you will—We'll be very merry; and be sure remove the Tables and Chairs away there too, that we may have room to dance: I can't bear to be confined in my French Dances; tal, lal, lal, [*dancing.*] Well, adieu! Without any Compliment, I shall die if I don't see you soon.

[*Exit KITTY.*]

R 2

Sharp.

Sharp. And without any Compliment,
I pray Heaven you may!

Enter GAYLESS.

[They look for some Time sorrowful at each other.]

Gay. Oh, Sharp!

Sharp. Oh Master!

Gay. We are certainly undone!

Sharp. That's no News to me.

Gay. Eight or ten Couple of Dancers
—ten or a dozen little nice Dishes, with
some Fruit—my Lord Stately's Servants,
Ham and Turkey!

Sharp. Say no more; the very Sound
creates an Appetite: And I am sure of
late I have had no Occasion for Whetters
and Provocatives.

Gay. Curs'd Misfortune! What can we
do?

Sharp. Hang ourselves; I see no other
Remedy; Except you have a Receipt to
give a Ball and a Supper without Meat
or Musick.

Gay. Melissa has certainly heard of my
bad Circumstances, and has invented this
Scheme to distress me, and break off the
Match.

Sharp. I don't believe it, Sir; begging
your Pardon.

Gay.

Gay. No, why did her Maid then make so strict an Enquiry into my Fortune and Affairs?

Sharp. For two very substantial Reasons; the first to satisfy a Curiosity, natural to her as a Woman; the second, to have the Pleasure of my Conversation, very natural to her as a Woman of Taste and Understanding.

Gay. Prithee be more serious: Is not our All at stake?

Sharp. Yes, Sir: And yet that All of ours is of so little Consequence, that a Man, with a very small Share of Philosophy, may part from it without much Pain or Uneasiness. However, Sir, I'll convince you in half an Hour, that Mrs. Melissa knows nothing of your Circumstances, and I'll tell you what too, Sir, she shan't be here to-night, and yet you shall marry her to-morrow Morning.

Gay. How, how, dear Sharp!

Sharp. 'Tis here, here, Sir! Warm, warm, and Delays will cool it; therefore I'll away to her, and do you be as merry as Love and Poverty will permit you.

*Would you succeed, a faithful Friend
depute,
Whose Head can plan, and Frond can
execute.*

I am the Man, and I hope you neither dispute my Friendship or Qualification.

Gay. Indeed I don't. Prithee be gone.

Sharp. I fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE, MELISSA'S Lodgings.

Enter MELISSA and KITTY.

Mel. You surprise me, Kitty! the Master not at home! the Man in Confusion! no Furniture in the House! and ill-looking Fellows about the Doors! 'Tis all a Riddle.

Kitty. But very easy to be explain'd.

Mel. Prithee explain it then, nor keep me longer in Suspence.

Kitty. The Affair is this, Madam, Mr. Gayless is over Head and Ears in Debt; you are over Head and Ears in Love; you'll marry him To-morrow, the next Day, your whole Fortune goes to his Creditors, and you and your Children are to live comfortably upon the Remainder.

Mel. I cannot think him base.

Kitty. But I know they are all base—You are very young, and very ignorant of the Sex; I am young too, but have more Experience? You never was in Love before; I have been in Love with an hundred, and try'd 'em all; and know 'em to be a Parcel of barbarous, perjured, deluding, bewitching Devils.

Mel.

Mel. The low Wretches you have had to do with, may answer the Character you give 'em; but Mr. Gayles—

Kitty. Is a Man, Madam.

Mel. I hope so, Kitty, or I would have nothing to do with him.

Kitty. With all my Heart—I have given you my Sentiments upon the Occasion, and shall leave you to your own Inclinations.

Mel. Oh, Madam, I am much obliged to you for your great Condescension, ha, ha, ha! However, I have so great a Regard for your Opinion, that had I certain Proofs of his Villainy—

Kitty. Of his Poverty you may have a hundred: I am sure I have had none to the contrary.

Mel. Oh, there the Shoe pinches.

[*Aside.*

Kitty. Nay, so far from giving me the usual Perquisites of my Place, he has not so much as kept me in Temper with little endearing Civilities; and one might reasonably expect when a Man is deficient in one Way, that he should make it up in another.

[*Knocking without.*

Mel. See who's at the Door. [*Exit KITTY.*]—I must be cautious how I hearken too much to this Girl: Her bad Opinion of Mr. Gayles seems to arise from his Disregard of her.—

Enter SHARP and KITTY.

So, Sharp; have you found your Master? Will Things be ready for the Ball and Entertainment?

Sharp. To your Wishes, Madam. I have just now bespoke the Musick and Supper, and wait now for your Ladyship's farther Commands.

Mel. My Compliments to your Master, and let him know I and my Company will be with him by Six; we design to drink Tea, and play at Cards, before we dance.

Kitty. So shall I and my Company, Mr. Sharp. *[Aside.*

Sharp. Mighty well, Madam!

Mel. Prithee, Sharp, what makes you come without your Coat? 'Tis too cool to go so airy, sure.

Kitty. Mr. Sharp, Madam, is of a very hot Constitution, ha, ha, ha!

Sharp. If it had been ever so cool I have had enough to warm me since I came from home, I'm sure; but no matter for that. *[Sighing.*

Mel. What d'ye mean?

Sharp. Pray don't ask me, Madam; I beseech you don't: Let us change the Subject.

Kitty. Insist upon knowing it, Madam — My Curiosity must be satisfied, or I shall burst. *[Aside.*

Mel.

Mel. I do insist upon knowing——On pain of my Displeasure, tell me!

Sharp. If my Master should know—I must not tell you, Madam, indeed.

Mel. I promise you, upon my Honour, he never shall.

Sharp. But can your Ladyship insure Secrecy from that Quarter?

Kitty. Yes, Mr. Jackanapes, for any thing you can say.

Mel. I'll engage for her.

Sharp. Why then, in short, Madam—I cannot tell you.

Mel. Don't trifle with me.

Sharp. Then since you will have it, Madam,——I lost my Coat in Defence of your Reputation.

Mel. In Defence of my Reputation!

Sharp. I will assure you, Madam, I've suffer'd very much in Defence of it; which is more than I would have done for my own.

Mel. Prithee explain.

Sharp. In short, Madam, you was seen about a Month ago, to make a visit to my Master alone.

Mel. Alone! my Servant was with me.

Sharp. What, Mrs. Kitty? So much the worse; for she was looked upon as my Property; and I was brought in guilty as well as you and my Master.

Kitty.

Kitty. What, your Property, Jackanapes?

Mel. What is all this?

Sharp. Why, Madam, as I came out but now to make Preparations for you and your Company to-night; Mrs. Pryabout, the Attorney's Wife at next Door, calls to me; Hark'ee Fellow! says she, Do you and your modest Master know that my Husband shall indite your House, at the next Parish Meeting, for a Nufance?

Mel. A Nufance!

Sharp. I said so—A Nufance! I believe none in the Neighbourhood live with more Decency and Regularity than I and my Master, as is really the Case——Decency and Regularity, cries she, with a Sneer,—why, Sirrah, does not my Window look into your Master's Bed Chamber? And did not he bring in a certain Lady, such a Day? describing you, Madam. And did not I see——

Mel. See! Oh scandalous? What?

Sharp. Modesty requires my Silence.

Mel. Did not you contradict her?

Sharp. Contradict her! Why, I told her I was sure she ly'd: for, zounds! said I, for I could not help swearing, I am so well convinced of the Lady's and my Master's Prudence, that, I am sure, had they a mind to amuse themselves they would

would certainly have drawn the Window-Curtains.

Mel. What, did you say nothing else? Did not you convince her of her Error and Impertinence?

Sharp. She swore to such Things, that I could do nothing but swear and call Names: upon which, out-bolts her Husband upon me, with a fine taper Crab in his Hand, and fell upon me with such Violence, that, being half delirious, I made a full Confession.

Mel. A full Confession! What did you confess?

Sharp. That my Master lov'd Fornication; that you had no Aversion to it; that Mrs. Kitty was a Bawd, and your humble Servant a Pimp.

Kitty. A Bawd! a Bawd! Do I look like a Bawd, Madam?

Sharp. And so, Madam, in the Scuffle, my Coat was torn to-pieces as well as your Reputation.

Mel. And so you join'd to make me infamous!

Sharp. For Heaven's sake, Madam, what could I do? His Proofs fell so thick upon me, as Witness my Head, [*shewing his Head plaster'd*] that I would have given up all the Maidenheads in the Kingdom, rather than have my Brains beat to a Jelly.

Mel.

Mel. Very well!—but I'll be revenged! ———And did not you tell your Master of this?

Sharp. Tell him! No Madam? Had I told him, his Love is so violent for you, that he would certainly have murdered half the Attornies in Town by this Time.

Mel. Very well!—But I'm resolv'd not to go to your Master's to Night.

Sharp. Heavens and my Impudence be praised. [*Aside.*]

Kitty. Why not, Madam? if you are not guilty, face your Accusers.

Sharp. Oh the Devil! Ruin'd again! [*Aside.*] To be sure, face 'em by all means, Madam——They can but be abusive, and break the Windows a little: ——Besides, Madam, I have thought of a Way to make this Affair quite diverting to you—I have a fine Blunderbuss charg'd with half a hundred Slugs, and my Master has a delicate large Swiss Broad Sword; and between us, Madam, we shall so pepper and slice 'em, that you will die with laughing.

Mel. What, at Murder?

Kitty. Don't fear, Madam, there will be no Murder if Sharp's concern'd.

Sharp. Murder, Madam! 'Tis Self-defence; besides, in these sort of Skirmishes, there are never more than two or three kill'd: for, supposing they bring the whole
Body

Body of Militia upon us, down but with a Brace of them, and away fly the rest of the Covey.

Mel. Persuade me never so much, I won't go; that's my Resolution.

Kitty. Why then, I'll tell you what, Madam; since you are resolv'd not to go to the Supper, suppose the Supper was to come to you: 'Tis great Pity such great Preparations as Mr. Sharp has made should be thrown away.

Sharp. So it is, as you say Mrs. Kitty. But I can immediately run back and unbespeak what I have order'd; 'tis soon done.

Mel. But then what Excuse can I send to your Master? He'll be very uneasy at my not coming.

Sharp. Oh terribly so!—but I have it—I'll tell him you are very much out of Order—that you were suddenly taken with the Vapours or Qualms; or what you please, Madam.

Mel. I'll leave it to you, Sharp, to make my Apology; and there's half a Guinea for you to help your Invention.

Sharp. Half a Guinea!——'Tis so long since I had any thing to do with Money, that I scarcely know the current Coin of my own Country. Oh, Sharp, what Talents hast thou! To secure thy Master; deceive his Mistress; out-lie her Chambermaid;

maid; and yet be paid for thy Honesty! But my Joy will discover me. [*Aside.*] Madam, you have eternally fix'd Timothy Sharp your most obedient humble Servant!—Oh the Delights of Impudence and a good Understanding! [*Exit SHARP.*

Kitty. Ha, ha, ha! Was there ever such a lying Varlet? With his Slugs and his Broad Swords; his Attorneys and broken Heads, and Nonsense! Well, Madam, are you satisfy'd now? Do you want more Proofs?

Mel. Of your Modesty I do: But I find, you are resolv'd to give me none.

Kitty. Madam?

Mel. I see thro' your little mean Artifice: You are endeavouring to lessen Mr. Gayless in my Opinion, because he has not paid you for Services he had no Occasion for.

Kitty. Pay me, Madam! I am sure I have very little Occasion to be angry with Mr. Gayless for not paying me, when, I believe, 'tis his general Practice.

Mel. 'Tis false! He's a Gentleman and a Man of Honour, and you are——

Kitty. Not in Love, I thank Heaven! [*Curtseying.*

Mel. You are a Fool.

Kitty. I have been in Love; but I am much wiser now.

Mel. Hold your Tongue, Impertinence!

Kitty.

A—Kitty. That's the severest Thing she has said yet. [*Aside.*

Mel. Leave me.

Kitty. Oh this Love, this Love is the Devil! [*Exit KITTY.*

Mel. We discover our Weaknesses to our Servants, make them our Confidants, put 'em upon an Equality with us, and so they become our Advisers——Sharp's Behaviour, tho' I seem'd to disregard it, makes me tremble with Apprehensions; and tho' I have pretended to be angry with Kitty for her Advice, I think it of too much Consequence to be neglected.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. May I speak, Madam?

Mel. Don't be a Fool. What do you want?

Kitty. There is a Servant just come out of the Country, says, he belongs to Sir William Gayless, and has got a Letter for you from his Master, upon very urgent Business.

Mel. Sir William Gayless! What can this mean? Where is the Man?

Kitty. In the Little Parlour, Madam.

Mel. I'll go to him——My heart flutters strangely. [*Exit MELISSA.*

Kitty. Oh Woman, Woman, foolish Woman! she'll certainly have this Gayless: Nay, were she as well convinc'd of his

his Poverty as I am, she'd have him—A strong Dose of Love is worse than one of Ratafia; when it once gets into our Heads, it trips up our Heels, and then Good Night to Discretion. Here is she going to throw away fifteen thousand Pounds; Upon what? Faith, little better than nothing.—He's a Man, and that's all—and Heaven knows mere Man is but small Consolation.

*Be this Advice pursu'd by each fond Maid,
Ne'er slight the Substance for an empty
Shade:*

*Rich, weighty Sparks alone should please
and charm ye;*

*For should Spouse cool, his Gold will al-
ways warm ye.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter GAYLESS and SHARP.

Gay. PRITHEE be serious, Sharp. Hast thou really succeeded?

Sharp. To our Wishes, Sir. In short I have managed the Business with such Skill and Dexterity, that neither your Circumstances nor my Veracity are suspected.

Gay. But how hast thou excused me from the Ball and Entertainment?

Sharp. Beyond Expectation, Sir.— But in that Particular I was obliged to have Recourse to Truth, and declare the real Situation of your Affairs. I told her we had so long disused ourselves to dressing either Dinners or Suppers, that I was afraid we should be but awkward in our Preparations. In short, Sir,—at that Instant a cursed Gnawing seized my Stomach, that I could not help telling her, that both you and myself seldom make a good Meal now-a-days once in a Quarter of a Year.

Gay. Hell and Confusion, have you betrayed me, Villain! Did you not tell me this Moment, she did not in the least suspect my Circumstances?

Sharp. No more she did, Sir, till I told her.

Gay. Very well; and was this your Skill and Dexterity?

Sharp. I was going to tell you; but you won't hear Reason; my melancholy Face and piteous Narration had such an Effect upon her generous Bowels, that she freely forgives all that's past.

Gay. Does she, Sharp?

Sharp. Yes; and desires never to see your Face again; and, as a farther Consideration for so doing, she has sent you half-a-Guinea. *[Shows the Money.]*

Gay. What do you mean?

Sharp. To spend it, spend it, Sir; and regale.

Gay. Villain, you have undone me!

Sharp. What, by bringing you Money, when you are not worth a Farthing in the whole World? Well, well, then to make you happy again, I'll keep it myself; and wish Some-body would take it in their Head to load me with such Misfortunes. *[Puts up the Money.]*

Gay. Do you laugh at me, Rascal!

Sharp. Who deserves more to be laugh'd at? Ha, ha, ha. Never for the future, Sir, dispute the Success of my Negotiations, when even you, who know me so well, can't help swallowing my Hook. Why, Sir, I could have play'd with you back-

backwards and forwards at the End of my Line, till I had put your Senses into such a Fermentation, that you should not have known in an Hour's Time, whether you was a Fish or a Man.

Gay. Why, what is all this you have been telling me?

Sharp. A down-right Lie from Beginning to End.

Gay. And have you really excused me to her?

Sharp. No, Sir; but I have got this Half Guinea to make her Excuses to you? and, instead of a Confederacy between you and me to deceive her, she thinks she has brought me over to put the Deceit upon you.

Gay. Thou excellent Fellow!

Sharp. Don't lose Time, but slip out of the House immediately; the Back-way, I believe, will be the safest for you, and to her as fast as you can; pretend vast Surprize and Concern, that her Indisposition has debarr'd you the Pleasure of her Company here to-night: You need know no more; away!

Gay. But what shall we do, Sharp? Here's her Maid again.

Sharp. The Devil she is—I wish I could poison her; for I'm sure, while she lives I can never prosper.

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Your Door was open, so I did not stand upon Ceremony.

Gay. I am sorry to hear your Mistress is taken so suddenly.

Kitty. Vapours, Vapours only, Sir, a few matrimonial Omens, that's all; but I suppose Mr. Sharp has made her Excuses.

Gay. And tells me I can't have the Pleasure of her Company to Night. I had made a small Preparation; but 'tis no Matter: Sharp shall go to the rest of the Company, and let 'em know 'tis put off.

Kitty. Not for the World, Sir; my Mistress was sensible you must have provided for her, and the rest of the Company; so she is resolved, tho' she can't, the other Ladies and Gentlemen shall partake of your Entertainment; she's very good natur'd.

Sharp. I had better run, and let 'em know 'tis deferr'd. [*Going.*]

Kitty. [*Stopping him.*] I have been with 'em already, and told 'em my Mistress insists upon their coming, and they have all promised to be here; so, pray, don't be under any Apprehensions, that your Preparations will be thrown away.

Gay. But as I can't have her Company, Mrs. Kitty, 'twill be a greater Pleasure to me, and a greater Compliment to her, to defer our Mirth; besides, I can't enjoy
any

any thing at present, and she not partake of it.

Kitty. Oh, no to be sure; but what can I do? My Mistress will have it so, and Mrs. Gad-about, and the rest of the Company will be here in a few Minutes; there are two or three Coachfuls of 'em.

Sharp. Then my Master must be ruin'd in spite of my Parts.

Gay. [*Aside to SHARP.*] 'Tis all over, Sharp.

Sharp. I know it, Sir.

Gay. I shall go distracted; what shall I do?

Sharp. Why, Sir, as our Rooms are a little out of Furniture at present, take 'em into the Captain's that lodges here, and set 'em down to Cards; if he should come in the mean time, I'll excuse you to him.

Kitty. I have disconcerted their Affairs, I find; I'll have some Sport with 'em.— Pray, Mr. Gayless, don't order too many Things, they only make you a friendly Visit; the more Ceremony, you know, the less Welcome. Pray, Sir, let me intreat you not to be profuse. If I can be of Service, pray command me; my Mistress has sent me on purpose; while Mr. Sharp is doing the Business without Doors, I may be employed within; if you'll lend me the Keys of your Side-board

board [*to SHARP*] I'll dispose of your Plate to the best Advantage.

Sharp. Thank you, Mrs. Kitty; but it is dispos'd of already.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

Kitty. Bless me the Company's come, I'll go to the Door and conduct 'em into your Presence. [*Exit KITTY.*

Sharp. If you'd conduct 'em into a Horsepond, and wait of 'em there yourself, we should be more obliged to you.

Gay. I can never support this!

Sharp. Rouse your Spirits and put on an Air of Gaiety, and I don't despair of bringing you off yet.

Gay. Your Words have done it effectually.

Enter Mrs. GADABOUT, her Daughter and Niece, Mr. GUTTLE, Mr. TRIPPIT and Mrs. TRIPPIT.

Gad. Ah my dear Mr. Gayless!

[*Kisses him.*

Gay. My dear Widow! [*Kisses her.*

Gad. We are come to give you Joy, Mr. Gayless.

Sharp. You never was more mistaken in your Life. [*Aside.*

Gad. I have brought some Company here, I believe, is not so well known to you, and I protest I have been all about the

the Town to get the little I have—Prissy, my Dear—Mr. Gayless, my Daughter.

Gay. And as handsome as her Mother; you must have a Husband shortly, my Dear.

Priss. I'll assure you I don't despair, Sir.

M. Gad. My Niece too.

Gay. I know by her Eyes she belongs to you, Widow.

M. Gad. Mr. Guttle, Sir, Mr. Gayless; Mr. Gayless, Justice Guttle.

Sharp. Oh Destruction! one of the Quorum.

Gut. Hem, Tho' I had not the Honour of any personal Knowledge of you, yet at the Instigation of Mrs. Gadabout, I have, without any previous Acquaintance with you, throw'd aside all Ceremony to let you know that I joy to hear the Solemnization of your Nuptials is so near at hand.

Gay. Sir, tho' I cannot answer you with the same Elocution, however, Sir, I thank you with the same Sincerity.

M. Gad. Mr. and Mrs. Trippit, Sir, the properest Lady in the World for your Purpose, for she'll dance for four and twenty Hours together.

Trip. My dear Charles, I am very angry with you, faith; so near Marriage and not let me know, 'twas barbarous; you thought, I suppose, I should rally

you upon it; but dear Mrs. Trippit here has long ago eradicated all my antimatrimonial Principles.

Mrs. Trip. I eradicate, fye, Mr. Trippit, don't be so obscene.

Kit. Pray, Ladies, walk into the next Room; Mr. Sharp can't lay his Cloth till you are set down to Cards.

Gad. One thing I had quite forgot; Mr. Gayless, my Nephew who you never saw, will be in town from France presently, so I left Word to send him here immediately to make one.

Gay. You do me Honour, Madam.

Sharp. Do the Ladies chuse Cards or the Supper first?

Gay. Supper! what does the Fellow mean?

Gut. Oh, the Supper by all Means, for I have eat nothing to signify since Dinner.

Sharp. Nor I, since last Monday was a Fortnight. *[Aside.*

Gay. Pray, Ladies, walk into the next Room: Sharp, get Things ready for Supper, and call the Musick.

Sharp. Well said, Master.

Gad. Without Ceremony, Ladies.

[Exeunt Ladies.

Kitty. I'll to my Mistress, and let her know every Thing is ready for her Appearance. *[Exit KITTY.*

GUTTLE

GUTTLE *and* SHARP.

Gut. Pray Mr. what's your Name, don't be long with Supper; but harkee, what can I do in the mean Time? Suppose you get me a Pipe and some good Wine, I'll try to divert myself that way till Supper's ready.

Sharp. Or suppose, Sir, you was to take a Nap till then, there's a very easy Couch in that Closet.

Gut. The best Thing in the World, I'll take your Advice, but be sure to wake me when Supper is ready. [*Exit* GUTTLE.

Sharp. Pray Heav'n you may not wake till then——What a fine Situation my Master is in at present? I have promis'd him my Assistance, but his Affairs are in so desperate a Way, that I am afraid 'tis out of all my Skill to recover 'em. Well, Fools have Fortune, says an old Proverb, and a very true one it is, for my Master and I are two of the most unfortunate Mortals in the Creation.

Enter GAYLESS.

Gay. Well, Sharp, I have set 'em down to Cards, and now what have you to propose?

Sharp. I have one Scheme left which in all Probability may succeed. The good Citizen overloaded with his last Meal, is taking a Nap in that Closet, in order to
get

get him an Appetite for yours. Suppose, Sir, we should make him treat us.

Gay. I don't understand you.

Sharp. I'll pick his Pocket, and provide us a Supper with the Booty.

Gay. Monstrous! for without considering the Villany of it, the Danger of waking him makes it impracticable!

Sharp. If he wakes, I'll smother him, and lay his Death to Indigestion—a very common Death among the Justices.

Gay. Prithee be serious, we have no Time to lose; can you invent nothing to drive 'em out of the House?

Sharp. I can fire it.

Gay. Shame and Confusion so perplex me, I cannot give myself a Moment's Thought.

Sharp. I have it; did not Mrs. Gadabout say her Nephew would be here?

Gay. She did.

Sharp. Say no more, but into your Company; If I don't send 'em out of the House for the Night, I'll at least frighten their Stomachs away; and if this Stratagem fails, I'll relinquish Politicks, and think my Understanding no better than my Neighbours.

Gay. How shall I reward thee, Sharp?

Sharp. By your Silence and Obedience; away to your Company, Sir. [*Exit GAYLESS.*]

Now, dear Madam Fortune, for once open

open your Eyes, and behold a poor unfortunate Man of Parts addressing you; now is your Time to convince your Foes, you are not that blind whimsical Whore they take you for; but let 'em see by your assisting me, that Men of Sense, as well as Fools, are sometimes intitled to your Favour and Protection.——So much for Prayer, now for a great Noise and a Lye.

[*goes aside and cries out.*
Help, help, Master; help, Gentlemen, Ladies; Murder, Fire, Brimstone; help, help, help!

Enter Mr. GAYLESS and the Ladies, with Cards in their Hands, and SHARP enters running and meets 'em.

Gay. What's the Matter?

Sharp. Matter, Sir, if you don't run this Minute with that Gentleman, this Lady's Nephew will be murder'd; I am sure 'twas he, he was set upon the Corner of the Street, by four; he has kill'd two, and if you don't make haste, he'll be either murdered or took to Prison.

Gad. For Heaven's Sake, Gentlemen, run to his Assistance.——How I tremble for Melissa! this Frolick of her's may be fatal.

[*Aside.*

Gay. Draw, Sir, and follow me.

[*Exit GAY, and GAD.*
Trip.

Trip. Not I; I dont care to run myself into needless Quarrels; I have suffered too much formerly by flying into Passions, besides, I have pawn'd my Honour to Mrs. Trippit, never to draw my Sword again; and in her present Condition, to break my Word might have fatal Consequences.

Sharp. Pray, Sir, don't excuse yourself, the young Gentleman may be murder'd by this Time.

Trip. Then my Assistance will be of no Service to him; however—I'll go to oblige you, and look on at a Distance.

Mrs. Trip. I shall certainly faint, Mr. Trippit, if you draw.

Enter GUTTLE, disorder'd, as from Sleep.

Gut. What Noise and Confusion is this?

Sharp. Sir, there's a Man murder'd in the Street.

Gut. Is that all—zounds, I was afraid you had throw'd the Supper down—a Plague of your Noise—I shan't recover my Stomach this half Hour.

Enter GAYLESS and GADABOUT, with MELISSA in Boys Cloaths, dressed in the FRENCH Manner.

Gad. Well, but my dear Jemmy, you are not hurt, sure?

Mel.

Mel. A little with riding Post only.

Gad. Mr. Sharp alarm'd us all with an Account of your being set upon by four Men; that you had kill'd two, and was attacking the other when he came away, and when we met you at the Door, we were running to your Rescue.

Mel. I had a small Rencounter with half a dozen Villains; but finding me resolute, they were wise enough to take to their Heels; I believe I scratcht some of 'em.

[Laying her Hand to her Sword.]

Sharp. His Vanity has sav'd my Credit. I have a Thought come into my Head may prove to our Advantage, provided Monsieur's Ignorance bears any Proportion to his Impudence. *[Aside.]*

Gad. Now my Fright's over, let me introduce you, my Dear, to Mr. Gayless; Sir, this is my Nephew.

Gay. *[Saluting her.]* Sir, I shall be proud of your Friendship.

Mel. I don't doubt but we shall be better acquainted in a little Time.

Gut. Pray, Sir, what News in France?

Mel. Faith, Sir, very little that I know of in the political Way; I had no Time to spend among the Politicians. I was——

Gay. Among the Ladies, I suppose.

Mel. Too much indeed. Faith, I have not Philosophy enough to resist their Sollicitations; you take me. *[To GAYLESS aside.]*

Gay.

Gay. Yes, to be a most incorrigible Fop, f'dearth, this Puppy's Impertinence is an Addition to my Misery. [*Aside to SHARP.*

Mel. Poor Gayless, to what Shifts is he reduced? I cannot bear to see him much longer in this Condition, I shall discover myself. [*Aside to GADABOUT.*

Gad. Not before the End of the Play; besides, the more his Pain now, the greater his Pleasure when relieved from it.

Trip. Shall we return to our Cards? I have a *sans prendre* here, and must insist you play it out.

Ladies. With all my Heart.

Mel. *Allons donc.*

[*As the Company goes out, SHARP pulls MELISSA by the Sleeve.*]

Sharp. Sir, Sir, shall I beg Leave to speak with you? Pray, did you find a Bank-Note in your Way hither?

Mel. What, between here and Dover do you mean?

Sharp. No, Sir, within twenty or thirty Yards of this House.

Mel. You are drunk, Fellow.

Sharp. I am undone, Sir; but not drunk, I'll assure you.

Mel. What is all this?

Sharp. I'll tell you, Sir: A little while ago my Master sent me out to change a Note of Twenty Pounds; but I unfortunately hearing a Noise in the Street of,
Damn-

Damn-me, Sir, and clashing of Swords, and Rascal, and Murder; I runs up to the Place, and saw four Men upon one; and having heard you was a mettlesome young Gentleman, I immediately concluded it must be you; so ran back to call my Master, and when I went to look for the Note to change it, I found it gone, either stole or lost; and if I don't get the Money immediately, I shall certainly be turned out of my Place, and lose my Character.——

Mel. I shall laugh in his Face. [*Aside.*] Oh, I'll speak to your Master about it, and he will forgive you at my Intercession.

Sharp. Ah, Sir! you don't know my Master.

Mel. I'm very little acquainted with him; but I have heard he's a very good-natured Man.

Sharp. I have heard so too, but I have felt it otherwise; he has so much Good-nature, that, if I could compound for one Brokenhead a Day, I should think myself very well off.

Mel. Are you serious, Friend?

Sharp. Look'e, Sir, I take you for a Man of Honour; there is something in your Face that is generous, open, and masculine; you don't look like a foppish, effeminate Tell-tale; so I'll venture to
trust

trust you.——See here, Sir, [*shews his Head.*] these are the Effects of my Master's Good-nature.

Mel. Matchless Impudence! [*Aside.*] Why do you live with him then after such Usage?

Sharp. He's worth a great deal of Money, and when he's drunk, which is commonly once a Day, he's very free, and will give me any thing; but I design to leave him when he's married, for all that.

Mel. Is he going to be married then?

Sharp. To-morrow, Sir, and between you and I, he'll meet with his Match, both for Humour and something else too.

Mel. What, she drinks too?

Sharp. Damnably, Sir; but mum—— You must know this Entertainment was design'd for Madam to-night; but she got so very gay after Dinner, that she could not walk out of her own House; so her Maid, who was half gone too, came here with an Excuse, that Mrs. Melissa had got the Vapours, and so she had indeed violently; here, here, Sir.

[*Pointing to his Head.*]

Mel. This is scarcely to be borne. [*Aside.*] Melissa! I have heard of her; they say she's very whimsical.

Sharp. A very Woman, and please your Honour, and, between you and I, none
of

of the mildest or wisest of her Sex——
But to return, Sir, to the Twenty Pounds.

Mel. I am surprized, you, who have got so much Money in his Service, should be at a Loss for Twenty Pounds, to save your Bones at this Juncture.

Sharp. I have put all my Money out at Interest; I never keep above five Pounds by me; and if your Honour would lend me the other fifteen, and take my Note for it. [Knocking.

Mel. Somebody's at the Door.

Sharp. I can give very good Security. [Knocking.

Mel. Don't let the People wait, Mr.——

Sharp. Ten Pounds will do. [Knocking.

Mel. *Allez vous en.*

Sharp. Five, Sir. [Knocking.

Mel. *Je ne puis pas.*

Sharp. *Je ne puis pas.*——I find we shan't understand one another, I do but lose Time; and, if I had any Thought, I might have known these young Fops return from their Travels generally with as little Money as Improvement.

[Exit SHARP.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha, what Lies doth this Fellow invent, and what Rogueries does he commit for his Master's Service? There never fure was a more faithful Servant to his Master, or a greater Rogue to the rest of Mankind. But here

he comes again, the Plot thickens, I'll in and observe Gaylefs. [*Exit* MELISSA.]

Enter SHARP before several Persons with Dishes in their Hands, and a Cook drunk.

Sharp. Fortune, I thank thee, the most lucky Accident; [*Aside.*] This Way Gentlemen, this Way.

Cook. I am afraid I have mistook the House. Is this Mr. Treatwell's?

Sharp. The same, the same: What, don't you know me?

Cook. Know you!——Are you sure there was a Supper bespoke here?

Sharp. Yes: Upon my Honour, Mr. Cook, the Company is in the next Room, and must have gone without, had not you brought it. I'll draw a Table. I see you have brought a Cloth with you; but you need not have done that, for we have a very good Stock of Linnen——at the Pawnbroker's. [*Aside.*]——

[*Exit, and returns immediately, drawing in a Table.*]

Come, come my Boys, be quick, the Company began to be very uneasy; but I knew my old Friend Lick-spit here would not fail us.

Cook. Lick-spit! I am no Friend of yours; so I desire less Familiarity: Lick-spit too!

Enter

Enter GAYLESS, and stares.

Gay. What is all this?

Sharp. Sir, if the Sight of the Supper is offensive, I can easily have it removed.

[Aside to GAYLESS.

Gay. Prithee explain thyself, Sharp.

Sharp. Some of our Neighbours, I suppose, have bespoke this Supper; but the Cook has drank away his Memory, forgot the House, and brought it here; however, Sir, if you dislike it, I'll tell him of his Mistake, and send him about his Business.

Gay. Hold, hold, Necessity obliges me against my Inclination to favour the Cheat, and feast at my Neighbour's Expence.

Cook. Hark you, Friend, is that your Master?

Sharp. Ay, and the best Master in the World.

Cook. I'll speak to him then——Sir, I have according to your Commands, dress'd as genteel a Supper as my Art and your Price would admit of.

Sharp. Good again, Sir, 'tis paid for.

[Aside to GAYLESS.

Gay. I don't in the least question your Abilities, Mr. Cook, and I am oblig'd to you for your Care.

Cook. Sir, you are a Gentleman,——and if you would but look over the Bill and approve it, [*pulls out a Bill*] you will over and above return the Obligation.

Sharp. Oh the Devil!

Gay. [*looking on a Bill.*] Very well, I'll send my Man to pay you To-morrow.

Cook. I'll spare him that Trouble, and take it with me, Sir—I never work but for ready Money.

Gay. Hah?

Sharp. Then you won't have our Custom. [*Aside.*

My Master is busy now, Friend; do you think he won't pay you?

Cook. No matter what I think; either my Meat or my Money.

Sharp. 'Twill be very ill-convenient for him to pay you To-night.

Cook. Then I'm afraid it will be ill-convenient to pay me To-morrow, so d'ye hear——

Enter MELISSA.

Gay. Prithee be advis'd, f'death, I shall be discover'd. [*Takes the Cook aside.*

Mel. [*to SHARP.*] What's the Matter?

Sharp. The Cook has not quite answer'd my Master's Expectations about the Supper, Sir, and he's a little angry at him, that's all.

Mel. Come, come, Mr. Gayless, don't be uneasy, a Batchelor cannot be supposed to have Things in the utmost Regularity; we don't expect it.

Cook. But I do expect it, and will have it.

Mel.

Mel. What does that drunken Fool say?

Cook. That I will have my Money, and I won't stay till To-morrow——and, and——

Sharp. [*runs and stops his Mouth.*] Hold, hold, what are you doing? Are you mad?

Mel. What do you stop the Man's Breath for?

Sharp. Sir, he was going to call you Names.——Don't be abusive, Cook, the Gentleman is a Man of Honour, and said nothing to you; pray be pacify'd, you are in Liquor.

Cook. I will have my——

Sharp. [*holding still.*] Why, I tell you, Fool, you mistake the Gentleman, he is a Friend of my Master's, and has not said a Word to you.——Pray, good Sir, go into the next Room; the Fellow's drunk, and takes you for another.——You'll repent this when you are sober, Friend——Pray, Sir, don't stay to hear his Impertinence.

Gay. Pray, Sir, walk in——He's below your Anger.

Mel. Damn the Rascal! what does he mean by affronting me!——Let the Scoundrel go, I'll polish his Brutality, I warrant you: Here's the best Reformer of Manners in the Universe. [*Draws his Sword.*] Let him go, I say.

Sharp. So, so you have done finely, now.——Get away as fast as you can;

he's the most courageous mettlesome Man in all England——Why, if his Passion was up he could eat you.——Make your Escape, you Fool!

Cook. I won't——Eat me! He'll find me damn'd hard of Digestion tho'——

Sharp. Prithee come here; let me speak with you. *[They walk aside.]*

Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Gad's me, is Supper on the Table already?——Sir, pray defer it for a few Moments; my Mistress is much better, and will be here immediately.

Gay. Will she indeed! Bless me—I did not expect——but however——Sharp?

Kitty. What Success, Madam?

[Aside to MELISSA.]

Mel. As we could wish, Girl——but he is in such Pain and Perplexity I can't hold it out much longer.

Kitty. Ay, that not holding out is the Ruin of half our Sex.

Sharp. I have pacify'd the Cook, and if you can but borrow twenty Pieces of that young Prig, all may go well yet; you may succeed though I could not: Remember what I told you——about it straight, Sir——

Gay. Sir, Sir, *[to MELISSA]* I beg to speak a Word with you; my Servant, Sir, tells me he has had the Misfortune, Sir, to lose a Note of mine of twenty Pounds,

Pounds, which I sent him to receive—and the Bankers Shops being shut up, and having very little Cash by me, I should be much obliged to you if you would favour me with twenty Pieces till To-morrow.

Mel. Oh Sir, with all my Heart. [*Taking out her Purse*] and as I have a small Favour to beg of you, Sir, the Obligation will be mutual.

Gay. How may I oblige you, Sir?

Mel. You are to be marry'd, I hear, to Melissa.

Gay. To morrow, Sir.

Mel. Then you'll oblige me, Sir, by never seeing her again.

Gay. Do you call this a small Favour, Sir!

Mel. A mere Trifle, Sir——breaking of Contracts, suing for Divorces, committing Adultery, and such like, are all reckon'd Trifles now-a-days; and smart young Fellows, like you and myself, Gayless, should be never out of Fashion.

Gay. But pray, Sir, how are you concerned in this Affair!

Mel. Oh Sir, you must know I have a very great Regard for Melissa, and, indeed, she for me; and by the by, I have a most despicable Opinion of you; for, *entre nous*, I take you, Charles, to be a very great Scoundrel.

Gay. Sir!

Mel. Nay, don't look fierce, Sir! and give yourself Airs—Damme, Sir, I shall be through your Body else in the snapping of a Finger.

Gay. I'll be as quick as you, Villain!

[Draws and makes at MELISSA.]

Kitty. Hold, hold, Murder! you'll kill my Mistress—the young Gentleman I mean.

Gay. Ah! her Mistress! *[Drops his Sword.]*

Sharp. How! Melissa! nay, then drive away Cart——All's over now.

Enter all the Company laughing.

Gad. What, Mr. Gayless, engaging with Melissa before your Time. Ah, ah, ah!

Kitty. Your humble Servant, good Mr. Politician, *[to SHARP.]* This is, Gentlemen and Ladies, the most celebrated and ingenious Timothy Sharp, Schemer General and redoubted Squire to the most renowned and fortunate Adventurer Charles Gayless, Knight of the Woeful Countenance: Ha, ha, ha!———Oh that dismal Face, and more dismal Head of yours. *[Strikes SHARP upon the Head.]*

Sharp. 'Tis cruel in you to disturb a Man in his last Agonies.

Mel. Now, Mr. Gayless!———what, not a Word! you are sensible I can be no Stranger to your Misfortunes, and I might reasonably expect an Excuse for your ill Treatment of me.

Gay.

Gay. No, Madam, Silence is my only Refuge; for to endeavour to vindicate my Crimes would shew a greater Want of Virtue than even the Commission of 'em.

Mel. Oh, Gayless! 'twas poor to impose upon a Woman, and one that lov'd you too.

Gay. Oh most unpardonable; but my Necessities——

Sharp. And mine, Madam, were not to be match'd I'm sure, o'this side starving.

Mel. His Tears have softned me at once——Your Necessities, Mr. Gayless, with such real Contrition, are too powerful Motives not to affect the Breast already prejudic'd in your Favour——You have suffer'd too much already for your Extravagance; and as I take part in your Sufferings, 'tis easing myself to relieve you: Know therefore, all that's past I freely forgive.

Gay. You cannot mean it sure; I am lost in Wonder.

Mel. Prepare yourself for more Wonder——You have another Friend in Masquerade here: Mr. Cook, pray throw aside your Drunkenness, and make your sober Appearance——Don't you know that Face, Sir?

Cook. Ay, Master, what, have you forgot your Friend Dick, as you us'd to call me?

Gay. More Wonder indeed! don't you live with my Father?

Mel.

Mel. Just after your hopeful Servant there had left me, comes this Man from Sir William with a Letter to me; upon which, being by that wholly convinced of your necessitous Condition, I invented, by the Help of Kitty and Mrs. Gadabout, this little Plot, in which your Friend Dick there has acted Miracles, resolving to teaze you a little, that you might have a greater Relish for a happy Turn in your Affairs. Now, Sir, read that Letter, and compleat your Joy.

Gay. [Reads.] *Madam, I am Father to the unfortunate young Man, who, I hear by a Friend of mine, that by my Desire, has been a continual Spy upon him, is making his Addresses to you; if he is so happy as to make himself agreeable to you, whose Character I am charm'd with, I shall own him with Joy for my Son, and forget his former Follies.*

I am, Madam,

Your most Humble Servant,

William Gayless.

P. S. I will be soon in Town myself to congratulate his Reformation and Marriage.

Oh, Melissa, this is too much; thus let me shew my Thanks and Gratitude, [Kneeling, she raises him] for here 'tis only due.

Sharp. A Reprieve! a Reprieve! a Reprieve!

Kitty. I have been, Sir, a most bitter Enemy to you; but since you are likely
to

to be a little more conversant with Cash than you have been, I am now, with the greatest Sincerity, your most obedient Friend and humble Servant. And I hope, Sir, all former Enmity will be forgotten.

Gay. Oh, Mrs. Pry, I have been too much indulged with Forgiveness myself not to forgive lesser Offences in other People.

Sharp. Well then, Madam, since my Master has vouchsaf'd Pardon to your Handmaid Kitty, I hope you'll not deny it to his Footman Timothy.

Mel. Pardon! for what?

Sharp. Only for telling you about ten thousand Lies, Madam, and, among the rest, insinuating that your Ladyship would——

Mel. I understand you; and can forgive any thing, Sharp, that was design'd for the Service of your Master; and if Pry and you will follow our Example, I'll give her a small Fortune as a Reward for both your Fidelities.

Sharp. I fancy, Madam, 'twould be better to half the small Fortune between us, and keep us both single; for as we shall live in the same House, in all Probability we may taste the Comforts of Matrimony, and not be troubled with its Inconveniencies. What say you Kitty?

Kitty. Do you hear, Sharp, before you talk of the Comforts of Matrimony, taste the

the Comforts of a good Dinner, and recover your Flesh a little; do, Puppy.

Sharp. The Devil backs her, that's certain; and I am no Match for her at any Weapon.

Mel. And now, Mr. Gayless, to shew I have not provided for you by halves, let the Musick prepare themselves, and, with the Approbation of the Company, we'll have a Dance.

All. By all means, a Dance.

Gut. By all means a Dance—after Supper tho'——

Sharp. Oh, pray, Sir, have Supper first, or, I'm sure, I shan't live till the Dance is finished.

Gay. Behold, Melissa, as sincere a Convert as ever Truth and Beauty made. The wild impetuous Sallies of my Youth are now blown over, and a most pleasing Calm of perfect Happiness succeeds.

*Thus Ætna's Flames the verdant Earth
consume,*

*But milder Heat makes drooping Nature
bloom:*

*So virtuous Love affords us springing Joy,
Whilst vicious Passions, as they burn,
destroy.*

F I N I S.

THE

IRISH WIDOW.

COMEDY.

Enter NEPHEW.
Bar. What lively Billy!—hold, I beg
your pardon—melancholy William I think
—here's a fine revolution—I hear your
Uncle, who was last month all gravity,
and you all mirth, have chang'd charac-
ters; he is now all spirit, and you are in
the dumps, young man.

Neph.

the Comforts of a good Dinner, and re-
cover your Flesh a little more, Puppy.
—Sleep. The Devil backs her, that's
certain; and I am no Match for her et
son Weapon.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

Sir PATRICK BATES,

O'NEALE, KECKSY,

WHITTLE, THOMAS,

NEPHEW, FOOTMAN,

WOMEN.

WIDOW BARRY.

THE
IRISH WIDOW.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *Whittle's House.*

Enter BATES and Servant.

Bat. IS he gone out? his card tells me to come directly—I did but lock up some papers, take my hat and cane, and away I hurried.

Serv. My master desires you will sit down, he will return immediately—he had some business with his lawyer, and went out in great haste, leaving the message I have deliver'd. Here is my young master. [*Exit SERVANT.*]

Enter NEPHEW.

Bat. What lively Billy!—hold, I beg your pardon—melancholy William I think—here's a fine revolution—I hear your Uncle, who was last month all gravity, and you all mirth, have chang'd characters; he is now all spirit, and you are in the dumps, young man.

Neph.

Neph. And for the same reason—This journey to Scarborough will unfold the riddle.

Bat. Come, come, in plain English, and before your Uncle comes—explain the matter.

Neph. In the first place I am undone.

Bat. In love I know—I hope your Uncle is not undone too—that would be the devil!

Neph. He has taken possession of him in every sense. In short, he came to Scarborough to see the lady I had fallen in love with—

Bat. And fell in love himself?

Neph. Yes, and with the same lady.

Bat. That is the devil indeed!

Neph. O, Mr. Bates! when I thought my happiness complete, and wanted only my Uncle's consent, to give me the independence he so often has promis'd me, he came to Scarborough for that purpose, and wish'd me joy of my choice; but in less than a week, his approbation turned into a passion for her; he now hates the sight of me, and is resolv'd, with the consent of the father, to make her his wife directly.

Bat. So he keeps you out of your fortune, won't give his consent, which his Brother's foolish will requires, and he would marry himself the same woman, because

because right, title, conscience, nature, justice, and every law, divine and human, are against it.

Neph. Thus he tricks me at once both of wife and fortune, without the least want of either.

Bat. Well said, friend Whittle! but it can't be, it shan't be, and it must not be——this is murder and robbery in the strongest sense, and he shan't be hang'd in chains to be laugh'd at by the whole town if I can help it.

Neph. I am distracted, the Widow is distress'd, and we both shall run mad.

Bat. A Widow too!——'gad a mercy three score and five!

Neph. But such a Widow! she is now in town with her father, who wants to get her off his hands; 'tis equal to him who has her, so she is provided for—I hear somebody coming—I must away to her lodgings, where she waits for me to execute a scheme directly for our delivery.

Bat. What is her name, Billy?

Neph. Brady.

Bat. Brady! is not she Daughter to Sir Patrick O'Neale?

Neph. The same. She was sacrific'd to the most senseless, drunken profligate in the whole country: He lived to run out his fortune, and the only advantage she got from the union was, he broke that

and his neck, before he had broke her heart.

Bat. The affair of marriage is in this country put upon the easiest footing; there is neither love or hate in the matter; necessity brings them together; they are united at first for their mutual convenience, and separated ever after for their particular pleasures—O rare matrimony!—Where does she lodge?

Neph. In Pall-Mall, near the Hotel.

Bat. I'll call in my way, and assist at the consultation; I am for a bold stroke, if gentle methods should fail.

Neph. We have a plan, and a spirited one, if my sweet widow is able to go through it—pray let us have your friendly assistance—ours is the cause of love and reason.

Bat. Get you gone, with your love and reason, they seldom pull together now-a-days—I'll give your Uncle a dose first, and then I'll meet you at the widow's——what says your Uncle's privy counsellor, Mr. Thomas, to this?

Neph. He is greatly our friend, and will enter sincerely into our service—he is honest, sensible, ignorant and particular, a kind of half coxcomb, with a thorough good heart—but he's here.

Bat. Do you go about your business, and leave the rest to me. [*Exit NEPHEW.*

Enter

Enter THOMAS.

Mr. Thomas, I am glad to see you; upon my word you look charmingly—you wear well, Mr. Thomas.

Thom. Which is a wonder, considering how times go, Mr. Bates,—they'll wear and tear me too, if I don't take care of myself——my old master has taken the nearest way to wear himself out, and all that belong to him.

Bat. Why surely this strange story about town is not true, that the old gentleman is fall'n in love?

Thom. Ten times worse than that!

Bat. The devil!

Thom. And his horns——going to be married!

Bat. Not if I can help it.

Thom. You never saw such an alter'd man in your born days!——he's grown young again; he frisks, and prances, and runs about, as if he had a new pair of legs——he has left off his brown camlet furtout, which he wore all summer, and now with his hat under his arm, he goes open breasted, and he dresses, and powders, and smirks so, that you would take him for the mad Frenchman in Bedlam—something wrong in his upper story—would you think it?—he wants me to have a pig-tail!

Bat. Than he is far gone indeed!

Thom. As sure as you are there, Mr. Bates, a pig-tail!—we have had sad work about it—I made a com-promise with him, to wear these ruffled shirts which he gave me—but they stand in my way—I am not so listless with them—tho' I have ty'd up my hands for him, I won't tie up my head, that I am resolute.

Bat. This it is to be in love, Thomas?

Thom. He may make free with himself, he shan't make a fool of me,—he has got his head into a bag, but I won't have a pig-tail tack'd to mine——and so I told him——

Bat. What did you tell him?

Thom. That as I, and my father, and his father before me, had wore their own hair as heaven had send it, I thought myself rather too old to set up for a monkey at my time of life, and wear a pig-tail—he! he! he!—he took it.

Bat. With a wry face, for it was worm-wood.

Thom. Yes, he was frump'd, and call'd me old block-head, and would not speak to me the rest of the day—but the next day he was at it again—he then put me into a passion—and I could not help telling him, that I was an Englishman born, and had my prerogative as well as he, and that as long as I had breath in my body, I was for liberty, and a strait head of hair!

Bat.

Bat. Well said, Thomas—he could not answer that.

Thom. The poorest man in England is a match for the greatest, if he will but stick to the laws of the land, and the statute books, as they are deliver'd down from us to our fore fathers.

Bat. You are right—we must lay our wits together, and drive the widow out of your old master's head, and put her into your young master's hands.

Thom. With all my heart—nothing can be more meritorious—marry at his years! what a terrible account would he make of it, Mr. Bates!—let me see—on the debtor side 65—and per contra creditor a buxom widow of 23.—He'll be a bankrupt in a fortnight—he! he! he!

Bat. And so he would, Mr. Thomas—what have you got in your hand?

Thom. A pamphlet my old gentleman takes in—he has left off buying histories and religious pieces by numbers, as he us'd to do, and since he has got this widow in his head he reads nothing but the Amorous Repository, Cupid's Revels, Call to Marriage, Hymen's Delights, Love lies a Bleeding, Love in the Suds, and such like tender compositions.

Bat. Here he comes with all his folly about him.

Thom. Yes, and the first fool from vanity-fair—Heav'n help us!—love turns man and woman topsy-turvy!

[*Exit THOMAS.*]

Whit. [*without.*] Where is he? where is my good friend?

Enter WHITTLE.

Ha! here he is—give me your hand.

Bat. I am glad to see you in such spirits, my old gentleman.

Whit. Not so old neither——no man ought to be called old, friend Bates, if he is in health, spirits, and—

Bat. In his senses——which I should rather doubt, as I never saw you half so frolicksome in my life.

Whit. Never too old to learn friend, and if I don't make use of my philosophy now, I may wear it out in twenty years—I have been always banter'd as of too grave a cast—you know when I study'd at Lincoln's-Inn, they used to call me Young Wisdom.

Bat. And if they should now call you Old Folly, it will be a much worse name.

Whit. No young jackanapes dares call me so, while I have this friend at my side—[*touches his sword.*]

Bat. A hero too! what in the name of common sense is come to you, my friend?——high spirits, quick honour, a long sword

sword and a bag!—you want nothing but to be terribly in love, and then you may sally forth knight of the Woeful Countenance, ha! ha! ha!

Whit. Mr. Bates—the ladies who are the best judges of countenances, are not of your opinion; and unless you'll be a little serious, I must beg pardon for giving you this trouble, and I'll open my mind to some more attentive friend.

Bat. Well, come unlock then, you wild, handsome, vigorous young dog you—I will please you if I can.

Whit. I believe you never saw me look better, Frank, did you?

Bat. O yes, rather better forty years ago.

Whit. What when I was at Merchant Taylors School?

Bat. At Lincoln's-Inn, Tom.

Whit. It can't be—I never disguise my age, and next February, I shall be fifty-four.

Bat. Fifty-four! why I am sixty, and you always lick'd me at school—tho' I believe I could do as much for you now, and 'ecod I believe you deserve it too.

Whit. I tell you I am in my 55th year.

Bat. O, you are—let me see—we were together at Cambridge, Anno Domini 25, which is near fifty years ago—you came to the college indeed surprizingly young,

and what is more surprizing, by this calculation you went to school before you was born——you was always a forward child.

Whit. I see there is no talking or consulting with you in this humour, and so, Mr. Bates, when you are in temper to shew less of your wit, and more of your friendship, I shall consult with you.

Bat. Fare you well my old boy—young fellow, I mean—when you have done sowing your wild oats, and have been blister'd into your right senses; when you have half kill'd yourself with being a beau, and return to your woollen caps, flannel waistcoats, worsted stockings, cork soles, and gallochies, I am at your service again; so bon jour to you, Monsieur Fifty-four, ha! ha! [*Exit.*]

Whit. He has certainly heard of my affair—but he is old and peevish—he wants spirit, and strength of constitution to conceive my happiness—I am in love with the widow, and must have her: Every man knows his own wants—let the world laugh, and my friends stare; let 'em call me imprudent, and mad if they please—I live in good times, and among people of fashion, so none of my neighbours, thank heaven, can have the assurance to laugh at me.

Enter

Enter OLD KECKSY.

Keck. What, my friend Whittle! joy! joy to you old boy—you are going, a going! a going! a fine widow has bid for you, and will have you—hah, friend? all for the best—there is nothing like it—hugh! hugh! hugh!—a good wife is a good thing, and a young one is a better—hah—who's afraid? If I had not lately married one, I should have been at death's door by this time—hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. Thank, thank you friend!—I was coming to advise with you—I am got into the pound again—in love up to the ears—a fine woman, faith, and there's no love lost between us—am I right, friend?

Keck. Right! ay, right as my leg, Tom! Life's nothing without love—hugh! hugh!—I'm happy as the day's long! my wife loves gadding, and I can't stay at home, so we are both of a mind—she's every night at one or other of the garden places; but among friends, I am a little afraid of the damp; hugh! hugh! hugh! she has got an Irish gentleman, a kind of cousin of her's, to take care of her; a fine fellow; and so good-natur'd—It is a vast comfort to have such a friend in a family! Hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. You are a bold man, cousin Kecksey.

Keck.

Keck. Bold! ay to be sure; none but the brave deserve the fair—Hugh! hugh! hugh! who's afraid!

Whit. Why your wife is five feet ten.

Keck. Without her shoes. I hate your little shrimps; none of your lean meagre French frogs for me; I was always fond of the majestic; give me a slice of a good English furloin; cut and come again; hugh! hugh! hugh! that's my taste!

Whit. I'm glad you have so good a stomach—and so you would advise me to marry the Widow directly?

Keck. To be sure—you have not a moment to lose: I always mind what the poet says,

*'Tis folly to lose time,
When man is in his prime:*

Hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. You have an ugly cough, cousin.

Keck. Marriage is the best lozenge for it.

Whit. You have rais'd me from the dead—I am glad you came—Frank Bates had almost killed me with his jokes—but you have comforted me, and we will walk thro' the Park; and I will carry you to the widow in Pall-mall.

Keck. With all my heart—I'll raise her spirits, and your's too—courage, Tom—come along—who's afraid? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Widow's Lodgings.*

Enter WIDOW, NEPHEW, and BATES.

Bat. Indeed, madam, there is no other way but to cast off your real character, and assume a feign'd one; it is an extraordinary occasion, and requires extraordinary measures; pluck up a spirit, and do it for the honour of your sex.

Neph. Only consider, my sweet Widow, that our all is at stake.

Wid. Could I bring my heart to act contrary to its feelings, would not you hate me for being a hypocrite, tho' it is done for your sake?

Neph. Could I think myself capable of such ingratitude——

Wid. Don't make fine speeches; you men are strange creatures, you turn our heads to your purposes, and then despise us for the folly you teach us; 'tis hard to assume a character contrary to my disposition; I cannot get rid of my unfashionable prejudices, till I have been married in England some time, and liv'd among my betters.

Neph. Thou charming adorable woman! what shall we do then? I never wish'd for a fortune till this moment.

Wid. Could we live upon affection, I would give your fortune to your Uncle, and thank him for taking it; and then,—

Neph.

Neph. What then, my sweet Widow?

Wid. I would desire you to run away with me as fast as you can—what a pity it is, that this money, which my heart despises, should hinder its happiness, or that for want of a few dirty acres, a poor woman must be made miserable, and sacrificed twice to those who have them.

Neph. Heaven forbid! these exquisite sentiments endear you more to me, and distract me with the dread of losing you.

Bat. Young folks; let an old man, who is not quite in love, and yet will admire a fine woman to the day of his death, throw in a little advice among your flames and darts.

Wid. Tho' a woman, a widow, and in love too, I can hear reason, Mr. Bates.

Bat. And that's a wonder—you have no time to lose; for want of a jointure you are still your father's slave; he is obstinate, and has promis'd you to the old man: Now, madam, if you will not rise superior to your sex's weakness, to secure a young fellow instead of an old one, your eyes are a couple of hypocrites.

Wid. They are a couple of traytors I'm sure, and have led their mistress into a toil, from which all her wit cannot release her.

Neph. But it can, if you will but exert it; my Uncle ador'd and fell in love with
you

you for your beauty, softness, and almost speechless reserve. Now, if amidst all his rapturous ideas of your delicacy, you would bounce upon him a wild, ranting, buxom widow; he will grow sick of his bargain, and give me a fortune to take you off his hands.

Wid. I shall make a very bad actress.

Neph. You are an excellent mimic; assume but the character of your Irish female neighbour in the country, with which you astonish'd us so agreeably at Scarborough; you will frighten my Uncle into terms, and do that for us, which neither my love, nor your virtue, can accomplish without it.

Wid. Now for a trial—[*mimicking a strong brogue*]*—*fait and trot, if you will be after bringing me before the old Jontleman, if he loves musick, I will trate his ears with a little of the brogue, and some dancing too into the bargain, if he loves capering—O blefs me! my heart fails me, and I am frighten'd out of my wits; I can never go thro' it.

[*NEPHEW and BATES both laugh.*]

NEPHEW, kneeling and kissing her hand.

O 'tis admirable! love himself inspires you, and we shall conquer; what say you, Mr. Bates?

Bat.

Bat. I'll insure you success; I can scarce believe my own ears; such a tongue and a brogue would make Hercules tremble at five-and-twenty; but away, away, and give him the first broadside in the Park; there you'll find him hobbling with that old cuckold, Kecksy.

Wid. But will my dress suit the character I play?

Neph. The very thing; is your retinue ready, and your part got by heart?

Wid. All is ready; 'tis an act of despair to punish folly, and reward merit: 'tis the last effort of pure honourable love; and if every woman would exert the same spirit for the same out-of-fashion rarity, there would be less business for Doctors Commons: Now let the criticks laugh at me if they dare. *[Exit with spirit.*

Neph. Brava! bravissima! sweet Widow! *[Exit after her.*

Bat. Huzza! huzza! *[Exit.*

SCENE, the Park.

Enter WHITTLE and KECKSY.

Whit. Yes, yes, she is Irish, but so modest, so mild, and so tender, and just enough of the accent to give a peculiar sweetness to her words, which drop from her in monosyllables, with such a delicate reserve,

reserve, that I shall have all the comfort, without the impertinence of a wife.

Keck. There our taste differs, friend; I am for a lively smart girl in my house, hugh! hugh! to keep up my spirits, and make me merry; I don't admire dumb waiters, not I, no still-life for me; I love their prittle prattle, it sets me to sleep, and I can take a sound nap while my Sally and her cousin are running and playing about the house like young cats.

Whit. I am for no cats in my house; I cannot sleep with a noise; the Widow was made on purpose for me; she is so bashful, has no acquaintance, and she never would stir out of doors, if her friends were not afraid of a consumption, and so force her into the air: Such a delicate creature! you shall see her; you were always for a tall, chattering, frisky wench; now for my part I am with the old saying,

*Wife a mouse,
Quiet house;
Wife a cat,
Dreadful that.*

Keck. I don't care for your sayings—who's afraid?

Whit. There goes Bates, let us avoid him, he will only be joking with us; when I have taken a serious thing into
my

my head, I can't bear to have it laugh'd out again. This way, friend Keckfy—what have we got here?

Keck. [looking out.] Some fine prancing wench, with her lovers and footmen about her; she's a gay one by her motions.

Whit. Were she not so flaunting, I should take it for—No, it is impossible; and yet is not that my Nephew with her? I forbid him speaking to her; it can't be the Widow; I hope it is not.

Enter WIDOW followed by NEPHEW, three FOOTMEN, and a black BOY.

Wid. Don't bother me, young man, with your darts, your cupids, and your pangs; if you had half of 'em about you, that you swear you have, they would have cur'd you, by killing you, long ago. Would you have me faithless to your Uncle, hah! young man? Was not I faithful to you, 'till I was order'd to be faithful to him? but I must know more of your English ways, and live more among the English Ladies, to learn how to be faithful to two at a time—and so there's my answer for you.

Neph. Then I know my relief, for I cannot live without you. [Exit.

Wid. Take what relief you please, young Jontleman, what have I to do with dat?
He

He is certainly mad, or out of his senses, for he swears he can't *live* without me, and yet he talks of *killing* himself? how does he make out dat? If a countryman of mine had made such a blunder, they would have put it into all the news-papers, and Falkner's Journal beside; but an Englishman may look over the hedge, while an Irishman must not stale a horse.

Keck. Is this the Widow, friend Whittle?

Whit. I don't know [*sighing*] it is, and it is not.

Wid. Your servant, Mr. Whittol; I wish you would spake to your Nephew not to be whining and dangling after me all day in his green coat like a parrot: It is not for my reputation that he should follow me about like a beggar-man, and ask me for what I had given him long ago, but have since bestow'd upon you, Mr. Whittol.

Whit. He is an impudent beggar, and shall be really so, for his disobedience.

Wid. As he can't live without me, you know, it will be charity to starve him: I wish the poor young man dead with all my heart, as he thinks it will do him a grate dale of good.

Keck. [*to WHITTLE.*] She is tender, indeed! and I think she has the brogue a little—hugh! hugh!

Whit. 'Tis stronger to day than ever I heard it. [*staring.*

Wid. And are you now talking of my brogue? It is always the most fullest when the wind is aesterly; it has the same effect upon me, as upon stammering people—they can't spake for their impediment, and my tongue is fix'd so loose in my mouth, I can't stop it for the life of me.

Whit. What a terrible misfortune, friend Kecksy!

Keck. Not at all; the more tongue the better, say I.

Wid. When the wind changes I have no brogue at all, at all. But come, Mr. Whittol, don't let us be vulgar, and talk of our poor relations: It is impossible to be in this metropolis of London, and have any thought but of Operas, Plays, Masquerades, and Pantaons, to keep up one's spirits in the winter; and Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Marybone fireworks to cool and refresh one in the summer. La! la! la! [*sings.*

Whit. I protest she puts me into a sweat; we shall have a mob about us.

Keck. The more the merrier, I say—who's afraid?

Wid. How the people stare! as if they never saw a woman's face before; but my vivacity has got the better of my good manners. This, I suppose, this strange gentle

gentleman, is a near friend and relation, and as such, notwithstanding his apparence, I shall always trate him, though I might dislike him upon a nearer acquaintance.

Keck. Madam, you do me honour; I like your frankness, and I like your person, and I envy my friend Whittle, and if you were not engaged, and I were not married, I would endeavour to make myself agreeable to you, that I would——hugh! hugh!

Wid. And indeed, Sir, it would be very *agraable* to me; for if I should hate you as much as I did my first dare husband; I should always have the comfort, that in all human probability, my torments would not last long.

Keck. She utters something more than monosyllables, friend; this is better than bargain: She has a fine bold way of talking.

Whit. More bold than welcome! I am struck all of a heap!

Wid. What are you low spirited, my dare Mr. Whittol? When you were at Scarborough, and winning my affections, you were all mirth and gaiety; and now you have won me, you are as thoughtful about it as if we had been married some time.

Whit. Indeed, Madam, I can't but say I am a little thoughtful——we take it by

turns; you were very sorrowful a month ago for the loss of your husband, and that you could dry up your tears so soon, naturally makes me a little thoughtful.

Wid. Indeed, I could dry up my tears for a dozen husbands, when I were sure of having a thirteenth like Mr. Whittol; that's very natural sure both in England and Dublin too.

—*Keck.* She won't die of a consumption; she has a fine full-ton'd voice, and you'll be very happy, Tom.—Hugh! hugh!

Whit. O yes, very happy. [*aside.*

Wid. But come don't let us be melancholy before the time: I am sure I have been mop'd up for a year and a half—I was oblig'd to mourn for my first husband, that I might be sure of a second; and my father kept my spirits in subjection, as the best receipt, he said, for changing a widow into a wife; but now I have my arms and legs at liberty, I must and will have my swing; now I am out of my cage I could dance two nights together, and a day too, like any singing bird; and I'm in such spirits that I have got rid of my father, I could fly over the moon without wings, and back again, before dinner. Bless my eyes, and don't I see there Miss Nancy O'Flarty, and her brother, Captain O'Flarty? He was one of my dying Strephons at Scarborough—I have

have a very grate regard for him, and must make him a little miserable with my happiness [*curtseys.*] Come along Skips, [*to the servants*] don't you be gostring there; shew your liveries, and bow to your master that is to be, and to his friend, and hold up your heads, and trip after me as lightly as if you had no legs to your feet. I shall be with you again, Jontlemen, in the crack of a fan—O, I'll have a husband, ay marry. [*Exit singing.*]

Keck. A fine buxom widow, faith! no acquaintance—delicate reserve—mopes at home—forc'd into the air—inclin'd to a consumption——What a description you gave of your wife! why she beats my Sally, Tom.

Whit. Yes, and she'll beat *me* if I don't take care! What a change is here! I must turn about, or this will turn my head: Dance for two nights together, and leap over the moon! you shall dance and leap by yourself that I'm resolv'd.

Keck. Here she comes again; it does my heart good to see her——You are in luck, Tom.

Whit. I'd give a finger to be out of such luck.

Enter WIDOW, &c.

Wid. Ha! ha! ha! the poor Captain is marched off in a fury: He can't bear to
X 3 hear

hear that the town has capitulated to you, Mr. Whittol. I have promised to introduce him to you: He will make one of my dangles to take a little exercise with me, when you take your nap in the afternoon.

Whit. You shan't catch me napping, I assure you. What a discovery and escape I have made! I am in a sweat with the thoughts of my danger!

Keck. I protest, Cousin, there goes my wife, and her friend Mr. Mac Brawn. What a fine stately couple they are! I must after 'em, and have a laugh with them—now they giggle, and walk quick, that I mayn't overtake 'em. Madam, your servant. You're a happy man, Tom. Keep up your spirits, old boy. Hugh! hugh!—who's afraid! *[Exit.*

Wid. I know Mr. Mac Brawn extremely well—He was very intimate at our house, in my first husband's time; a great comfort he was to me to be sure! He would very often leave his claret and companions for a little conversation with me: He was bred at the Dublin University, and being a very deep scholar, has fine talents for a tate a tate.

Whit. She knows him too! I shall have my house overrun with the Mac Brawns, O'Shoulders, and the blood of the Backwells: Lord have mercy upon me!

Wid.

Wid. Pray, Mr. Whittol, is that poor spindle legg'd crater of a cousin of your's, lately married? ha! ha! ha! I don't pity the poor crater his wife, for that agrable cough of his will soon reward her for all her sufferings.

Whit. What a delivery! a reprieve before the knot was tied. [*aside.*]

Wid. Are you unwell, Mr. Whittol? I should be sorry you would fall sick before the happy day. Your being in danger afterwards would be a great consolation to me, because I should have the pleasure of nursing you myself.

Whit. I hope never to give you that trouble, Madam.

Wid. No trouble at all, at all; I assure you, Sir, from my soul, that I shall take great delight in the occasion.

Whit. Indeed, Madam, I believe it.

Wid. I don't care how soon, the sooner the better; and the more danger the more honour; I spake from my heart.

Whit. And so do I from mine, Madam. [*sighs.*]

Wid. But don't let us think of future pleasure, and neglect the present satisfaction. My mantua-maker is waiting for me to chuse my clothes, in which I shall forget the sorrows of Mrs. Brady, in the joys of Mrs. Whittol. Tho' I have no fortune myself, I shall bring a tolerable

one to you, in debts, Mr. Whittol, and which I will pay you tinfold in tinnerness; your deep purse, and my open heart, will make us the envy of the little grate ones, and the grate little ones; the people of quality with no souls, and grate souls with no cash at all. I hope you'll meet me at the Pantoon this evening. Lady Rantiton, and her daughter, Miss Nettle-down, and Nancy Tittup, with half a dozen Maccaroonies, and two Savoury Vivers, are to take me there, and we propose a grate dale of chat and merri-ment, and dancing all night, and all other kind of recreations. I am quite another kind of a crater, now I am a bird in the fields; I can junket about a week together; I have a fine constitution, and am never molested with your nasty vapours; are you ever troubled with vapours, Mr. Whittol?

Whit. A little now and then, Madam.

Wid. I'll rattle 'em away like smoke! there are no vapours where I come; I hate your dumps, and your nerves, and your megrims; and I had much rather break your rest with a little racketting, than let any thing get into your head that should not be there, Mr. Whittol?

Whit. I will take care that nothing shall be in my head, but what ought to be there: What a deliverance? [*aside.*]

WIDOW.

WIDOW. [*Looking at her watch.*]

Bless me! how the hours of the clock creep away when we are plas'd with our company: but I must lave you, for there are half a hundred people waiting for me to pick your pocket, Mr. Whittol; and there is my own brother, Lieutenant O'Neale, is to arrive this morning, and he is so like me, you would not know us asunder when we are together; you will be very fond of him, poor lad! he lives by his wits, as you do by your fortune, and so you may assist one another. Mr. Whittol, your obadient, 'till we meet at the Pantoon. Follow me, Pompey; and Skips do you follow him.

Pomp. The Baccararo whiteman no let blacky boy go first after you missis, they pull and pinch me.

Footm. It is a shame, your Ladyship, that a black negro should take place of English christians—we can't follow him indeed.

Wid. Then you may follow one another out of my sarvice; if you follow me, you shall follow him, for he shall go before me; can't I make him your superior, as the laws of the land have made him your aqual? therefore resign as fast as you please, you shan't oppose government and keep your places too, that is not good politicks

politicks in England or Ireland either, so come along Pompay, be after going before me——Mr. Whittol, most tinderly your's. [Exit.

Whit. Most tinderly your's! [*mimicks her.*] 'Ecod I believe you are, and any body's else; O what an escape have I had! But how shall I clear myself of this business? I'll serve her as I would bad money, put her off into other hands: My Nephew is fool enough to be in love with her, and if I give him a fortune he'll take the good and the bad together—he shall do so or starve. I'll send for Bates directly, confess my folly, ask his pardon, send him to my Nephew, write and declare off with the Widow, and so get rid of her *tindernefs* as fast as I can. [Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

A Room in WHITTLE'S House.

Enter BATES, and NEPHEW.

NEPHEW [*taking him by the hand.*]

WE are bound to you for ever, Mr. Bates; I can say no more; words but ill express the real feelings of the heart.

Bat. I know you are a good lad, or I would not have meddled in the matter; but the business is not yet compleated till *Signatum & Sigillatum.*

Neph. Let me fly to the Widow, and tell her how prosperously we go on.

Bat. Don't be in a hurry, young man; she is not in the dark I assure you, nor has she yet finish'd her part; so capital an actress, should not be idle in the last act.

Neph. I could wish that you would let me come into my Uncle's proposal at once, without vexing him farther.

Bat. Then I declare off; thou silly young man, are you to be dup'd by your own weak good nature, and his worldly craft; this does not arise from his love
and

and justice to you, but from his own miserable situation; he must be tortur'd into justice; he shall not only give up your whole estate, which he is loth to part with, but you must now have a premium for agreeing to your own happiness; what shall your widow, with wit and spirit, that would do the greatest honour to our sex, go thro' her task chearfully, and shall your courage give way, and be out-done by a woman's?—fie for shame!

Neph. I beg your pardon, Mr. Bates; I will follow your directions; be as hard hearted as my Uncle, and vex his body and mind for the good of his soul.

Bat. That's a good child, and remember that your own and the Widow's future happiness depends upon your both going through this business with spirit; make your Uncle feel for himself, that he may do justice to other people. Is the Widow ready for the last experiment?

Neph. She is; but think what anxiety I shall feel, while she is in danger?

Bat. Ha! ha! ha! she'll be in no danger; besides, shan't we be at hand to assist her; hark! I hear him coming; I'll probe his callous heart to the quick; and if we are not paid for our trouble, say I am no politician; fly—now we shall do!

[Exit NEPHEW.

Enter

Enter WHITTLE.

Well, Mr. Bates, have you talk'd with my Nephew, is not he overjoy'd at the propofal?

Bat. The demon of discord has been among you, and has untun'd the whole family; you have screw'd him too high; the young man is out of his fenfes, I think, he ftares and mopes about, and fighs; looks at me indeed, but gives very abfurd answers; I don't like him.

Whit. What is the matter think you?

Bat. What I have always expected; there is a crack in your family, and you take it by turns! you have had it, and now transfer it to your Nephew, which, to your fhame be it fpoken, is the only transfer you have ever made him.

Whit. But am not I going to do him more than juftice?

Bat. As you have done him much lefs than juftice hitherto, you can't begin too foon.

Whit. Am not I going to give him the lady he likes, and which I was going to marry myfelf?

Bat. Yes, that is, you are taking a perpetual blister off your own back, to clap it upon his; what a tender Uncle you are?

Whit. But you don't confider the eftate which I fhall give him.

Bat.

Bat. Restore to him you mean—'tis his own, and you should have given it up long ago; you must do more, or old nick will have you; your Nephew won't take the Widow off your hands without a fortune; throw him ten thousand into the bargain.

Whit. Indeed but I shan't; he shall run mad, and I'll marry her myself, rather than do that; Mr. Bates, be a true friend, and sooth my Nephew to consent to my proposal.

Bat. You have rais'd the fiend, and ought to lay him; however, I'll do my best for you; when the head is turn'd, nothing can bring it right again, so soon as ten thousand pounds; shall I promise for you?

Whit. I'll sooner go to Bedlam myself.

[Exit BATES.]

Whit. Why I am in a worse condition than I was before! If this Widow's father will not let me be off without providing for his daughter, I may lose a great sum of money, and none of us be the better for it: My Nephew half mad; myself half married; and no remedy for either of us.

Enter SERVANT.

Sir Patrick O'Neale is come to wait upon you, would you please to see him?

Whit.

Whit. By all means, the very person I wanted, don't let him wait.

[Exit SERVANT.

I wonder if he has seen my letter to the Widow; I will sound him by degrees, that I may be sure of my mark, before I strike the blow.

Enter Sir PATRICK.

Sir Patr. Mr. Whizzle, your humble servant; it gives me grate pleasure, that an old Jontleman of your property, will have the honour of being united with the family of the O' Neale's; we have been too much Jontlemen, not to spend our estate, as you have made yourself a kind of Jontleman by getting one; one runs out one way, and t'other runs in another, which makes them both meet at last, and keeps up the ballance of Europe.

Whit. I am much oblig'd to you, Sir Patrick; I am an old gentleman, you say true; and I was thinking——

Sir Patr. And I was thinking if you were ever so old, my daughter can't make you young again; she has as fine rich tick blood in her veins, as any in all Ireland. I wish you had a swate crater of a daughter like mine, that we might make a double cross of it.

Whit. That would be a double cross indeed!

[*aside.*
Sir

Sir Patr. Tho' I was miserable enough with my first wife, who had the devil of a spirit, and the very model of her daughter, yet a brave man never shrinks from danger, and I may have better luck another time.

Whit. Yes, but I am no brave man, Sir Patrick, and I begin to shrink already.

Sir Patr. I have bred her up in great subjection; she is as tame as a young colt, and as tender as a sucking chicken; you will find her a true Jontlewoman, and so knowing, that you can tache her nothing; she brings every thing but money, and you have enough of that, if you have nothing else, and that is what I call the ballance of things.

Whit. But I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and my great age——

Sir Patr. She is a charming crater; I would venture to say that, if I was not her father.

Whit. I say, Sir, as I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and as I own I have great demerits——

Sir Patr. To be sure you have, but you can't help that; and if my daughter was to mention any thing of a fleering at your age, or your stinginess, by the ballance of power but I would make her repate it a hundred times to your face, to
make

make her asham'd of it; but mum, old gentleman, the devil a word of your infirmities will she touch upon; I have brought her up to softness, and to gentleness, as a kitten to new milk; she will spake nothing but no, and yes, as if she were dumb; and no tame rabbit or pigeon will keep house, or be more ingenuous with her needle and tambourine.

Whit. She is vastly altered then, since I saw her last, or I have lost my senses, and in either case, we had much better, since I must speak plain, not come together——

Sir Patr. 'Till you are married, you mean—with all my heart, it is the more gentale for that, and like our family: I never saw lady O'Nale, your mother-in-law, who poor crater is dead, and can never be a mother-in-law again, 'till the week before I married her, and I did not care if I had never seen her then, which is a comfort too in case of death, or other accidents in life.

Whit. But you don't understand me, Sir Patrick I say——

Sir Patr. I say, how can that be, when we both spake English.

Whit. But you mistake my meaning, and don't comprehend me.

Sir Patr. Then you don't comprehend yourself, Mr. Whizzle, and I have not

the gift of prophecy, to find out after you have spoke, what never was in you.

Whit. Let me intreat you to attend to me a little.

Sir Patr. I do attend, man; I don't interrupt you—out with it.

Whit. Your daughter——

Sir Patr. Your wife that is to be. Go on——

Whit. My wife that is *not* to be——
Zounds! will you hear me?

Sir Patr. To be, or *not* to be, is that the question? I can swear too, if it wants a little of that.

Whit. Dear Sir Patrick hear me. I confess myself unworthy of her; I have the greatest regard for you, Sir Patrick; I should think myself honour'd by being in your family, but there are many reasons——

Sir Patr. To be sure there are many reasons, why an old man should not marry a young woman; but that was your business and not mine.

Whit. I have wrote a letter to your daughter, which I was in hopes you had seen, and had brought me an answer to it.

Sir Patr. What the devil, Mr. Whizzle, do you make a letter-porter of me? Do you imagine, you dirty fellow, with your cash, that Sir Patrick O'Nale would carry your letters; I would have you know that I despise letters, and all that belong to

to 'em; nor would I carry a letter to the King, Heaven bleſs him, unleſs it came from myſelf.

Whit. But, dear Sir Patrick, don't be in a paſſion for nothing.

Sir Patr. What is it nothing to make a penny poſt-man of me? But I'll go to my daughter directly, for I have not ſeen her to-day, and if I find that you have written any thing that I won't underſtand, I ſhall take it as an affront to my family, and you ſhall either let out the noble blood of the O'Nales, or I will ſpill the laſt drop of the red puddle of the Whizzles. [*Going and returns.*] Harkee, you Mr. Whizzle, Wheezele, Whittle, what's your name? You muſt not ſtir till I come back; if you offer to ate, drink, or ſleep, till my honour is ſatisfy'd, 'twill be the worſt meal you ever took in your life; you had better faſt a year, and die at the end of fix months, than dare to lave your houſe. So now, Mr. Wheezele, you are to do as you pleaſe. [*Exit.*]

Whit. Now the devil is at work indeed! If ſome miracle don't ſave me, I ſhall run mad like my Nephew, and have a long Iriſh ſword through me into the bargain. While I am in my ſenſes I won't have the woman; and therefore he that is out of them ſhall have her, if I give half my fortune to make the match. Thomas!——

[Enter THOMAS.] Sad work, Thomas!

Thom. Sad work, indeed! why would you think of marrying? I knew what it would come to.

Whit. Why, what is it come to?

Thom. It is in all the papers.

Whit. So much the better; then no body will believe it.

Thom. But they come to me to enquire.

Whit. And you contradict it.

Thom. What signifies that; I was telling Lady Gabble's footman at the door just now, that it was all a lye, and your Nephew looks out of the two-pair of-stair's window, with eyes all on fire, and tells the whole story; upon that, there gather'd such a mob!

Whit. I shall be murder'd, and have my house pull'd down into the bargain!

Thom. It is all quiet again. I told them the young man was out of his senses, and that you were out of town, so they went away quietly, and said they would come and mob you another time.

Whit. Thomas, what shall I do?

Thom. Nothing you have done, if you will have matters mend.

Whit. I am out of my depth, and you won't lend me your hand to draw me out.

Thom. You were out of your depth to fall in love; swim away as fast as you can, you'll be drown'd if you marry.

Whit.

Whit. I'm frighten'd out of my wits; yes, yes, 'tis all over with me, I must not stir out of my house; but am order'd to stay to be murder'd in it for aught I know; what are you muttering, Thomas? prithee speak out, and comfort me.

Thom. It is all a judgement upon you; because your brother's foolish will says, the young man must have your consent; you won't let him have her, but will marry the Widow yourself; that's the dog in the manger; you can't eat the oats, and won't let those who can.

Whit. But I consent that he shall have both the Widow and the fortune, if we can get him into his right senses.

Thom. For fear I should lose mine, I'll get out of Bedlam as soon as possible; you must provide yourself with another servant.

Whit. The whole earth conspires against me! you shall stay with me till I die, and then you shall have a good legacy, and I won't live long I promise you.

[Knocking at the door.

Thom. Here are the undertakers already.

[Exit.

Whit. What shall I do? my head can't bear it; I will hang myself for fear of being run thro' the body.

Thom. returns with bills. Half a score people I never saw before with these bills,

and draughts upon you, for payment,
sign'd Martha Brady

Whit. I wish Martha Brady was at the bottom of the Thames; what an impudent extravagant baggage to begin her tricks already; send them to the devil, and say I won't pay a farthing.

Thom. You'll have another mob about the door. [Going.

Whit. Stay, stay, Thomas; tell them I am very busy, and they must come to-morrow morning; stay, stay, that is promising payment; no, no, no—tell 'em they must stay till I am married, and so they will be satisfied, and trick'd into the bargain.

Thom. [*aside.*] When you are trick'd we shall all be satisfied. [Exit THOMAS.

Whit. That of all dreadful things I should think of a woman, and that woman should be a Widow, and that Widow should be an Irish one; *quem Deus vult perdere*——Who have we here? another of the family I suppose. [WHITTLE retires.

Enter WIDOW, as Lieutenant O'NEALE, seemingly flutter'd, and putting up his sword, THOMAS following.

Thom. I hope you are not hurt, Captain.

Wid. O not at all, at all; 'tis well they run away, or I should have made them run

run faster; I shall teach them how to snigger, and look thro' glasses at their betters; these are your *Maccaroons*, as they call themselves; by my soul but I would have frighten'd their hair out of buckle, if they wou'd have stood still, till I had overtaken them; these whipper-snappers look so much more like girls in breeches, than those I see in petticoats, that fait and trot, it is a pity to hurt 'em; the fair sex in London here seem the most masculine of the two; but to business; friend, where is your master?

Thom. There, Captain; I hope he has not offended you.

Wid. If you are impertinent, Sir, you will offend me; lave the room.

Thom. I value my life too much not to do that——what a raw-bon'd tartar! I wish he had not been caught and sent here.

[*Aside to his master, and Exit.*]

Whit. Her brother, by all that's terrible! and as like her as two tygers! I sweat at the sight of him; I'm sorry Thomas is gone; he has been quarrelling already.

Wid. Is your name Whittol?

Whit. My name is Whittle, not Whittol.

Wid. We shan't stand for trifles—and you were born and christen'd by the name of Thomas?

Whit. So they told me, Sir.

Wid. Then they told no lies, fait; so far, so good; [*Takes out a letter.*] Do you know that hand-writing?

Whit. As well as I know this good friend of mine, who helps me upon such occasions. [*Shewing his right hand and smiling.*

Wid. You had better not shew your teeth, Sir, 'till we come to the jokes; the hand-writing is your's.

Whit. Yes, Sir, it is mine. [*Sighs.*

Wid. Death and powder! what do you sigh for? are you aham'd, or sorry, for your handy works?

Whit. Partly the one, partly t'other.

Wid. Will you be plas'd, Sir, to rade it aloud, that you may know it again, when you hare it.

Whit. [*Takes his letter and reads.*] Madam——

Wid. Would you be plas'd to let us know what Madam you mean? for women of quality, and women of no quality, and women of all qualities, are so mixt together, that you don't know one from t'other, and are all call'd *Madams*; you should always rade the superscription before you open the letter.

Whit. I beg your pardon, Sir;——I don't like this ceremony. [*aside.*] To Mrs. Brady, in Pall-Mall.

Wid. Now profade——fire and powder but I would——!

Whit.

Whit. Sir!——what's the matter?

Wid. Nothing at all, Sir, pray go on.

Whit. [*reads*] *Madam——as I prefer your happiness to the indulgence of my own passions——*

Wid. I will not prefer *your* happiness to the indulgence of *my* passions——*Mr. Whittol*, rade on.

Whit. I must confess that I am unworthy of your charms and virtues——

Wid. Very unworthy indeed; rade on, Sir.

Whit. I have, for some days, had a severe struggle, between my justice and my passion——

Wid. I have had no struggle at all: My justice and passion are agreed.

Whit. The former has prevail'd, and I beg leave to resign you, with all your accomplishments, to some more deserving, tho' not more admiring servant than your most miserable and devoted,

THOM. WHITTLE.

Wid. And miserable and devoted you shall be——to the Postscript; rade on.

Whit. *Postscript: Let me have your pity, but not your anger.*

Wid. In answer to this Love Epistle, you pitiful fellow, my sister presents you with her tenderest wishes, and assures you that you have as you desire, her pity, and she generously throws her contempt too into the bargain.

Whit. I'm infinitely oblig'd to her.

Wid. I must beg leave in the name of all our family to present the same to you.

Whit. I am ditto to all the family.

Wid. But as a brache of promise to any of our family was never suffer'd without a brache into some body's body, I have fix'd upon myself to be your operator; and I believe that you will find that I have as fine a hand at this work, and will give you as little pain, as any in the three kingdoms.

[Sits down and loosens her Knee-bands.]

Whit. For heaven's sake, Captain, what are you about?

Wid. I always loosen my Garters for the advantage of lunging; it is for your sake as well as my own, for I will be twice thro' your body, before you shall feel me once.

Whit. What a bloody fellow it is! I wish Thomas would come in. *[Aside.]*

Wid. Come, Sir, prepare yourself, you are not the first by half a score, that I have run thro' and thro' the heart, before they knew what was the matter with them.

Whit. But, Captain, suppose I will marry your sister.

Wid. I have not the last objection if you recover of your wounds; Callagon O' Conner lives very happy with my great aunt, Mrs. Deborah O' Nale, in the county of

of Galloway; except a small Asthma he got by my running him thro' the Lungs, at the Currough; he would have forsaken her, if I had not stopp'd his perfidy, by a famous family stiptic I have here; Oho! my little old boy, but you shall get it.

[*Draws.*

Whit. What shall I do!——well, Sir, if I must, I must; I'll meet you to-morrow morning in Hyde-Park, let the consequence be what it will.

Wid. For fear you might forget that favour, I must beg to be indulged with a little pushing now; I have set my heart upon it, and two birds in hand, is worth one in the bushes, Mr. Wittol——come, Sir.

Whit. But I have not settled my matters.

Wid. O we'll settle 'em in a trice, I warrant you. [*puts herself in a position.*

Whit. But I don't understand the sword; I had rather fight with pistols.

Wid. I am very happy it is in my power to oblige you; there, Sir, take your choice; I will please you if I can.

[*Offers pistols.*

Whit. [*aside.*] Out of the pan into the fire! there's no putting him off; if I had chosen poison, I dare swear he had arsenick in his pocket;—lookee, young gentleman, I am an old man, and you'll get no credit
by

by killing me; but I have a Nephew as young as yourself, and you'll get more honour in facing him.

Wid. Ay, and more pleasure too—I expect ample satisfaction from him, after I have done your business; prepare, Sir.

Whit. What the devil! won't one serve your turn? I can't fight; and I won't fight; I'll do any thing rather than fight; I'll marry your sister; my Nephew shall marry her, I'll give him all my fortune, what would the fellow have? here Nephew! Thomas! murder! murder!

[He flies and she pursues.]

Enter BATES, and NEPHEW.

Neph. What's the matter, Uncle?

Whit. Murder, that's all; that Ruffian there, would kill me, and eat me afterwards.

Neph. I'll find a way to cool him; come out, Sir, I am as mad as yourself; I'll match you, I warrant you.

[Going out with him.]

Wid. I'll follow you all the world over.

[Going after him.]

Whit. Stay, stay Nephew; you shan't fight, we shall be expos'd all over the town, and you may lose your life, and I shall be curs'd from morning to night; do, Nephew; make yourself and me happy; be the olive-branch, and bring peace into my fa-

family; return to the Widow; I will give you my consent, and your fortune, and a fortune for the Widow, five thousand pounds! do persuade him Mr. Bates.

Bat. Do, Sir, this is the very critical point of your life; I know you love her; 'tis the only method to restore us all to our senses.

Neph. I must talk in private first, with this hot young gentleman.

Wid. As private as you please, Sir.

Whit. Take their weapons away, Mr. Bates, and do you follow me to my study to witness my proposal; it is all ready, and only wants signing; come along, come along. [*Exit.*

Bat. Victoria! victoria! give me your swords and pistols; and now do your worst; you spirited loving young couple; I could leap out of my skin! [*Exit BATES.*

Thom. [*peeping in.*] Joy, joy to you, ye fond charming pair! the fox is caught, and the young lambs may skip and play; I leave you to your transports! [*Exit.*

Neph. O my charming Widow! what a day have we gone thro'?

Wid. I would go thro' ten times as much, to deceive an old amorous spark, like your Uncle, to purchase a young one, like his Nephew.

Neph. I listen'd at the door all this last scene; my heart was agitated with ten thousand

thousand fears; suppose my Uncle had been stout, and drawn his sword.

Wid. I should have run away as he did; when two cowards meet, the struggle is who shall run first; and sure I can beat an old man at any thing.

Neph. Permit me thus to seal my happiness, [*kisses her hand*] and be assur'd that I am as sensible, as I think myself undeserving of it.

Wid. I'll tell you what, Sir, were I not sure you deserv'd some pains, I would not have taken any pains for you; and don't imagine now, because I have gone a little too far for the man I love, that I shall go a little too far when I'm your wife; indeed I shan't: I have done more than I should, before I am your wife, because I was in despair; but I won't do as much as I may, when I am your wife; tho' every Irish woman is fond of imitating English fashions.

Neph. Thou divine, adorable woman!
[*Kneels and kisses her hand.*]

Enter WHITTLE, and BATES.

[WHITTLE *stares.*]

Bat. Confusion! [*aside.*]

Whit. [*turning to Bates.*] Hey day! I am afraid his head is not right yet! he was kneeling and kissing the Captain's hand. [*Aside to Bates.*]

Bat.

Bat. Take no notice, all will come about.
[*Aside to Whittle.*

Wid. I find, Mr. Whittol, your family loves kissing better than fighting;—— he swears I am as like my sister, as two pigeons: I could excuse his raptures, for I had rather fight the best friend I have, than flobber and salute him *à la françoise*.

Enter Sir PATRICK O' NEALE.

Sir Patr. I hope, Mr. Whizzle, you'll excuse my coming back to give you an answer, without having any to give; I hear a grate dale of news about myself, and came to know if it be true; they say my son is in London, when he tells me himself by letter here, that he's at Limerick; and I have been with my daughter to tell her the news, but she would not stay at home to receive it, so I am come——*O gra ma chree my little din oustil craw*, what have we got here? a piece of mummary! here is my son and daughter too, fait; what are you waring the breeches, P A T, to see how they become you when you are Mrs. Weezel.

Wid. I beg your pardon for that, Sir! I wear them before marriage, because, I think they become a woman better than after.

Whit. What, is not this your son?

[*astonish'd.*

Sir

Sir Patr. No, but it is my daughter, and that is the same thing.

Wid. And your Niece, Sir, which is still better than either.

Whit. Mighty well! and I suppose you have not lost your wits, young man!

Bat. I sympathize with you, Sir; we lost 'em together, and found 'em at the same time.

Whit. Here's villany! Mr. Bates, give me the paper; not a farthing shall they have 'till the law gives it 'em.

Bat. We'll cheat the law and give it them now. [*Gives Nephew the paper.*]

Whit. He may take his own, but he shan't have a fix-pence of the five thousand pounds I promis'd him.

Bat. Witness, good folks, he owns to the promise.

Sir Patr. Fait I'll witness dat, or any thing else in a good cause.

Whit. What, am I chous'd again!

Bat. Why should not my friend be chous'd out of a little justice for the first time? Your hard usage has sharpen'd your nephew's wits, therefore beware, don't play with edge-tools—you'll only cut your fingers.

Sir Patr. And your trote too, which is all one; therefore, to make all azy, marry my daughter first, and then quarrel with her afterwards; that will be in the natural course of things.

Whit.

Whit. Here! Thomas! where are you?

Enter THOMAS.

Whit. Here are fine doings! I am deceiv'd, trick'd, and cheated!

Thom. I wish you joy, Sir; the best thing could have happen'd to you; and as a faithful servant I have done my best to check you.

Whit. To check me!

Thom. You were galloping full speed and down hill too, and if we had not laid hold of the bridle, being a bad jockey, you would have hung by your horns in the stirrup, to the great joy of the whole town.

Whit. What have you help'd to trick me?

Thom. Into happiness: You have been foolish a long while, turn about and be wise; he has got the woman and his estate, give them your blessing, which is not worth much, and live like a christian for the future,

Whit. I will if I can; but I can't look at 'em; I can't bear the sound of my voice, nor the sight of my own face: Look ye, I am distress'd, and distracted! and can't come to yet; I will be reconcil'd if possible; but don't let me see or hear from you, if you would have me forget and forgive you——I shall never lift up my head again!

[Exit.

Wid. I hope, Sir Patrick, that my preferring the Nephew to the Uncle will meet with your approbation; though we have not so much money, whe shall have more love; one mind and half a purse, in marriage, are much better than two minds and two purses. I did not come to England, nor keep good company, till it was too late to get rid of my country prejudices.

Sir Patr. You are out of my hands, Pat, so if you won't trouble me with your afflictions, I shall sincerely rejoice at your felicity.

Neph. It would be a great abatement of my present joy, could I believe that this lady should be assisted in her happiness, or be supported in her afflictions by any one but her lover and her husband.

Sir Patr. Fine notions are fine tings, but a fine estate gives every ing but idaas, and them too, if you'll appale to those who help you to spend it——what say you, Widow?

Wid. By your, and their permission, will tell my mind to this good company; and for fear my words should want ideas too, I will add an Irish tune, that may carry off a bad voice, and bad matter.

S O N G.

I.

*A Widow bewitch'd with her passion,
 Tho' Irish, is now quite ashamed,
 To think that she's so out of fashion,
 To marry and then to be tamed:
 'Tis love the dear joy,
 That old fashion'd boy,
 Has got in my breast with his quiver;
 The blind urchin he,
 Struck the Cush la maw cree,
 And a Husband secures me for ever!
 Ye Fair Ones I hope will excuse me,
 Though vulgar pray do not abuse me;
 I cannot become a fine lady,
 O love has bewitch'd WIDOW BRADY.*

II.

*Ye Critics to murder so willing,
 Pray see all our errors with blindness;
 For once change your method of killing,
 And kill a fond Widow with kindness:
 If you look so severe,
 In a fit of despair,
 Again I will draw forth my steel, Sirs,
 You know I've the art,
 To be twice through your heart,
 Before I can make you to feel, Sirs:
 Brother Soldiers I hope you'll protect me,
 Nor let cruel critics dissect me;
 To favour my cause be but ready,
 And grateful you'll find WIDOW
 BRADY.*

III.

*Ye Leaders of dress and the fashions,
 Who gallop post haste to your ruin,
 Whose taste has destroy'd all your passions,
 Pray, what do you think of my wooing?
 You call it damn low,
 Your heads and arms so, *)
 So listless, so loose, and so lazy:
 But pray what can you,
 That I cannot do?*

*O fie, my dear craters, be azy:
 Ye Patriots and Courtiers so hearty,
 To speach it and vote for your party,
 For once be both constant and steady,
 And vote to support WIDOW BRADY.*

IV.

*To all that I see here before me,
 The bottom, the top, and the middle,
 For music we now must implore you,
 No wedding without pipe and fiddle:
 If all are in tune,
 Pray let it be soon,
 My heart in my bosom is prancing!
 If your hands should unite,
 To give us delight,
 O that's the best piping and dancing!
 Your plaudits to me are a treasure,
 Your smiles are a dow'r for a lady:
 O joy to you all in full measure,
 So wishes, and prays WIDOW BRADY.*

*) mimicks them.

F I N I S.

BON

B O N T O N;

O R

HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

A

C O M E D Y.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

Lord MINIKIN, JESSAMY,

Sir JOHN TROT-DAVY,

LEY, MIGNON.

Colonel TIVY,

WOMEN.

Lady MINIKIN, Miss TITTUP,

GYMP.

B O N T O N;
^{O R}
HIGH LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter Lady MINIKIN and Miss
TITTUP.*

Lady Min. It is not, my dear, that I have the least regard for my Lord; I had no love for him before I married him, and you know, Matrimony is no breeder of affection; but it hurts my pride, that he should neglect me, and run after other women.

Miss Titt. Ha, ha, ha, how can you be so hypocritical, Lady Minikin, as to pretend to uneasiness at such trifles: but pray have you made any new discoveries of my Lord's gallantry?

Lady Min. New discoveries! why, I saw him myself yesterday morning in a hackney coach, with a minx in a pink cardinal; you shall absolutely burn your's, Tittup, for I shall never bear to see one of that colour again.

Miss Titt. Sure she does not suspect me [*aside.*] And where was your Ladyship, pray, when you saw him?

Lady Min. Taking the air with Colonel Tivy in his vis-a-vis.

Miss Titt. But, my dear Lady Minikin, how can you be so angry that my Lord was hurting your pride, as you call it, in the hackney-coach, when you had him so much in your power, in the Vis-a-Vis?

Lady Min. What, with my Lord's friend, and my friend's lover! [*takes her by the hand.*] O fye, Tittup!

Miss Titt. Pooh, pooh, Love and Friendship are very fine names to be sure, but they are mere visiting acquaintance; we know their names indeed, talk of 'em sometimes, and let 'em knock at our doors, but we never let 'em in, you know.

[*looking rogishly at her.*]

Lady Min. I vow, Tittup, you are extremely polite.

Miss Titt. I am extremely indifferent in these affairs, thanks to my education—— We must marry, you know, because other people of fashion marry; but I should think very meanly of myself, if after I was married, I should feel the least concern at all about my husband.

Lady Min. I hate to praise myself, and yet I may with truth aver, that no woman of quality ever had, can have, or will have, so consummate a contempt for her Lord, as I have for my most honourable and puissant Earl of Minikin, Viscount
Per-

Perriwinkle, and Baron Titmouse——

Ha, ha, ha!

Miss Titt. But is it not strange, Lady Minikin, that merely his being your husband, should create such indifference; for certainly, in every other eye, his Lordship has great accomplishments.

Lady Min. Accomplishments! thy head is certainly turn'd; if you know any of 'em, pray let's have 'em; they are a novelty, and will amuse me.

Miss Titt. Imprimis, he is a man of quality.

Lady Min. Which, to be sure, includes all the cardinal virtues:—poor girl!—go on!

Miss Titt. He is a very handsome man.

Lady Min. He has a very bad constitution.

Miss Titt. He has wit.

Lady Min. He is a Lord, and a little goes a great way.

Miss Titt. He has great good nature.

Lady Min. No wonder—he's a fool.

Miss Titt. And then his fortune, you'll allow——

Lady Min. Was a great one——but he games, and if fairly, he's undone; if not, he deserves to be hang'd—and so, Exit my Lord Minikin——And now, let your wise uncle, and my good cousin Sir John Trotley, Baronet, enter: Where is he, pray?

Miss Titt. In his own room, I suppose, reading pamphlets and news-papers, against the enormities of the times; if he stays here a week longer, notwithstanding my expectations from him, I shall certainly affront him.

Lady Min. I am a great favourite, but it is impossible much longer to act up to his very righteous ideas of things;—Is'n't it pleasant to hear him abuse every body, and every thing, and yet always finishing with a——*You'll excuse me, Cousin!——* Ha, ha, ha!

Miss Titt. What do you think the Goth said to me yesterday? one of the knots of his Tye hanging down his left shoulder, and his fring'd cravat nicely twisted down his breast, and thrust thro' his gold button hole, which look'd exactly like my little Barbet's head in his gold collar——*Niece Tittup*, cries he, drawing himself up, *I protest against this monner of conducting yourself, both at home and abroad——* What are your objections, Sir John, answered I, a little pertly.——*Various and manifold*, reply'd he; *I have no time to enumerate particulars now, but I will venture to prophecy, if you keep whirling round in the vortex of Pantheons, Operas, Festinos, Coteries, Masquerades, and all the Devilades in this town, your head will be giddy, down you will fall, lose the name of Lucretia,*

tia, and be call'd nothing but *Tittup* ever after——You'll excuse me, *Cousin!*—and so he left me.

Lady Min. O, the barbarian!

Enter G Y M P.

Gymp. A card your Ladyship, from Mrs. *Pewitt*.

Lady Min. Poor *Pewitt!*—If she can be but seen at public places, with a woman of quality, she's the happiest of Plebeians. [*Reads the Card*] „Mrs. *Pewitt's* respects „to Lady *Minikin*, and Miss *Tittup*; ho- „pes to have the pleasure of attending „them, to Lady *Filligree's* ball this eve- „ning.—Lady *Daisey* sees masks.”——We'll certainly attend her——*Gymp*, put some message cards upon my toilet, I'll send an answer immediately; and tell one of my footmen, that he must make some visits for me to-day again, and send me a list of those he made yesterday: he must be sure to call at Lady *Pettitoes*, and if she shou'd unluckily be at home, he must say that he came to inquire after her sprain'd ankle.

Miss Titt. Ay, ay, give our compliments to her sprain'd ankle.

Lady Min. That woman's so fat, she'll never get well of it, and I am resolv'd not to call at her door myself, till I am sure of not finding her at home.——I am
hor-

horridly low spirited to-day, do, send your Colonel to play at chess with me, since he belong'd to you, Titty, I have taken a kind of liking to him; I like every thing that loves my Titty. [*Kisses her.*

Miss Titt. I know you do, my dear Lady. [*Kisses her.*

Lady Min. That sneer I don't like; if she suspects, I shall hate her: [*aside.*] Well, dear Titty, I'll go and write my cards, and dress for the masquerade, and if that won't raise my spirits, you must assist me to plague my Lord a little. [*Exit.*

Miss Titt. Yes, and I'll plague my Lady a little, or I am much mistaken: my Lord shall know every tittle that has passed: what a poor, blind, half-witted, self-conceited creature, this dear friend and relation of mine is! and what a fine spirited gallant foldier my Colonel is! my Lady Minikin likes him, he likes my fortune; my Lord likes me, and I like my Lord; however, not so much as he imagines, or to play the fool so rashly as he may expect; she must be very silly indeed, who can't flutter about the flame, without burning her wings—What a great revolution in this family, in the space of fifteen months!—we went out of England, a very awkward, regular, good English family! but half a year in France, and a winter passed in the warmer climate of Italy, have ripen'd

ripen'd our minds to every refinement of ease, dissipation and pleasure.

Enter Colonel TIVY.

Col. Tiv. May I hope, Madam, that your humble servant had some share in your last reverie?

Miss Titt. How is it possible to have the least knowledge of Colonel Tivy and not make him the principal object of one's reflections.

Col. Tiv. That man must have very little feeling and taste, who is not proud of a place in the thoughts of the finest woman in Europe.

Miss Titt. O fye, Colonel!

[Courtsys and blushes.]

Col. Tiv. By my honour, Madam, I mean what I say.

Miss Titt. By your honour, Colonel! why will you pass off your counters to me? don't I know that you fine Gentlemen regard no honour but that which is given at the gaming table; and which indeed ought to be the only honour you shou'd make free with.

Col. Tiv. How can you, Miss, treat me so cruelly? have I not absolutely forsworn dice, mistrefs, every thing since I dar'd to offer myself to you?

Miss Titt. Yes, Colonel, and when I dare to receive you, you may return to every

every thing again, ad not violate the laws of the present happy matrimonial establishment.

Col. Tiv. Give me but your consent, Madam, and your life to come——

Miss Titt. Do you get my consent, Colonel, and I'll take care of my life to come.

Col. Tiv. How shall I get your consent?

Miss Titt. By getting me in the humour.

Col. Tiv. But how to get you in the humour?

Miss Titt. O, there are several ways; I am very good natur'd.

Col. Tiv. Are you in the humour now?

Miss Titt. Try me.

Col. Tiv. How shall I?

Miss Titt. How shall I!—you a soldier, and not know the art military?—how shall I?—I'll tell you how?—when you have a subtle, treacherous, politic enemy to deal with, never stand shilly shally, and lose your time in treaties and parlies, but cock your hat, draw your sword;——march, beat drum—dub, dub, a dub—present, fire, piff-pauff—'tis done! they fly, they yield—Victoria! Victoria!— [*Running off.*

Col. Tiv. Stay, stay, my dear, dear Angel!—— [*Bringing her back.*

Miss Titt. No, no, no, I have no time to be kill'd now; besides, Lady Minikin is in the vapours, and wants you at chess, and

and my Lord, is low spirited, and wants me at picquet; my uncle is in an ill humour and wants me to discard you, and go with him into the country.

Col. Tiv. And will you, Miss?

Miss Titt. Will I!—no, I never do as I am bid; but you ought——so go to my Lady.

Col. Tiv. Nay, but Miss.

Miss Titt. Nay, but Colonel, if you won't obey your commanding officer, you shall be broke, and then my maid won't accept of you; so march, Colonel!——look'ee, Sir, I will command before marriage, and do what I please afterwards, or I have been well educated to very little purpose. *[Exit.*

Col. Tiv. What a mad devil it is!——now, if I had the least affection for the girl, I shou'd be damnably vext at this!——but she has a fine fortune, and I must have her if I can.——Tol, lol, lol, &c.

[Exit singing.

Enter Sir JOHN TROTLEY and DAVY.

Sir John. Hold your tongue, Davy, you talk like a fool.

Dav. It is a fine place, your honour, and I cou'd live here for ever!

Sir John. More shame for you:—live here for ever!—what, among thieves and pick-

pick-pockets!—what a revolution since my time! the more I see, the more I've cause for lamentation; what a dreadful change has time brought about in twenty years! I shou'd not have known the place again, nor the people; all the signs that made so noble an appearance, are all taken down;—not a bob or tye-wig to be seen! all the degrees from the parade in St. James's Park, to the stool and brush at the corner of every street, have their hair tied up—the mason laying bricks, the baker with his basket, the post-boy crying news-papers, and the doctors prescribing physick, have all their hair ty'd up; and that's the reason so many heads are tied up every month.

Dav. I shall have my head tied up to-morrow;—Mr. Wisp will do it for me—your honour and I look like Philistines among 'em.

Sir John. And I shall break your head if it is tied up; I hate innovation;—all confusion and no distinction!—the streets now are as smooth as a turnpike road? no rattling and exercise in the hackney-coaches; those who ride in 'em are all fast asleep; and they have strings in their hands, that the coachman must pull to waken 'em, when they are to be set down—what luxury and abomination!

Dav.

Dav. Is it so, your honour? 'feckins, I lik'd it hugely.

Sir John. But you must hate and detest London.

Dav. How can I manage that, your honour, when there is every thing to delight my eye, and cherish my heart.

Sir John. 'Tis all deceit and delusion.

Dav. Such crowding, coaching, carting and squeezing, such a power of fine sights, fine shops full of fine things, and then such fine illuminations all of a row! and such fine dainty ladies in the streets, so civil and so graceless—they talk of country girls, these here look more healthy and rosy by half.

Sir John. Sirrah, they are prostitutes, and are civil to delude and destroy you: they are painted Jezabels, and they who hearken to 'em, like Jezabel of old will go to the dogs; if you dare to look at 'em, you will be tainted, and if you speak to 'em you are undone.

Dav. Bless us, bless us!—how does your honour know all this!—were they as bad in your time?

Sir John. Not by half, Davy—In my time, there was a sort of decency in the worst of women;—but the harlots now watch like tygers for their prey; and drag

you to their dens of infamy—see, Davy, how they have torn my neckcloth.

[Shews his neckcloth.]

Dav. If you had gone civilly, your honour, they wou'd not have hurt you.

Sir John. Well, we'll get away as fast as we can.

Dav. Not this month, I hope, for I have not had half my belly full yet.

Sir John. I'll knock you down, Davy, if you grow profligate; you shan't go out again to-night, and to-morrow keep in my room, and stay till I can look over my things, and see they don't cheat you.

Dav. Your honour then won't keep your word with me? *[Sulkily.]*

Sir John. Why, what did I promise you?

Dav. That I shou'd take fixpen'oth of one of the theatres to-night, and a shilling place at the other to-morrow.

Sir John. Well, well, so I did: is it a moral piece, Davy?

Dav. O yes, and written by a clergyman; it is call'd the Rival Cannanites, or the Tragedy of Braggadocia.

Sir John. Be a good lad, and I won't be worse than my word; there's money for you——*[gives him some,]* but come strait home, for I shall want to go to bed.

Dav. To be sure, your honour—as I am to go so soon, I'll make a night of it.

[aside, and exit.]

Sir

Sir John. This fellow wou'd turn rake and maccaroni if he was to stay here a week longer—blefs me, what dangers are in this town at every step! O, that I were once settled safe again at Trotley place!—nothing but to save my country shou'd bring me back again; my niece Lucretia, is so be-fashioned and be-devill'd, that nothing I fear, can save her; however, to ease my conscience, I must try: but what can be expected from the young women of these times, but fallow looks, wild schemes, saucy words, and loose morals!—they lie a-bed all day, sit up all night; if they are silent, they are gaming, and if they talk, 'tis either scandal or infidelity; and that they may look what they are, their heads are all feather, and round their necks are twisted, rattle-snake tippets—O Tempora, O Mores!

Lord MINIKIN discover'd in his powdering gown, with JESSAMY and MIGNON.

Lord. Min. Pry'thee, Mignon, don't plague me any more; dost think that a nobleman's head has nothing to do but be tortur'd all day under thy infernal fingers! give me my cloaths.

Mign. Ven you loss your monee, my Lor, you no goot humour, the devil may dress your cheveu for me!

[Exit.

Lord Min. That fellow's an impudent rascal, but he's a genius, so I must bear with him. Our beef and pudding enriches their blood so much, that the slaves in a month, forget their misery and soup-maigre—O, my head!—a chair, Jeffamy!—I must absolutely change my wine-merchant: I can't taste his champagne, without disordering myself for a week!—
heigho!— [sighs.]

Enter Miss TIT TUP.

Miss Titt. What makes you sigh, my Lord?

Lord Min. Because you were so near me, child.

Miss Titt. Indeed! I shou'd rather have thought my Lady had been with you—by your looks, my Lord, I am afraid, Fortune jilted you last night.

Lord Min. No, faith; our champagne was not good yesterday, and I am vapour'd like our English November; but one glance of my Tittup can dispel vapours like—like—

Miss Titt. Like something very fine to be sure; but pray keep your simile for the next time;—and hark'ee—a little prudence will not be amiss; Mr. Jeffamy will think you mad, and me worse. [half aside.]

Jess. O, pray don't mind me, Madam.

Lord

Lord Min. Gadso, Jessamy, look out my Domino, and I'll ring the bell when I want you.

Jess. I shall, my Lord;—Miss thinks that every body is blind in the house but herself. [*aside, and exit.*]

Miss Titt. Upon my word, my Lord, you must be a little more prudent, or we shall become the town-talk.

Lord Min. And so I will, my dear; and therefore to prevent surprize, I'll lock the door. [*Locks it.*]

Miss Titt. What do you mean, my Lord?

Lord Min. Prudence, child, prudence; I keep all my jewels under lock and key.

Miss Titt. You are not in possession yet, my Lord: I can't stay two minutes: I only came to tell you that Lady Minikin saw us yesterday in the hackney-coach; she did not know me, I believe; she pretends to be greatly uneasy at your neglect of her; she certainly has some mischief in her head.

Lord Min. No intentions, I hope, of being fond of me?

Miss Titt. No, no, make yourself easy; she hates you most unalterably.

Lord Min. You have given me spirits again.

Miss Titt. Her pride is alarm'd that you should prefer any of the sex to her.

Lord Min. Her pride then has been alarm'd ever since I had the honour of knowing her.

Miss Titt. But, dear my Lord, let us be merry and wise; should she ever be convinc'd that we have a *tendre* for each other, she certainly wou'd proclaim it, and then——

Lord Min. We shou'd be envy'd, and she wou'd be laught at, my sweet cousin.

Miss Titt. Nay, I wou'd have her mortify'd too—for tho' I love her Ladyship sincerely, I cannot say, but I love a little mischief as sincerely: but then if my uncle Trotley shou'd know of our affairs, he is so old-fashion'd, prudish, and out of the way, he wou'd either strike me out of his will, or insist upon my quitting the house.

Lord Min. My good cousin is a queer mortal, that's certain; I wish we could get him handsomely into the country again—he has a fine fortune to leave behind him——

Miss Titt. But then he lives so regularly, and never makes use of a physician, that he may live these twenty years.

Lord Min. What can we do with the Barbarian?

Miss Titt. I don't know what's the matter with me, but I am really in fear of him; I suppose, reading his formal books when I was in the country with him, and going so constantly to church, with my elbows stuck to my hips, and my toes
turn'd

turn'd in, has given me these foolish prejudices.

Lord Min. Then you must affront him, or you'll never get the better of him.

Sir JOHN TROTLEY. [*Knocking at the door.*]

Sir John. My Lord, my Lord, are you busy? [*My Lord locks the door softly.*]

Miss Titt. Heav'ns! 'tis that detestable brute, my uncle!

Lord Min. That horrid dog, my cousin!

Miss Titt. What shall we do, my Lord? [*Softly.*]

Sir John. [*At the door.*] Nay, my Lord, my Lord, I heard you; pray let me speak with you?

Lord Min. Ho, Sir John, is it you? I beg your pardon, I'll put up my papers and open the door.

Miss Titt. Stay, stay, my Lord, I wou'd not meet him now for the world; if he sees me here alone with you, he'll rave like a madman; put me up the chimney; any where.

Lord Min. [*Aloud.*] I'm coming, Sir John! here, here, get behind my great chair; he shan't see you, and you may hear all; I'll be short and pleasant with him.

[*Puts her behind the chair, and opens the door.*]

Enter Sir JOHN.

[*During this Scene, my Lord turns the chair as Sir John moves to conceal Tittup.*]

Sir John. You'll excuse me, my Lord, that I have broken in upon you? I heard you talking pretty loud; what have you no-body with you? what were you about, cousin? [*Looking about.*]

Lord Min. A particular affair, Sir John; I always lock myself up to study me speeches, and speak 'em aloud for the sake of the tone and action.—

Sir John. Ay, ay, 'tis the best way; I am sorry I disturb'd you;—you'll excuse me, cousin!

Lord Min. I am rather oblig'd to you! Sir John;—intense application to these things, ruins my health; but one must do it for the sake of the nation.

Sir John. May be so, and I hope the nation will be the better for't—you'll excuse me!

Lord Min. Excuse you, Sir John, I love your frankness; but why won't you be franker still? we have always something for dinner, and you will never dine at home.

Sir John. You must know, my Lord, that I love to know what I eat;—I hate to travel, where I don't know my way; and

and since you have brought in foreign fashions and figaries, every thing and every body are in masquerade; your men and manners too are as much fritter'd and fricasi'd, as your beef and mutton; I love a plain dish, my Lord.

Miss Titt. [*peeping.*] I wish I was out of the room, or he at the bottom of the Thames.

Sir John. But to the point;——I came, my Lord, to open my mind to you about my niece Tittup; shall I do it freely?

Miss Titt. Now for it!

Lord Min. The freer the better; Tittup's a fine girl, cousin, and deserves all the kindness you can shew her.

[*Lord Minikin and Tittup make signs at each other.*]

Sir John. She must deserve it tho', before she shall have it; and I wou'd have her begin with lengthening her petticoats, covering her shoulders, and wearing a cap upon her head.

Miss Titt. O, frightful! [*aside.*]

Lord Min. Don't you think a taper leg, and falling shoulders, and fine hair, delightful objects, Sir John?

Sir John. And therefore ought to be conceal'd; 'tis their interest to conceal 'em; when you take from the men, the pleasure of imagination, there will be a scarcity of husbands;—and then taper legs,

falling shoulders and fine hair, may be had for nothing.

Lord Min. Well said, Sir John; ha, ha! —your niece shall wear a horseman's-coat, and jack-boots to please you.

Sir John. You may sneer, my Lord, but for all that, I think my niece in a bad way; she must leave me and the country, forsooth, to travel and see good company and fashions; I have seen 'em too, and wish from my heart, that she is not much the worse for her journey:——you'll excuse me!

Lord Min. But why in a passion, Sir John?—[*My Lord nods and laughs at Miss Tittup, who peeps from behind*] Don't you think that my lady and I shall be able and willing to put her into the right road?

Sir John. Zounds! my Lord, you are out of it yourself; this comes of your travelling; all the town knows how you and my lady live together; and I must tell you—you'll excuse me!—that my neice suffers by the bargain; prudence, my Lord, is a very fine thing.

Lord Min. So is a long neckcloth nicely twisted into a button-hole, but I don't chuse to wear one;—you'll excuse me!

Sir John. I wish that he who first chang'd long neckcloths, for such things as you wear, had the wearing of a twisted neckcloth that I wou'd give him.

Lord

Lord Min. Pry'thee, Baronet, don't be so horridly out of the way; prudence is a very vulgar virtue, and so incompatible with our present ease and refinement, that a prudent man of fashion is now as great a miracle as a pale woman of quality; we got rid of our *mauvais honte*, at the time that we imported our neighbour's rouge, and their morals.

Sir John. Did you ever hear the like! I am not surpriz'd, my Lord, that you think so lightly, and talk so vainly, who are so polite a husband; your lady, my cousin, is a fine woman, and brought you a fine fortune, and deserves better usage.

Lord Min. Will you have her, Sir John? She is very much at your service.

Sir John. Profligate ——— What did you marry her for, my Lord?

Lord Min. Convenience! — Marriage is not now-a-days, an affair of inclination, but convenience; and they who marry for love, and such old-fashion'd stuff, are to me as ridiculous as those that advertise for an agreeable companion in a post-chaise.

Sir John. I have done, my Lord; Miss Tittup shall either return with me into the country, or not a penny shall she have from Sir John Trotley, Baronet.

[*Whistles and walks about.*]

Miss Titt. I am frighten'd out of my wits!

[*Lord Minikin sings and sits down.*]

Sir

Sir John. Pray, my Lord, what husband is this you have got for her?

Lord Min. A friend of mine; a man of wit, and a fine gentleman.

Sir John. May be so, and yet make a damn'd husband for all that. You'll excuse me!—What estate has he, pray?

Lord Min. He's a Colonel; his elder brother, Sir Tan Tivy, will certainly break his neck, and then my friend will be a happy man.

Sir John. Here's morals!—a happy man when his brother has broke his neck!—a happy man—Mercy on me!

Lord Min. Why he'll have six thousand a year, Sir John——

Sir John. I don't care what he'll have, nor I don't care what he is, nor who my niece marries; she is a fine lady and let her have a fine gentleman; I shan't hinder her; I'll away into the country to-morrow, and leave you to your fine doings; I have no relish for 'em, not I; I can't live among you, nor eat with you, nor game with you; I hate cards and dice, I will neither rob nor be robb'd; I am contented with what I have, and am very happy, my Lord, though my brother has not broke his neck;—you'll excuse me!

[*Exit.*

Lord Min. Ha, ha, ha! Come, fox, come out of your hole! Ha, ha, ha!

Miss

Miss Titt. Indeed, my Lord, you have undone me; not a foot shall I have of Trotley Manor, that's positive!—but no matter, there's no danger of his breaking his neck, so I'll e'en make myself happy with what I have, and behave to him, for the future, as if he was a poor relation.

Lord Min. [*kneeling, snatching her hand, and kissing it.*] I must kneel and adore you for your spirit; my sweet, heavenly Lucretia!

Re-enter Sir JOHN.

Sir John. One thing I had forgot. [*starts.*

Miss Titt. Ha! he's here again!

Sir John. Why, what the devil;—heigho! my niece Lucretia, and my virtuous Lord, studying speeches for the good of the nation.—Yes, yes, you have been making fine speeches, indeed, my Lord; and your arguments have prevail'd, I see. I beg your pardon, I did not mean to interrupt your studies—you'll excuse me, my Lord!

Lord Min. [*smiling, and mocking him.*] You'll excuse me, Sir John!

Sir John. O yes, my Lord, but I'm afraid the devil won't excuse you at the proper time—Miss Lucretia, how do you, child! You are to be married soon—I wish the gentleman joy, Miss Lucretia; he is a happy man to be sure, and will want nothing

nothing but the breaking of his brother's neck to be completely so.

Miss Titt. Upon my word, Uncle, you are always putting bad constructions upon things; my Lord has been solliciting me to marry his friend—and having that moment extorted a consent from me—he was thanking and wishing me joy—in his foolish manner. [*hesitating.*]

Sir John. Is that all! but how came you here, child?—did you fly down the chimney, or in at the window? for I don't remember seeing you when I was here before.

Miss Titt. How can you talk so, Sir John?—You really confound me with your suspicions;—and then you ask so many questions, and I have so many things to do, that—that—upon my word, if I don't make haste, I shan't get my dress ready for the ball, so I must run—You'll excuse me, Uncle! [*Exit running.*]

Sir John. A fine hopeful young Lady that, my Lord.

Lord Min. She's well-bred and has wit.

Sir John. She has wit and breeding enough to laugh at her relations, and bestow favours on your Lordship; but I must tell you plainly, my Lord—you'll excuse me—that your marrying your Lady, my cousin, to use her ill, and sending for my niece, your cousin, to debauch her——

Lord

Lord Min. You're warm, Sir John, and don't know the world, and I never contend with ignorance and passion; live with me some time, and you'll be satisfied of my honour and good intentions to you and your family; in the mean time command my house;—I must attend immediately Lady Filligree's masquerade, and I am sorry you won't make one with us;—here, Jessamy, give me my domino, and call a chair; and don't let my uncle wait for any thing; you'll excuse me, Sir John, tol, lol, derol, &c. [*Exit singing.*]

Sir John. The world's at an end! here's fine work; here are precious doings! this Lord is a pillar of the state too; no wonder that the building is in danger with such rotten supporters;—heigh ho!—and then my poor Lady Minikin, what a friend and husband she is blest with!—let me consider!—should I tell the good woman of these pranks, I may only make more mischief, and may hap, go near to kill her, for she's as tender as she's virtuous;—poor Lady! I'll e'en go and comfort her directly, endeavour to draw her from the wickedness of this town into the country, where she shall have reading, fowling, and fishing, to keep up her spirits, and when I die, I will leave her that part of my fortune, with which I intended to reward the virtues of Miss Lucretia Tit-tup, with a plague to her! [*Exit.*
Lady

Lady MINIKIN'S Apartments.

Lady MINIKIN and Colonel TIVY discovered.

Lady Min. Don't urge it, Colonel; I can't think of coming home from the masquerade this evening, tho' I shou'd pass for my niece, it wou'd make an uproar among the servants; and perhaps from the mistake break off your match with Tittup.

Col. Tivy. My dear Lady Minikin, you know my marriage with your niece is only a secondary consideration; my first and principal object is you—you, Madam!—therefore, my dear Lady, give me your promise to leave the ball with me; you must, Lady Minikin; a bold young fellow and a soldier as I am, ought not to be kept from plunder when the town has capitulated.

Lady Min. But it has not capitulated, and perhaps never will; however, Colonel, since you are so furious, I must come to terms, I think—Keep your eyes upon me at the ball, I think I may expect that, and when I drop my handkerchief, 'tis your signal for pursuing; I shall get home as fast as I can, you may follow you mean nothing but innocence—but indeed there will be blood-shed.

Col. Tiv. The Girl's a fool. I have no sword by my side.

Gymp.

me as fast as you can; my Lord and Tit-tup will be otherwise employ'd; Gymp will let us in the back way—no, no, my heart misgives me!

Col. Tiv. Then I am miserable!

Lady Min. Nay, rather than you should be miserable, Colonel, I will indulge your martial spirit; meet me in the field; there's my gauntlet. [*Throws down her glove.*]

Col. Tiv. [*Seizing it.*] Thus I accept your sweet challenge; and if I fail you, may I hereafter, both in love and war, be branded with the name of coward.

[*Kneels and kisses her hand.*]

[*Enter Sir JOHN, opening the door.*]

Sir John. May I presume, cousin.

Lady Min. Ha! [*squalls.*]

Sir John. Mercy upon us, what are we at now? [*looks astonished.*]

Lady Min. How can you be so rude, Sir John, to come into a Lady's room, without first knocking at the door? you have frighten'd me out of my wits!

Sir John. I am sure you have frighten'd me out of mine!

Col. Tiv. Such rudeness deserves death!

Sir John. Death indeed! for I shall never recover myself again! All pigs of the same stye! all studying for the good of the nation!

Lady Min. We must soothe him, and not provoke him. [*Half aside to the Colonel.*]

Col. Tiv. I wou'd cut his throat if you'd permit me. [*Aside to Lady Minikin.*

Sir John. The Devil has got his hoof into the house, and has corrupted the whole family; I'll get out of it as fast as I can, least he shou'd lay hold of me too.

[*Going.*

Lady Min. Sir John, I must insist upon your not going away in a mistake.

Sir John. No mistake, my Lady, I am thoroughly convinced—mercy on me!

Lady Min. I must beg you, Sir John, not to make any wrong constructions upon this accident; you must know, that the moment you was at the door—I had promis'd the Colonel no longer to be his enemy in his designs upon Miss Tittup——this threw him into such a rapture—that upon my promising my interest with you—and wishing him joy—he fell upon his knees, and—and—[*laughing*] ha, ha, ha!

Col. Tiv. Ha, ha, ha! yes, yes, I fell upon my knees, and—and—

Sir John. Ay, ay, fell upon your knees and—and——Ha! ha! a very good joke faith; and the best of it is, that they are wishing joy all over the house upon the same occasion: and my Lord is wishing joy, and I wish him joy and you with all my heart.

Lady Min. Upon my word, Sir John, your cruel suspicions affect me strongly; and

and tho' my resentment is curb'd by my regard, my tears cannot be restrain'd; 'tis the only resource my innocence has left. *[Exit crying.]*

Col. Tiv. I reverence you, Sir, as a relation to that Lady, but as her slanderer I detest you: her tears must be dried, and my honour satisfied; you know what I mean; take your choice;—time, place, sword or pistol; consider it calmly, and determine as you please; I am a soldier, Sir John. *[Exit.]*

Sir John. Very fine, truly! and so between the crocodile and the bully, my throat is to be cut; they are guilty of all sort of iniquity, and when they are discover'd, no humility and repentance;—the Ladies have resource to their tongues or their tears, and the gallants to their swords.—That I may not be drawn in by the one, or drawn upon by the other, I'll hurry into the country while I retain my senses, and can sleep in a whole skin.

[Exit.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir JOHN and JESSAMY.

Sir **T**HERE is no bearing this! what
John. a land are we in! upon my word,
 Mr. Jessamy, you should look well to the
 house, there are certainly rogues about
 it: for I did but cross the way just now to
 the Pamphlet-shop, to buy a touch of the
 times, and they have taken my hanger
 from my side; ay, and had a pluck at my
 watch too, but I heard of their tricks, and
 had it sew'd to my pocket.

Jess. Don't be alarm'd, Sir John; 'tis a
 very common thing, and if you will walk
 the streets without convoy, you will be
 pick'd up by privateers of all kinds; ha, ha!

Sir John. Not be alarm'd when I am
 robb'd!—why, they might have cut my
 throat with my own hanger; I shan't sleep
 a wink all night; so pray lend me some
 weapon of defence, for I am sure if they
 attack me in the open street, they'll be
 with me at night again.

Jess. I'll lend you my own sword, Sir
 John; but be assur'd there's no danger;
 there's robbing and murder cry'd every
 night under my window; but it no more
 disturbs me, than the ticking of my watch
 at my bed's-head.

Sir

Sir John. Well, well, be that as it will, I must be upon my guard; what a dreadful place this is! but 'tis all owing to the corruption of the times; the great folks game, and the poor folks rob; no wonder that murder ensues; sad, sad, sad!—— well, let me but get over this night, and I'll leave this den of thieves to-morrow; how long will your Lord and Lady stay at this masking and mummary before they come home?

Jess. 'Tis impossible to say the time, Sir; that merely depends upon the spirits of the company and the nature of the entertainment: for my own part, I generally make it myself till four or five in the morning.

Sir John. Why, what the devil do you make one at these masqueradings?

Jess. I seldom miss, Sir; I may venture to say that nobody knows the trim and small talk of the place better than I do; I was always reckon'd an incomparable mask.

Sir John. Thou art an incomparable coxcomb, I am sure. [*Aside.*]

Jess. An odd, ridiculous accident happen'd to me at a masquerade three years ago; I was in tip-top spirits, and had drank a little too freely of the Champagne, I believe.

Sir John. You'll be hang'd, I believe.

[*Aside.*]

Jess. Wit flew about. In short, I was in spirits; at last, from drinking and rattling, to vary the pleasure, we went to dancing: and who do you think I danc'd a minuet with? he! he! pray guess, Sir John?

Sir John. Danc'd a minuet with.

[*Half aside.*]

Jess. My own Lady, that's all; the eyes of the whole assembly were upon us; my Lady dances well, and I believe, I am pretty tolerable: after the dance, I was running into a little coquetry, and small talk with her.

Sir John. With your Lady?—Chaos is come again! [*Aside.*]

Jess. With my Lady—but upon my turning my hand thus——[*Conceitedly*] egad, she caught me; whisper'd me who I was; I wou'd fain have laugh'd her out of it, but it wou'd not do;—no, no Jessamy, says she, I am not to be deceiv'd: pray wear gloves for the future; for you may as well go bare-fac'd, as shew that hand and diamond ring.

Sir John. What a sink of iniquity!—Prostitution on all sides! from the Lord to the pick-pocket: [*aside.*] Pray, Mr. Jessamy, among your other virtues, I suppose you game a little, eh, Mr. Jessamy?

Jess. A little whist or so;—but I am ty'd up from the dice; I must never touch a box again.

Sir

Sir John. I wish you was ty'd up somewhere else; I sweat from top to toe! [*aside.*] Pray lend me your sword, Mr. Jessamy; I shall go to my room; and let my Lord and Lady, and my neice Tittup know, that I beg they will excuse ceremonies, that I must be up and gone before they go to bed; and that I have a most profound respect and love for them, and——that I hope we shall never see one another again as long as we live.

Jess. I shall certainly obey your commands; what poor ignorant wretches, these country gentlemen are? [*Aside and Exit.*]

Sir John. If I stay in this place another day, it wou'd throw me into a fever! Oh I wish it was morning——this comes of visiting my relations!

Enter DAVY, drunk.

So, you wicked wretch you——where have you been, and what have you been doing?

Dav. Merry-making, your honour——London for ever!

Sir John. Did not I order you to come directly from the play, and not be idling and raking about?

Dav. Servants don't do what they are bid in London.

Sir John. And did not I order you not to make a jackanapes of yourself, and tye your hair up like a monkey?——

Dav. And therefore I did it—no pleasing the Ladies without this—my Lord's servants call you an old out-of-fashion'd Codger, and have taught me what's what.

Sir John. Here's an imp of the devil!—he is undone, and will poison the whole country—Sirrah, get every thing ready, I'll be going directly.

Dav. To bed, Sir!—I want to go to bed myself, Sir.

Sir John. Why how now—you are drunk too, Sirrah.

Dav. I am a little, your honour, because I have been drinking.

Sir John. That is not all—you have been in bad company, Sirrah!

Dav. Indeed, your honour's mistaken, I never kept such good company in all my life.

Sir John. The fellow does not understand me——where have you been, you drunkard?

Dav. Drinking, to be sure, If I am a drunkard; and if you had been drinking too, as I have been, you wou'd not be in such a passion with a-body—it makes one so good-natur'd—

Sir John. This is another addition to my misfortunes! I shall have this fellow carry into the country as many vices as will corrupt the whole parish.

Dav.

Dav. I'll take what I can, to be sure, your Worship.

Sir John. Get away, you beast you, and sleep off the debauchery you have contracted this fortnight, or I shall leave you behind, as a proper person to make one of his Lordship's family.

Dav. So much the better——give me more wages, less work, and the key of the ale-cellar, and I am your servant, if not provide yourself with another.

[*struts about.*

Sir John. Here's a reprobate!—this is the completion of my misery!——but harkee Villain—go to bed—and sleep off your iniquity, and then pack up the things, or I'll pack you off to Newgate, and transport you for life. [*Exit.*

Dav. That for you old Codger—[*snaps his fingers*]——I know the law better than to be frighten'd with moon-shine! I wish that I was to live here all my days;——this is life indeed! a Servant lives up to his eyes in clover; they have wages, and board wages, and nothing to do, but to grow fat and saucy—they are as happy as their master, they play for ever at cards, swear like Emperors, drink like fishes, and go a wenching with as much ease, and tranquility, as if they were going to a sermon! Oh! 'tis a fine life! [*Exit reeling.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Chamber in Lord MINIKIN'S House.

*Enter Lord MINIKIN, and Miss TIT-
TUP, in Masquerade dresses, light-
ed by JESSAMY.*

Lord Min. Set down the candles, Jessa-
my, and shou'd your Lady come home
let me know—be sure you are not out of
the way.

Jess. I have liv'd too long with your
Lordship, to need the caution—who the
Devil have we got now? but that's my
Lord's business, and not mine. [*Exit.*

Miss Titt. [*pulling off her mask.*] Upon
my word, my Lord, this coming home
so soon from the masquerade is very im-
prudent, and will certainly be observ'd—
I am most inconceivably frighten'd I can
assure you—my Uncle Trotley has a light
in his room; the accident this morning
will certainly keep him upon the watch—
pray, my Lord, let us defer our meetings
'till he goes into the country—I find that
my English heart, tho' it has ventur'd so
far, grows fearful, and awkward to prac-
tise the freedoms of warmer climates—
[*my Lord takes her by the hand*] If you will
not desist, my Lord—we are separated for
ever—the sight of the precipice turns my
head, I have been giddy with it too long,
and must turn from it while I can—pray
be

be quiet, my Lord, I will meet you to-morrow.

Lord Min. To-morrow! 'tis an age in my situation——let the weak, bashful, coyish whiner be intimidated with these faint alarms, but let the bold experienced lover kindle at the danger, and like the Eagle in the midst of storms thus pounce upon his prey. *[takes hold of her.*

Miss Titt. Dear, Mr. Eagle, be merciful, pray let the poor Pidgeon fly for this once.

Lord Min. If I do my Dove, may I be curs'd to have my wife as fond of me, as I am now of thee. *[offers to kiss her.*

Jess. *[without knocking at the door.]* My Lord, my Lord!——

Miss Titt. *[Screames.]* Ha!

Lord Min. Who's there?

Jess. *[peeping.]* 'Tis I, my Lord, may I come in?

Lord Min. Damn the fellow! What's the matter?

Jess. Nay, not much my Lord——only my Lady's come home.

Miss Titt. Then I'm undone——what shall I do?——I'll run into my own room.

Lord Min. Then she may meet you going to her's.

Jess. There's a dark, deep closet, my Lord——Miss may hide herself there.

Miss

Miss Titt. For heaven's sake put me into it, and when her Ladyship's safe, let me know my Lord——What an escape have I had!

Lord Min. The moment her evil spirit is laid, I'll let my angel out [*puts her into the closet.*] lock the door on the inside—Come softly to my room, Jessamy—

Jess. If a board creaks, your Lordship shall never give me a lac'd waistcoat again.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GYMP lighting in Lady MINIKIN, and Colonel TIVY, in Masquerade dresses.

Gymp. Pray, my Lady, go no farther with the Colonel, I know you mean nothing but innocence, but I'm sure there will be blood shed, for my Lord is certainly in the house—I'll take my Affadavy that I heard—

Col. Tiv. It can't be I tell you; we left him this moment at the masquerade——I spoke to him before I came out.

Lady Min. He's too busy and too well employ'd to think of home——but don't tremble so, Gymp. There is no harm I assure you—the Colonel is to marry my Niece, and it is proper to settle some matters relating to it—they are left to us.

Gymp. Yes, yes, madam, to be sure it is proper that you talk together,—I know
you

you mean nothing but innocence——but indeed there will be blood-shed.

Col. Tivy. The Girl's a fool. I have no sword by my side.

Gymp. But my Lord has, and you may kill one another with that—I know you mean nothing but innocence, but I certainly heard him go up the back-stairs into his room talking with Jessamy.

Lady Min. 'Tis impossible but the girl must have fancy'd this—Can't you ask Whisp, or Mignon, if their master is come in?

Gymp. Lord, my Lady, they are always drunk before this, and asleep in the kitchen.

Lady Min. This frighten'd fool has made me as ridiculous as herself; hark!——Colonel, I'll swear there is something upon the stairs; now I am in the field I find I am a Coward.

Gymp. There will certainly be blood-shed.

Col. Tivy. I'll slip down with Gymp this back way then. [Going.

Gymp. O dear my Lady, there is somebody coming up them too.

Col. Tivy. Zounds! I've got between two fires!

Lady Min. Run into the closet.

Col. Tivy. [runs to the closet] There's no retreat—the door is lock'd!

Lady Min. Behind the chimney-board,
Gymp.

Col. Tivy. I shall certainly be taken prisoner [*goes behind the board*] you'll let me know when the enemy's decamp'd.

Lady Min. Leave that to me—do you, Gymp, go down the back-stairs, and leave me to face my Lord, I think I can match him at hypocrisy. [*sits down.*]

Enter Lord MINIKIN.

Lord Min. What! is your Ladyship so soon return'd from Lady Fillagree's?

Lady Min. I am sure, my Lord I ought to be more surpriz'd at your being here so soon when I saw you so well entertain'd in a *tête-à-tête* with a Lady in crimson—such sights my Lord, will always drive me from my most favourite amusements.

Lord Min. You find at least, that the Lady, whoever she was, cou'd not engage me to stay, when I found your Ladyship had left the ball.

Lady Min. Your Lordship's sneering upon my unhappy temper, may be a proof of your wit, but is none of your humanity, and this behaviour is as great an insult upon me, as even your falsehood itself. [*Pretends to weep.*]

Lord Min. Nay, my dear Lady Minikin; if you are resolv'd to play tragedy, I shall roar away too, and pull out my cambrick handkerchief.

Lady Min. I think, my Lord, we had better retire to our apartments; my weakness,
and

and your brutality will only expose us to our servants—where is Tittup, pray?—

Lord Min. I left her with the Colonel—a masquerade to young folks, upon the point of matrimony, is as delightful as it is disgusting to those who are happily married, and are wise enough to love home, and the company of their wives.

[*Takes hold of her hand.*

Lady Min. False man!—I had as lieve a toad touch'd me. [*Aside.*

Lord Min. She gives me the frisonne—I must propose to stay, or I shall never get rid of her [*aside.*—I am quite aguish to-night,—he—he—do my dear, let us make a little fire here, and have a family *tête-à-tête*, by way of novelty. [*Rings a bell.*

Enter JESSAMY.

Let 'em take away that chimney-board, and light a fire here immediately.

Lady Min. What shall I do? [*aside*]—Here, Jessamy, there is no occasion—I am going to my own chamber, and my Lord won't stay here by himself. [*Exit Jess.*

Lord Min. How cruel it is, Lady Minikin, to deprive me of the pleasure of a domestic duetto—a good escape, faith! [*Aside.*

Lady Min. I have too much regard for Lord Minikin, to agree to any thing that would afford him so little pleasure—I shall retire to my own apartments.

Lord Min. Well, if your Ladyship will be cruel, I must still, like the miser, starve and sigh, tho' possessed of the greatest treasure.—[*bows*] I wish your Ladyship a good night—[*He takes one candle, and Lady Minikin the other.*] may I presume—[*Salutes her.*

Lady Min. Your Lordship is too obliging—naughty man! [*Aside.*

Lord Min. Disagreeable woman! [*Aside.* [*They wipe their lips, and exeunt ceremoniously.*

Miss Titt. [peeping out of the closet.] All's silent now, and quite dark; what has been doing here I cannot guess—I long to be reliev'd, I wish my Lord was come—but I hear a noise! [*She shuts the door.*

Col. Tivy. [peeping over the chimney-board.] I wonder my Lady does not come—I would not have Miss Tittup know of this—'twou'd be ten thousand pounds out of my way, and I can't afford to give so much for a little gallantry.

Miss Titt. [comes forward.] What would my Colonel say to find his bride, that is to be, in this critical situation.

Enter Lord MINIKIN, at one door in the dark.

Lord Min. Now to relieve my prisoner. [Comes forward.

Enter Lady MINIKIN, at the other door.

Lady Min. My poor Colonel will be as miserable, as if he were besieg'd in garri-son, I must release him.

[Going towards the chimney.

Lord

Lord Min. Hift—hif!—

Miss Titt. Lady Min. and Colonel Tivy.
Here! here!—

Lord Min. This way.

Lady Min. Softly. [*They all grope about till Lord Minikin has got Lady Minikin, and the Colonel Miss Tittup.*]

Sir John. [*speaks without.*] Light this way, I say; I am fure there are thieves, get a blunderbuss.

Jess. Indeed you dreamt it, there is nobody but the family. [*All stand, and stare.*]

Enter Sir JOHN, in his cap, and hanger drawn, with JESSAMY.

Sir John. Give me the candle, I'll ferret 'em out I warrant, bring a blunderbuss, I say; they have been skipping about that gallery in the dark this half hour; there must be mischief—I have watch'd 'em into this room—ho, ho, are you there?—if you stir, you are dead men—[*they retire*]
—and [*seeing the ladies*] women too!—egad——ha! what's this? the same party again! and two couple they are of as choice mortals as ever were hatch'd in this righteous town—you'll excuse me, cousins! [*They all look confounded.*]

Lord Min. In the name of wonder, how comes all this about?

Sir John. Well, but hark'ee, my dear cousins, have you not got wrong partners?—here has been some mistake in the dark; I

am mighty 'glad that I have brought you a candle, to set all to rights again—you'll excuse me, gentlemen and ladies!

Enter G Y M P , with a candle.

Gymp. What in the name of mercy, is the matter?

Sir John. Why the old matter, and the old game, Mrs. Gymp, and I'll match my cousins here at it, against all the world, and I say done first.

Lord Min. What is the meaning, Sir John, of all this tumult and consternation? may not Lady Minikin and I, and the Colonel and your niece, be seen in my house together without your raising the family, and making this uproar and confusion?

Sir John. Come, come, good folks, I see you are all confounded, I'll settle this matter in a moment—as for you Colonel—tho' you have not deserv'd plain dealing from me, I will now be serious—you imagine this young lady has an independent fortune, besides expectations from me—'tis a mistake, she has no expectations from me; if she marry you, and I don't consent to her marriage, she will have no fortune at all.

Col. Tivy. Plain dealing is a jewel, and to shew you, Sir John, that I can pay you in kind, I am most sincerely oblig'd to you for your intelligence, and I am, ladies, your most obedient humble servant—I shall see you, my Lord, at the club to-morrow?—

[Exit Col. Tivy.]
Lord

Lord Min. *Sans doute mon cher Colonel—*
I'll meet you there without fail.

Sir John. My Lord, you'll have something else to do.

Lord Min. Indeed! what is that, good Sir John?

Sir John. You must meet your lawyers and creditors to-morrow, and be told, what you have always turn'd a deaf ear to; that the dissipation of your fortune and morals, must be followed by years of parsimony and repentance—as you are fond of going abroad you may indulge that inclination without having it in your power to indulge any other.

Lord Min. The bumkin is no fool, and is damn'd satirical—— [Aside.

Sir John. This kind of quarantine for pestilential minds, will bring you to your senses; and make you renounce foreign vices and follies, and return with joy to your country and property again—read that, my Lord, and know your fate. [Gives a paper.

Lord Min. What an abomination this is! that a man of fashion, and a nobleman, shall be oblig'd to submit to the laws of his country.

Sir John. Thank heaven, my Lord, we are in that country!—You are silent, ladies—if repentance has subdu'd your tongues, I shall have hopes of you—a little country air might perhaps do well—as you are dis-

distress'd, I am at your service—what say you, my Lady?

Lady Min. However appearances have condemn'd me, give me leave to disavow the substance of those appearances: My mind has been tainted, but not profligate—your kindness and example may restore me to my former natural English constitution.

Sir John. Will you resign your Lady to me, my Lord for a time?

Lord Min. For ever, dear Sir John, without a murmur.

Sir John. Well, Miss, and what say you?

Miss Titt. Guilty, uncle. [*Curtseying.*

Sir John. Guilty! the devil you are? of what?

Miss Titt. Of consenting to marry one, whom my heart could not approve, and coquetting with another which friendship, duty, honour, morals, and every thing, but fashion, ought to have forbidden.

Sir John. Thus then, with the wife of one under this arm, and the mistress of another, under this, I fally forth a Knight Errant, to rescue distress'd damsels from those monsters, foreign vices, and *Bon Ton*, as they call it; and I trust that every English hand and heart here, will assist me in so desperate an undertaking——*You'll excuse me, Sirs!*





A Collection Of New Plays

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Altenburgh (1774)

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